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Miss Jane S. French
From Sister Irene.



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Portrait of Mr.
John H.

THE
KOSZUTH OFFERING

AND

FAMILY SOUVENIR:

A

GIFT BOOK FOR ALL SEASONS.

1852.

NEW-YORK:

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Embellishments.

1. Kossuth.
2. Abdication of Mary, Queen of Scots.
3. Outlet of Lake George.
4. Professor Morse.
5. Family of Cromwell.
6. The Crystal Palace.
7. Mount Washington Falls.
8. Rev. S. H. Cox, D.D.

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10. Rev. George Potts, D.D.
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12. Columbus propounding his Theory.
13. Rev. William B. Sprague, D.D.
14. Remorse of Charles IX.
15. Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D.
16. Rev. S. H. Tyng, D.D.

Musir.

- The Song of the Zephyrs.
- The Song of the Wood Nymphs.
- The Song of the Robin.
- I've a Home in the Valley.

- O Sing to Me.
- The Lily Bells.
- Sing, Sing to Me.
- Why do Summer Roses Fade?

The Song of the Sephys.

Dedicated to Mrs. Caroline Wilson.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY ANNA BLACKWELL.

Allegretto Scherzando.

A musical score for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The time signature is 2/4. The music consists of four systems of five measures each. The lyrics are as follows:

1. In the gold - en sun-light, 'Neath the moon's pale beam,
Where the sil - ver star-light Falls on the trem - bling stream ;
O - ver field and bow - er, Where proud the blue waves tow-er, We

THE SONG OF THE ZEPHYRS.

Un poco rallentando.

sport the joy - ous hour! Trip - ping light - ly, trip - ping lightly,

Acclerando, Leggiero staccato.

Colla Voce.

Ro - vers, joy - ous rov - ers we, Flitting brightly, flitting brightly O - ver land and

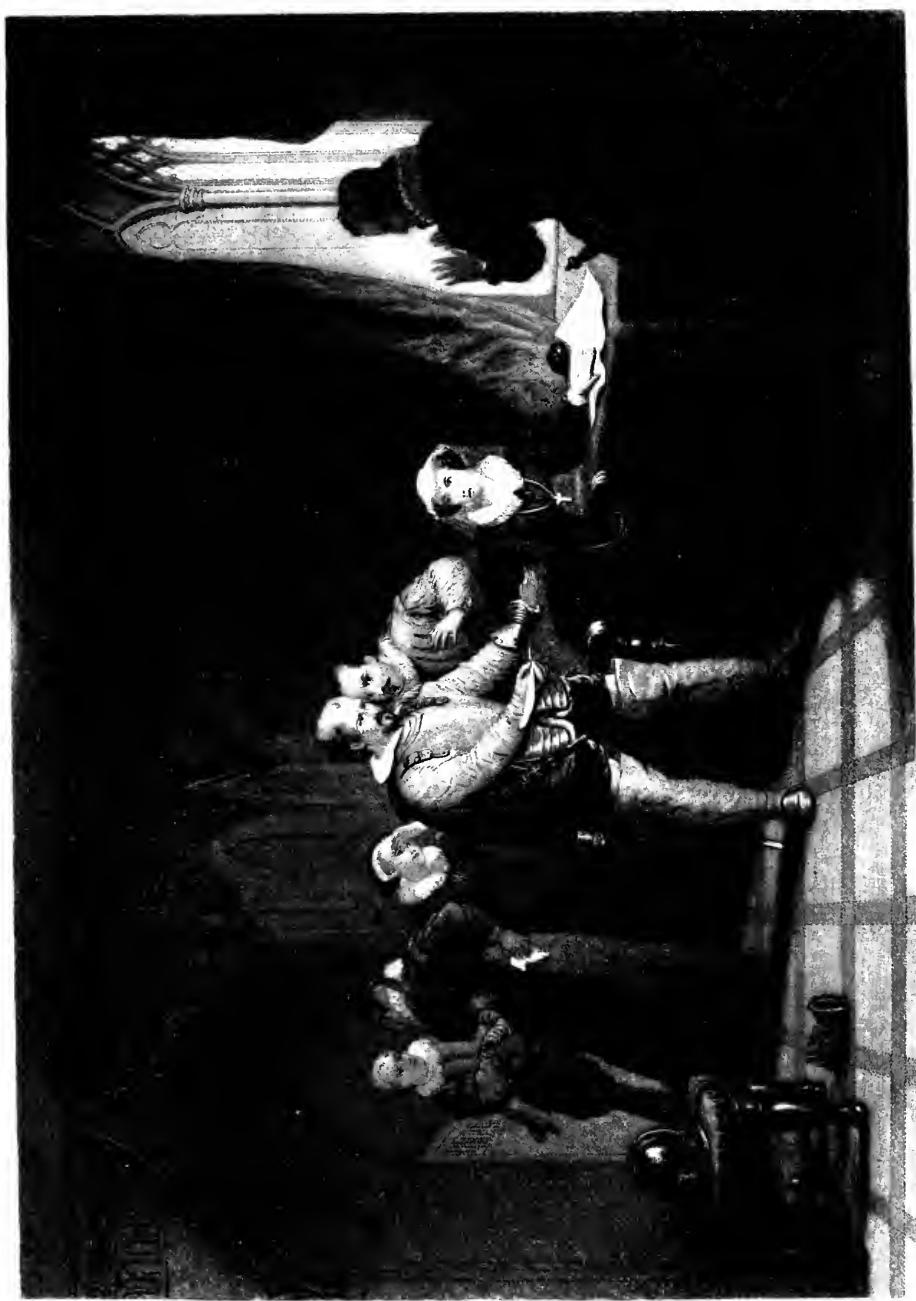
sea!

2.

Rose in dewy splendor,
Lily fair and pale,
And the violet tender,
All list our loving tale!
Their sweet face low bending,

And richest odors lending,
With our pure breath soft blending!
So we trip it, trip it lightly,
Rovers, joyous rovers we,
Flitting brightly, flitting brightly,
Over land and sea!





A SHORT PAPER ON PROCTER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall) was a schoolfellow of Byron's at-Harrow; while the young lord was enjoying himself, as a nobleman and rich heir should do, the poor commoner was studying law, which nobody, that ever went through it, ever thought of calling enjoyment. Byron had emerged from the obscurity of his noble station, and was in the full blaze of popularity, before Procter made his humble appearance in the world of letters, a new candidate for poetic honors. His first publication or volume of "Dramatic Sketches" was favorably received by the public, and kindly reviewed by most of the critical reviews of the time. Lambe, Hazlett, Southey and others had lately been calling attention to the writers of the Elizabethan age, and the people were beginning to appreciate again the pathos and sweetness of those glorious old masters who looked deeper into the human heart than men had ever done before or are likely to do again. Procter was their disciple and follower. His "Sketches" were full of fine natural touches and lines, which, like those of Apelles, bespeak the hand of the master. The Edinburgh Review for January, 1820, speaking of his "Sicilian Story," uses the following language: "His style is chiefly moulded and his versification modulated on the pattern of Shakspeare, and the other dramatists of that glorious age, particularly Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. He has also copied something from Milton and Ben Jonson and the amorous cavaliers of the Usurpation, and then passing disdainfully over all the intermediate writers, has flung himself fairly into the arms of Lord Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth and Leigh Hunt. * * * It is obvious that a man may imitate Shakspeare and his great compatriots, without presuming to rival their variety or versatility. This is the case with Barry Cornwall. He does not meddle with the thunders and lightnings of the mighty poet: and still less with his boundless humor and fresh springing merriment. He has nothing to do with Falstaff or Silence; and does not venture himself into the lists with Macbeth, or Lear, or Othello. It is the tender, the sweet, the fanciful only that he ventures to copy;

the girlish innocence and lovely sorrow of Juliet, Imogen, Perdita or Viola—the enchanted solitude of Prospero and his daughter—the ethereal loves and jealousies of Oberon and Titania, and those other magical scenes all perfumed with love and poetry, and breathing the spirit of a celestial spring, which lie scattered in every part of his writings. The genius of Fletcher is perhaps more akin to his muse of imitation than the soaring and "extravagant spirit" of Shakspeare; and we think we can trace, in more places than one, the impression which his fancy has received from the patient suffering and sweet desolation of Aspasia in his "Maid's Tragedy." It is the youthful Milton only that he has presumed to copy—the Milton of Lycidas, and Comus, and the Arcades, and the Seraphic Hymns, not the lofty and austere Milton of the Paradise. From Jonson, we think he has imitated some of those exquisite songs and lyrical pieces which lie buried in the rubbish of his masques, which continued to be the models for all such writings down to the period of the Restoration. * * * There is a great deal of the diction of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and some imitation of their beauties; but we think the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than any other author. He has the same play of fancy, and the same capacity of deep and delicate feeling, together with the same relish for the old Italian poetry, and the plain and simple pathos of Dante and Boccacio—we doubt, however, whether he has equal force of original talent, or whether he could have written anything so good, on the whole, as the beautiful story of Rinaldo. But he has better taste and better judgment—or what is perhaps but saying the same thing, he has less affectation and far less conceit." This critique was doubtless from the pen of Jeffrey, and in the main is appreciative and just; though we can not help demurring to the charge of Imitation so pertinaciously set forth in the indictment. For our part, we are apt to fancy that a man of Procter's genius rather resembles certain authors in certain phases of their character and writings, than that he deliberately imitates them. The stigma of imitation

is easily and too often falsely stamped on men of kindred minds. "There is a mountain in Macedon, and a mountain in Wales." There is, certainly, great resemblance between Procter and Hunt, but it is rather in subject than style: Hunt is pleasant, careless, affected, and slip-shod; one can hardly trust him in serious passages, for fear of smiling: his face is always on the smirk. Procter is careful in his diffusion; sweetly pleasant, serious and solemn in his delicate affectations, and never, in the sense of Hunt, slip-shod. Hunt has more exuberance and animal spirits; Procter more pathos and refined feeling. If Procter could not have written "Rimini," Hunt could not have written "The English Songs" of Procter. Both are beautiful and unique in their way; and the world is wide enough for them without jostling.

Procter must have been a careful student of old books in his time; his language and style betrays it; above all, his little songs, which are undeniably the finest of modern times, always excepting the best of Burns. One can hardly tell one of his best songs from one of Shakespeare's, it is so full of the very soul of poetry: passion and lyrical feeling are interblended like scent and color in the heart of a violet. Many of them are running over with vague emotions, and delicate sensibilities. Kings and queens, pages and princesses, lads and lassies, all hearts and stations find a fit utterance in his magical lines. Sometimes he is as clear as noonday; sometimes as shadowy and unsubstantial as a dream; but always poetical and human. Now he will sing you a drinking ditty that Sir John Suckling would have delighted to father; anon a love poem worthy of Catullus, and as chaste as Paradise. He writes in all moods, and under all inspirations: and is probably, in his songs, the most dramatic writer since Shakespeare.

Here is one of the first that we lay our hands on. Of course you are all aware of the festivities of olden times—the mistletoe bough that was suspended from the ceiling—and the custom of kissing the maids beneath it. Happy custom! not yet obsolete in the rural districts of England. Read this little song, and guess who wrote it. No! it was *not* Shakespeare.

THE MISLETOE.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids should be)
When the men bring in boughs of the Laurel-tree,
Oh, the Laurel, the evergreen tree,
The poets have laurels,—and why not we?

How pleasant when night falls down,
And hides the wintry sun,
To see them come in to the blazing fire,
And know that their work is done;
Whilst many bring in, with a laugh or rhyme,
Green branches of Holly for Christmas time!
Oh the Holly, the bright green Holly,
It tells (like a tongue) that the times are jolly!

Sometimes, (in our grave house
Observe, this happeneth not;)
But, at times, the evergreen laurel boughs,
And the holly are all forgot!
And then! what then? why, the men laugh low,
And hang up a branch of—the Mistletoe!
Oh brave is the Laurel! and brave is the Holly!
But the Mistletoe banisheth melancholy!
Ah, nobody knows, nor ever shall know,
What is done under the Mistletoe!

Here is another, but of a very different cast; sombre and dark, and yet right jolly withal. The subject is as old as life. It is Death and the rest he brings. An attempt to embody and personify the King of Terrors, the monarch of a greater realm than ever Alexander wept for in his wildest moments. The subject is deep, awful, and magnificent, not repulsive. A lesser poet would have pictured a skeleton, skull, ribs, cross-bones and all. Procter leaves that to the reader's imagination, and only gives the outline of a dusky old king, pledging his subjects in the wine of forgetfulness:

KING DEATH.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine,
And lifted his hand so yellow,
And poured out the coal black wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows with grief o'erladen,
From a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

The Scholar left all his learning;
The Poet his fancied woes;
And the Beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

All came to the royal old f-flow,
Who languished till his eyes dropped brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
But pledged them in Death's black wine,
Hurrah—Hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal black wine!

Here is something as sweet as the life of a child, fresh, simple and touching. If you have ever loved and lost a little wingless angel, whose voice was more than words to you, I fancy you will like it. How pretty it is! Read it slowly, and with due emphasis, as if you felt it, and you will before you get through with it.

THE LITTLE VOICE.

Once there was a little Voice,
Merry as the month of May,
That did cry "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
Now—tis flown away!

Sweet it was, and very clear,
Chasing every thought of pain,
Summer! shall I ever hear
Such a voice again?

I have pondered all night long
Listening for as soft a sound;
But so sweet and clear a song
Never have I found!

I would give a mine of gold,
Could I hear that little Voice,—
Could I, as in days of old,
At a sound rejoice!—

But perhaps one of the most remarkable traits in Procter is the home feeling in many of his poems. They seem to have been written in the midst of his family, around the fireside of a winter night. The "Song for Adalaide" is one of the most beautiful nursery lyrics in the world, just such a song as a happy father would sing to his wife. "The Prayer in Sickness" and "the Petition to Time" can hardly be read, without loving the man; such poems prove conclusively that the humblest emotions and feelings are poetical in the hands of a true artist. Nothing is too mean for the poet to glorify and exalt; but most common things must be exalted, to be glorified and made poetical. A dull Flemish exactness to the mere outside truth of objects is not, nor ever can be, artistic. This was the great mistake of Wordsworth in the beginning of his career, when he wrote "Betty Foys" and "Peter Rells;" and it would have killed him if he had not had genius enough to retrieve himself in other respects: his

best poems are contradictions of his own theories—

A PETITION TO TIME.

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost,—an angel, fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not prond nor soaring wings:
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er Life's dim unsounded sea
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time!

We have not left ourselves room to copy any of his lyrical poems, *per se*, which we hardly dare believe the reader would think equal to those we have quoted. A pure lyric,—like one or two of the best of Shakspeare's, such as "Hark! hark! the lark." "Tell me where is Fancy bred," and "Under the Greenwood Tree," is rarely appreciated by the mass^{of} of poetical readers, not to say poets themselves. It is considered too small and trifling: but the trifle however is a diamond. The same remark will apply to the best songs of Burns; and to one or two of the last poems of Tennyson. "The Cradle Song," for instance, in the new editions of the Princess." In conclusion, let us recommend all our readers who love fine poetry (and who does not?) to read the English songs and other small poems of Barry Cornwall.

TO THE GENIUS OF POETRY.

Thou seraph voiced, bright child of heaven,
To whom the godlike power is given,
Life's misty path to line with light,
And gem with stars grief's curtain'd night;
Unveiling to prophetic eye
The secret fount of harmony:
Thee I invoke,

Unseen, unheard thou art by those
In whose dim souls no vision glows
Of something yet to be possess'd,
The dream of which makes mortals blest;

And few will on thy pinions rise,
To grander, glorious beaming skies,
Bright child of heaven.

But I, thou angel-guide, with thee,
All radiant in thy purity,
Will leave the laden, earth-clad throng,
With all their ills, their strife, their wrong,
To tread that starry spirit way,
Soul teaching in its mystery,
Thou child of heaven.

MONEY AT INTEREST.

BY MISS MUNROE.

"I SHALL be very happy—won't you?—when we have a little money laid by," said Philip Clayton's pretty wife, as she poured out tea for him in their cheerful little parlor, through whose open window stole the soft breath of summer, laden with the fragrance of the sweet-briar that fringed the grass-plot, and the honeysuckle that draped the rustic porch.

"I am very happy now," replied Clayton, smiling, as he glanced from the fair face that looked on him to the laughing boy who was romping with a spaniel on the grass.

"Well, and so am I," said Mrs. Clayton, smiling also: it would have been strange if she was not happy, with a husband who loved her devotedly, and no sorrow or danger glooming on the sunny horizon of her life. "But you know what I mean—it will be a great comfort and satisfaction when we are able to lay up something as a provision for the future. And think what a pleasure it will be to find the interest coming in at once to help us!"

"No, no!" laughed Clayton; "to carry out the thing properly we must not spend the interest, but lay that up also to accumulate into a large fortune by the time we are three or fourscore years old. But come, Hetty, let us not concern ourselves so much about a future that may never come. If it does come, God will, I trust, enable us to provide for it; but the blessings of the present are ours to enjoy and be thankful for. So give me another cup, and then let me hear that song you sung me yesterday; it has been echoing in my ears all day; and every line I wrote seemed to be accommodating itself to the tune."

So the song was sung, and others followed, drawing the child dancing in from his gambols to hear the music, and the evening passed pleasantly as it was wont to do, making Mrs. Clayton forget, in the happiness of the present, her anxiety for the future.

Years passed by, and found and left as great and yet greater happiness at the little cottage—for other childish voices made its walls resound with merriment, and not one blessing had been recalled, to leave a shadow on remembrance;

and, moreover, the cherished wish of Henrietta seemed on the point of being realized; for the first five hundred dollars were very nearly amassed, by their care and frugality, out of Philip's salary from the banking-house where he was a clerk; and already his over-anxious wife reckoned the interest, as the small yet welcome addition to their income which should enable the second five hundred to be more quickly collected.

On the other side of the clear stream which glided quietly through the village stood a house, whose inmates had known far less of prosperity than was the portion of the Claytons. Yet there had come a brightness over their prospects; and after many misfortunes, Richard Allen thought that the clouds had passed at length, and the long delayed sunshine was gleaming forth; for a situation as clerk promised him not merely a competence, but the means of setting his son, a fine boy of fifteen, forward in the world. He had been but six months in his situation, and twice that time in the neighborhood, where he was of course but little known, though that little was calculated to win respect; and of all, Clayton perhaps knew and liked him best.

One evening they were leaning over the bridge that spanned the stream, watching Frank Allen as he altered, and worked at, and launched, and guided on its course, the little boat which Harry Clayton—six years his junior—was unable to make sail down the stream, and they smiled to see how the child clapped his hands with delight, and how pleased Frank was to aid the ignorance and awkwardness of his little companion.

"Strange," said Allen, "that as men we should lose the feelings which seem inherent in us in childhood and in boyhood. In those years our first impulse is to help those who are weaker or more inexperienced than ourselves. But as time passes, those feelings die away and are forgotten; and how seldom it is that we find men pleased and eager to extend a helping hand to those who are less fortunate than themselves! How much more frequently do they appear to exult in their advantages all the more that others are without

them ! And if they do aid a feebler brother, is it not usually done coldly and reluctantly, as an acknowledged but disagreeable duty, instead of with the pleasure and alacrity which characterized our boyhood's exertions to help those who needed ?

"There are exceptions," replied Clayton, "and I would wish to think they are numerous."

"So would I," said Allen, "and they ought to be numerous; for surely every year of our lives shows us more and more how dependent men are on their fellow-creatures, in some shape or another: it seems designed to teach us mutual kindness, charity, and forbearance; but the lesson is too often unheeded, and sometimes read backwards to serve a different end. But don't think me a grumbler, or a misanthrope, because I say this. I know there is much good in the world; but I cannot help saying that there might be, and ought to be, much more."

"I suspect we need only look into our own hearts to own the truth of that," said Clayton, smiling. "But here comes Mrs. Allen, and I know my good little housewife has been impatiently waiting for us this hour past."

And so she had been; for with all her prudence and frugality, Mrs. Clayton was very proud of her cakes and her preserves, and the Allens were at all times among her most welcome guests. There were but themselves this evening; and long was it remembered, and often in after days Henrietta would tell how, when they were going away, Mrs. Allen went back to kiss the children a second time as they slept, and how Mr. Allen said, as he shook her hand,—

"What a very, very happy evening we have passed!"

She and Philip stood at the door until their friends crossed the little bridge homewards: they watched the crescent moon sink behind the distant hills, and then, closing the door upon the dimmer light which gleamed in starry rays on bough and stream, there soon was rest and silence in the cottage, as everywhere around.

It might have been two hours after when the loud barking of a dog awakened Clayton. His first idea was that it was broad daylight, so bright a light was shining through the window. But in another moment he was conscious that the glow was redder than that of the reddest morning. And springing to the window, he saw flames bursting from the Allens' house.

Clayton hurried to the spot. A crowd was beginning to gather around the house, but its inmates still slept. Efforts were made to arouse them to a knowledge of their danger, which became every instant more imminent, so rapidly

the flames spread and strengthened, and the door was forced open at the same moment that a wild shriek rose from within; but suffocating smoke rolled through the doorway, and flames darted their forked tongues round the staircase, and nobody dared to enter.

Mrs. Allen was speedily seen at a window. "A ladder!—a ladder!" was loudly called for but there was none at hand; and while some ran off to the nearest place to get one, the unhappy woman cast herself down upon the gravelled walk to escape the fiery death she dreaded. She was taken up insensible, and carried to the cottage which she had quitted in health and happiness so few hours previously. In another minute Allen, who had gone to arouse his son, came with him to another window. The ladder had arrived, and was quickly planted at it, and he was observed descending Frank to descend.

"Allen! Allen! save yourself; your wife has escaped!" cried Clayton.

The last words never reached the ear they were addressed to; but were lost in Allen's answering cry of "No, no!—my wife, my wife!" as he disappeared to seek the partner of his many years' wanderings and misfortunes.

"Allen! Allen!" was echoed in twenty voices to call him back. But a crash followed—some part of the flooring had fallen in, and he was never seen again.

Wildly the flames rose and fell, despite the quantities of water from the stream which had been so lavishly cast upon them, flickering, and dancing, and soaring up towards the sky, whose stars were now invisible; and casting a broad, red radiance on the crowd, the wide, smooth meadows and the waters of the quiet stream. Frank Allen sat on the grass, gazing on the fiery mass which blazed, and hissed, and crackled, above the form he had so loved and honored. Just old enough to feel to its full extent the anguish of that moment without the capability of endurance which added years might have imparted, he watched the remorseless flames with an intensity of grief which forbade all attempts at consolation, and resisted every endeavor to withdraw him from the spot.

The night passed, the fire began to die out, and the rising sun found a heap of smouldering ruins where he had left a happy dwelling; while beneath them lay what had then been a living and breathing form, in full health, and all the strength and energy of manhood's prime. Then Clayton led away the sorrowing boy to his own home, where for the first time he learned that his mother, whom he had thought safe and well, was suffering greatly—it soon proved dying—beneath the same roof; and the dawn of another day found Frank Allen

MONEY AT INTEREST.

alone—an orphan and destitute, without a relative or a friend from whom he had a right to claim protection or assistance.

But this thought did not at first come to grieve Him, for all considerations of self were lost in deep and overwhelming sorrow; and he alone was careless of his future lot, while the whole village was busy talking over it, and wondering what it would be. There had been some doubt, too, about the funeral, when it was known that the Allens left nothing; but Clayton set that at rest at once by charging himself with the expenses; and when that day was over, Frank Allen's fate was the undivided subject of conversation.

It was a long walk which Philip Clayton took that night. When he returned, he found Frank Allen still watching the heap of ruins with which he thought all the happiness of his life had fallen for ever. And even so Clayton mused; his own Harry, yet younger and more helpless, might have mourned over the desolation of his home, and been cast upon the coldness and the charity of strangers. But his mind had been made up fully during that long and solitary walk, though indeed the purpose had been gathering there stronger and stronger all the while.

Yet he feared to tell his gentle, loving Henrietta, for he knew that though she had tended Mrs. Allen as though she had been a sister, and wept with Frank, and strove to soothe and comfort his grief with all a woman's tenderness and softness, still money was too dear to her to be easily parted with, even for the sake of one whom she pitied and sympathized with so deeply. But Philip was resolved; and though on hearing that he was going to pay two hundred and fifty dollars as an apprentice-fee for Frank, to secure for him proper instruction in the line for which his father destined him, his wife shed more tears than words of his had ever caused her to shed before, and reproached him bitterly with throwing away the money they had so slowly gathered, he still was firm; for the memory of Allen's words came as a bitter reproach to human nature, in which he could not bear to share.

"You ought to think of your children!" said Henrietta, pressing the youngest to her bosom, as if to guard it from some evil which his father's act was drawing down upon it.

"I do think of my children," replied Philip, with much emotion, as he took the other little one in his arms, and glanced out at the field opposite, where Harry was vainly striving to draw Frank from his sorrowful contemplation of the sad dark spot before them. "I do think of my children; and that, if there were nothing else,

would bid me act as I am doing. For I think, Hetty, that one of our beloved ones might have been left desolate as Frank has been. And I think also, Hetty, that we know not how much they may yet be dependent on the kindness and bounty of others. And this thought alone would make me do to Frank as I would should be done unto my own children."

"But this will only make them poorer, and more likely to be so dependent," urged Mrs. Clayton, in a tone of feebler remonstrance.

"Oh, Hetty," said her husband, "I wonder that with so much of love there can be such devotion to Mammon in that kind little heart! Do you forget that poverty and riches depend on a mightier will than ours?"

"Then I suppose it must be so," sighed Henrietta. "But it must be a long while yet before we can have any money out at interest."

Clayton did not answer; but he had learned to know this was indeed a bitter disappointment. However, the letters were written, inquiries were made, and by using every exertion he got Frank most advantageously situated in a mercantile house, in the East India trade.

Five or six months after, Clayton received a letter by some encountered vessel, full of the outpourings of a young heart's gratitude; and a year after there came another, but it was the last. In another year Clayton wrote to the owners, when he heard that the ship had been chartered and employed in going from one part of India to another, and had not returned, but that no accident to Frank Allen had been reported. So as his own letters to Frank remained unanswered, Clayton supposed that his young charge had grown weary of gratitude. Yet, though Henrietta sometimes drily intimated that it was an unmerited return for all his kindness, Philip never regretted the part which he had acted, for he wanted not gratitude and thanks, but merely the consciousness of doing right, and the approval of his own heart. This was pleasanter to him than the gratification of her darling wish—the having money at interest, which had been at last attained—was to his pretty, gentle, and amiable, but anxious and calculating wife.

How quickly years glide away, and how soon people are forgotten when they are no longer seen! It took little time for a Frank to pass from everyone's remembrance but the Claytons'. And then Clayton moved to a distant city, where a higher salary was given him by another bank, and he and his wife were soon forgotten.

The fleeting years were pleasant to the Claytons. Their children grew up fair and promising. Already Harry was in a solicitor's office; the

younger boy, William, was to be a medical man, and the little Violet was as lovely and modest as her name-flower. And Henrietta had another happiness—they had laid by many hundreds now; and it was not merely the usual interest that was received for them, for Clayton had been admitted to a share in the concern, and the sum that he invested returned him a per centage far larger than that given to depositors.

But sunshine cannot last for ever. The first cloud was a change in Clayton's health. A severe illness, followed by a stroke of paralysis, left him with his powers of mind unimpaired, but so infirm as to preclude all hope of future exertion. Then what comfort it was that they had so well guarded against an evil day. And what a satisfaction that Clayton had obtained the shares in the stock, now that he could do nothing to make an income; and the mere interest of their savings would have been very little for their support. But within a couple of years the bank broke, and all was lost, the shares which had seemed such a blessing only serving to make ruin more complete; for he was involved in the liabilities, and the policy of insurance, which had always rendered his mind easy on his wife's account, was taken from them.

Still there were their sons—Harry, two-and-twenty, and William, seventeen—who were eager to exert themselves for their parents and sister. The younger's prospects of course were altered; but a situation in the custom house was obtained, enabling him to be at once an assistance to the family. And Harry was in high hopes that he should get into practice as an attorney, for which he was now qualified. He appeared to be doing so for a few months; but he shortly after met with a severe fall, which inflicted a spinal injury, with which he might linger on for years, but only to grieve over the thought of being a burthen to those he hoped to have supported.

William's small salary was now their only resource. To add to it, Violet went out as a teacher, though her youth made her reward but trifling. So passed another year, and still Harry, at nearly four-and-twenty, lay a dead weight on the strug-gling efforts of his young brother and sister, without a hope of recovery or—he would often have said, but for fear of grieving those who loved him—even a hope of death. Clayton retained much of his former cheerfulness, and strove to support the spirits and courage of his son under this painful trial; while for his sake also the fond mother checked her own repinings, and strove to give to their humble dwelling the comfort and the home-look which it formerly wore.

One day the captain of a ship at the custom-

house quay came into the Long-room, as it was called, where William was writing. The captain was transacting some business concerning his ship and while thus engaged, the clerk he was speaking to asked Clayton by name for a paper that was required.

"Clayton!" repeated the captain. "It is a long time since I heard that name, though I know and like it well. I hope you won't think it curiosity, if I ask your father's name?"

"It is Philip Clayton," replied the youth.

"It must be the same—and you are William!" exclaimed the sailor, grasping his hand. "Tell me only that all are well."

A shade came over William's face.

"My father is not in good health, and my brother is ill," he answered, sadly.

The joyful look of the sailor was dimmed also.

"You will take me to see them," he said "I have often longed for an opportunity; and hoped if ever this hour arrived, I should find no sorrow with those I have always remembered as being so happy."

In half an hour William's duties were over, and they left the custom-house together. Young Clayton did not ask his companion's name, nor did the sailor tell it; though before their walk was ended, his anxiety to know all about his old friends had gleaned almost their entire history from William's ingenuousness. Yet, though somewhat prepared, it was a shock when Mr. Clayton stood before him, weak and tremulous, stricken with age before his time; and he saw Harry, the once merry and light-hearted, lying powerless and moveless on a couch, with the light of youth fading from his eye, and its spirit dying out of his bosom.

"An old friend?" repeated Clayton inquiringly as he gazed intently on the face of his visitor.

"Yes; an obliged and deeply indebted one, and a grateful one too, Mr. Clayton," replied the sailor. "Have you quite forgotten Frank Allen, who owes everything to your kindness?"

"A feeling came over me at the first that it could be no other," said Clayton, giving him a cordial welcome, which was warmly echoed round.

An hour swept away all the clouds which appeared to hang over Frank's conduct to his old friends; for he had often written, but receiving no answer, had fancied that Clayton never wished to hear from him; and when, years after, he returned to the village, he learned that they had left it and could gain no further tidings. His own fortunes had been prosperous during the fifteen years which had elapsed since Philip Clayton acted so kind a part to him—for talent and diligence had won him the favor of all he served and

sailed with; and so he had risen until, two years before, he obtained the command of a ship.

"And now I will not call it chance that brought me to this port," he said; "it was some higher influence guided me here, and told me at once when I heard the name to-day that one of my old friends was near me—though it certainly was not William that I thought of seeing."

"Ah, you would think of me," observed Harry, with a mournful smile, "But my father and mother have but one son to work for them."

"No, Harry," replied Allen, crossing over to the friend of his boyhood and taking his hand; "they shall have two sons to work for them; and in good time I trust that you may join us as the third. But all I have I owe to your father's generosity—he acted towards me as a father; and deeply grieved shall I be if he will not allow me to be as a son to him. Surely, surely, Mr. Clayton," he continued earnestly, "you will not refuse to the boy whom you protected—whom your bounty placed in the way of winning far more than a competency—you will not refuse to him the power of proving his gratitude for all that you have done for him! To be a son to you and Mrs. Clayton, and a brother to your children—this is all I wish, and it would indeed be to me a happiness."

It was the truest gratitude that prompted the desire, and bade him exert all his eloquence to win, as he did at length, the privilege of devoting himself as a son to the protector of his boyhood. For Henry especially, his heart was grieved; to see him, young and gifted, wearing away the spring-time of his life in suffering and sorrow, pained him deeply; and he earnestly sought other and better advice upon his case than the Claytons' means had enabled them to command. At length a hope was given that a partial recovery at least might be attained.

With this hope, and the blessings of his early

friends, Frank Allen, at the end of some weeks, went on his voyage, happy in the consciousness that he left lighter hearts than he had found. And when, months after, he returned, there were bright smiles to greet him back, and something of the old light beginning to beam in Harry's eye, for the dreary period of hopelessness was past, and he had the prospect that in another year he might once more tread the green turf, and look upon the sparkling streams; and, above all, essay again to support himself, at least, instead of remaining in the helpless and child-like dependence which had so weighed upon his spirit.

The prospect was not deceptive, and before Frank left them next, its promise was in part fulfilled, and young Clayton was able to move about, with assistance.

"Philip," said Mrs. Clayton to her husband, as they watched from the window Harry leaning on the arm of the friend to whose aid his recovery was so greatly owing, since it had involved expenses which they themselves could not have met. "Philip, your two hundred and fifty were put out to far better interest than all the other money we ever saved: the rest is gone, but this remains to bless us. Little thought I when I so opposed you, how rich a return your generosity would receive!"

"Nor I either," answered Clayton; "I never thought of nor sought return. But it has come to cheer us in the hour it was most needed; and now, as I look on those two, how it brings back that last evening when Allen and I stood watching our boys; now, as then, his was the helper of mine; and I could almost think the very smiles of old, with all boyhood's cloudless joy, was on their faces."

He guessed not yet the cause of those smiles, nor that Frank had just told Harry how his own deep, true love had won that of Violet, and that ere long he hoped to claim by right the titles of son and brother in the family of his adoption.

THE DEAD WEIGHT.

I watch'd a little bird one day,
In a new plough'd earthly soil,
Seeking hard in the upturn'd clay
On some hapless insect or worm to prey;
And she labor'd with diligence fast away,
Till a victim rewarded her toil.

The bird was delicate, small and weak,
And the worm could not drag on high,
For, though firmly grasp'd in her tiny beak,
She wish'd with the burden her nest to seek,

Though her wings with the flutt'ring I thought would
break—
Thus loaded she could not fly.

And I said, "Oh! man, it is thus with thee,
When seeking to soar above,
If thou think'st thou canst ever uplifted be
With thy burden of sin and infirmity;
But loose thy grasp ere thou triest to flee,
And no more impair'd thy flight shall be.

HANNAH ADAMS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

"Nothing lovelier can be found
In woman, than to study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

In an age in which the "*rights of woman*" have been insisted upon more earnestly, discussed more loudly, and pressed more fervently than at any former period, this delineation of the homely and humble duties of the sex may be justly supposed to be received with little favor.

The ladies who contend for the pulpit and the platform in their native land, and who cross the Atlantic to urge before an assembled world their right to mingle in the stormy debate, and to make the spacious hall re-echo with their shrill yea and nays, cannot be thought to have much more reverence for the great epic poet than they have already expressed for the apostle to the Gentiles; and if the one was misled by his "*Jewish prejudices*," the other may well be imagined to have been fettered by the contracted spirit of the age in which he lived. While we select the above for our motto, we must ourselves confess that we not altogether either admire or approve of the character of the first mother, as drawn by the immortal poet. And we will dare to avow, that in our minds there has ever been a lurking suspicion, that a very consciousness of the strong dissimilarity between her own character and that of Milton's heroine must have been present to the mind of Hannah More, even while writing her beautiful eulogy upon it; not that we would accuse Miss More of insincerity, but because we know it to be one of the traits of human nature to be unwilling to be thought to be blind to a kind of excellence which we may yet be very conscious of not professing.

And Hannah More—the single lady, naturally firm, energetic and independent, caressed by bishops, lords, and statesmen, might find it easy to *commend* and to *recommend* the quiet submission, the humble deference, the lowly obedience of the wife.

But after having said thus much, we will say that we do most sincerely subscribe to the truth of this doctrine taught by our poet. It is woman's highest praise,

"To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

And we would reiterate the often repeated assertion—home is the sphere of woman—the domestic circle the place where her influence is most naturally, most properly, and most efficiently exerted. Nor do we view the region as too contracted to forbid either the expansion or the cultivation of the highest powers of mind or of heart with which she may have been endowed. The influence of woman is silent and quiet, yet pervading and affecting every interest of society. It is like the dews of night, unseen, but not unfelt—either pure and healthful, reviving, refreshing and invigorating all nature, or a noxious miasma diffusing around contagion and death.

The mother moulds the character of the future divine, legislator, or statesman. The wife inspires, encourages, and supports her husband; and the sister, the refined, intelligent, virtuous sister, is the best safeguard for the purity and the happiness of the brother, and the friend. Let woman look at the mighty power intrusted to her; the power of moving all the secret springs of human action; of moulding all the elements of society; let her realize her responsibilities, and feel all the weight of the obligations already resting upon her, and she will not ask a wider field, she will not seek a more commanding station.

The influence of the mother is a more common theme, but it is not probably greater than that of the wife. It is different, it is more direct and apparent; it has more the aspect of authority; it is often avowed and acknowledged, yet it is not, as we think, so subtle, so all pervading. Shrouded by the privacy of domestic life, the influence of woman upon public affairs can seldom be directly traced; yet while our national history bears upon its pages the name of him who sold, betrayed, and well nigh ruined his country, those more conversant with the annals of the day will remember that he was probably impelled to these deeds of infamy and ruin, by a wish the more readily to meet the demands which the pride, folly and extravagance of his wife made upon his purse.

In what a bright contrast to this modern Tar-

peia, stands the venerable matron whose letters have been laid before the world. We rejoice in the publication of these letters. We feel that the family have thus added to the many obligations of respect and gratitude already imposed upon their country. They give us the portrait of an American matron, during the most interesting period of our national existence; and present a picture well worthy of being copied by the countrywomen of Mrs. Adams in the present day. We consider the work the more valuable, that the character there developed, although superior, is not uncommon. All the excellences of Mrs. Adams are attainable, and that too, by women in the ordinary ranks of life. The times in which she lived were such as tried the soul; but the sphere in which she moved during most of her life, was that in which the ordinary duties of women are to be found. She made it her great business

"To study household good,
And good works in her husband to promote."

"The heart of the husband did safely trust in her, so that he had no fear of spoil;" and by her prudent and judicious management of their family, she left him at liberty to devote himself to the service of his country. While the wife evidently felt the absence of the husband and companion, yet she cheerfully submitted to all the cares and trials consequent upon their separation. She never yielded to murmuring, fretfulness, or discontent. She found her happiness in the performance of her duty; and although living in a period of great apprehension and alarm, and knowing that all the interests dear to her were at stake, she yet indulged in no feminine weakness, no gloomy forebodings, no dark anticipations. She maintained a spirit of cheerfulness, hope, and confidence, admirably calculated to sustain both herself and her husband during the trying scenes through which they were called to pass.

These letters are the more interesting from commencing at an early age, and thus enabling us to mark the early development, the maturing and the ripening of the character. From the gay girl, who, in the exuberance of her youthful spirits, delighted to tease, while she yet sympathised with her sedate, and, as we fancy, somewhat stern lover, to the young wife and mother, thinking an absence of a few days too long; then the matron of middle life, yielding her husband at the call of her country, sustaining all the multiplied cares which thus devolved upon her, and diligently promoting all the interests of her family during his absence; then the wife of the American representative, standing in the presence of royalty, neither dismayed by the power, nor dazzled by the pomp which surrounded her; her returning

to her native land, and taking the highest station in it, gracefully dispensing the hospitalities required from her station, yet not forgetting the domestic habits of her early life; again quietly returning to private life, and cheerfully resuming her early habits and employments, with her skimming-dish in her hand, visiting the dairy at five in the morning. We delighted to follow her through all the changes of her eventful life. We love to contemplate her as a woman, fulfilling all the duties of her sex, and more, we wish to consider her as a fair representative of the women of her country. We love to think of her as an American woman; as one of the many who contributed largely to the prosperity of their country, not by haranguing her senate, or leading her armies; but by the quiet, unostentatious performance of the humble and laborious duties which devolved upon them, during the absence of their husbands from their lonely and often scattered homes.

We would hold the domestic character of Mrs. Adams before the countrywomen of the present day, and would be allowed to ask those who are now preparing to enter upon the busy scenes of life, if they are cultivating the tastes, the habits, the principles which will make them thus useful, thus honored. The station in which Mrs. Adams was placed, made her virtues the more conspicuous; but it did not endow her with them. They were the product of a secluded, domestic, religious education—an education which regulated the temper, cultivated the affections, and disciplined the mind.

She enjoyed no uncommon advantages. She was not able even to avail herself of those presented by the *fashionable* (we wonder if there were such a word in the vocabulary of our pilgrim ancestors?) schools of the day. Her education was wholly domestic. To a mind constituted like hers, this could be no disadvantage—she had too much natural activity to suffer her mental powers to stagnate; and she learned to study, not from a spirit of vanity or emulation, but from a love of knowledge, and a desire to inform herself. Reading probably became the amusement of her leisure hours: and this habit, early formed, continued through life. Her letters certainly show that she had a thorough acquaintance with the English poets, and with many of the best English writers—a knowledge more common formerly than now, when women depended more upon their private application to study, and a judicious course of reading, as to the means of education, than upon the modern aids, which are so abundantly supplied. The New England habits of domestic industry; the

lengthened evening devoted to reading; the cheerful fireside, and even the old-fashioned accessory of the ever-present knitting work, were all admirably calculated to form women of reflecting minds, industrious habits, and religious principle; and the work of education, the education of the whole woman, the fitting her to sustain all the responsibilities, and to discharge all the duties of wife and mother, daughter and sister, was commenced, and at an early period daily and imperceptibly continued and carried on, even while the subject was never discussed, the word not used, and perhaps while the parents were regretting their inability to bestow it. Many families being well brought up, who were yet never supposed to have been educated, parents not realizing that to bring up a child in the way he should go, to fit it to discharge well the duties of this life, and more, so to inculcate the great principles of truth as to lead to the establishment of a well grounded hope for the life to come, was the best education which could be given. We think it no small evil attendant upon the modern system of female education, so generally pursued in our country, that the constant excitement of a public school unfits a young lady to return to the quiet, sober duties of domestic life, or to enjoy the seclusion of the family circle. A young lady, after having passed through the course of one of our modern establishments for female education, either leaves it, if she be a girl of active, inquisitive, and aspiring mind, with her constitution enfeebled, and her nervous system shattered, from too great mental stimulus; or after having passed through the round of modern accomplishments, she considers her education completed when the last term closes, and throws aside her books, and her studies, as she does the restraints of the school room and governess; while she who, with fewer means of instruction at command, fewer of the *appliances* of education, as Miss More calls them, if the desire for knowledge be awakened, and the pleasure to be derived from the exercise of the mental powers once enjoyed, becomes in a great measure self-taught, will make self-improvement the business of her life.

Her progress may be comparatively slow, but it will be sure. She will not be a prodigy at sixteen, but she will be a judicious, well-informed woman at thirty-five. It was this domestic education, this self-culture, this thorough discipline of the whole character, which fitted Mrs. Adams to discharge the various duties which at the different periods of her life devolved upon her, with

so much honor to herself, and with so much benefit to her family. In all the relations of life she appears in a light which commands our respect and admiration. As a wife, while all the letters to her husband are marked by the independent thought, and good sense, which distinguished her, they yet breathe a delightful spirit of conjugal deference and respect, not always manifested by women of superior minds towards those whom they may yet have promised to "honor and obey." Mrs. Adams certainly obeyed the apostolic precept, and revered her husband; and happy the wife where the character of the husband renders a cheerful obedience so easy. Her letters to her sons are always admirable, and show how anxiously she desired, and how unwearying and self-denying were her endeavors, to promote their best interests. We find her watching over her aged parents with tender affection; kindly communicative to her sisters, amusing and instructing her nieces, and prudently advising after she had ceased to direct her daughter, and delighting her last days with her grandson.

The letter to Mr. Adams, dated February 8th, 1797, upon his election to the Presidential chair, we consider as a most admirable production. It breathes a spirit worthy of a daughter of the Puritans—a spirit which we could wish had more entirely animated every epistle which she wrote. While we regret to feel obliged to say, that these letters contain some expressions which we consider as objectionable—some sentiments which we cannot approve—yet we would desire to be allowed to recommend both the letters and the character of the venerable authoress to the consideration of her fair countrywomen.

They may there learn what qualities are most necessary to render the women of our own land useful, happy, and respected.

In conclusion, let us say, that while there is attached to the name of Mrs. Adams the high honor of being the wife of one President, and the mother of another, we trust that her name is destined to descend to future ages, with yet brighter radiance, as the mother of one of the earliest American philanthropists, who had caused his indignant voice to be heard in the hall of Congress, and of one who stood, in his old age,* before the judicial tribunal of his country, there to plead the cause of injured and outraged humanity, for those who had nothing to commend them but their woes and their wrongs—and the woes and wrongs of their bleeding and oppressed race.

* After having filled the highest office in his land.

THE CIT

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

A shepherd sang on the mountain-top, as he sat by a cool spring and guarded his flock. Tall cedars waved above him, and vines festooned the trees. Annin was the name of this shepherd; and he was fair and noble of form. Wild daring sparkled in his proud eye, and sometimes wreathed his lip as roses wreath a bower; his motions were full of grace, and his dark curls floated on the breeze. His forehead was like that of a young prince—lofty, with somewhat of haughtiness; and there was a regal grace in his expression that was beautiful.

Annin loved a dear young shepherdess with all that was left of his passionate heart after what he had given to ambition. For in the wilds of the hills, beneath the eternal stars, hopes that surely seemed a mockery, they were so bright, thrilled his pulses to fire, and haunted his sleep with visions of enduring fame. Brooding over this ambition, and mingling it with charms of his Edre, Annin lost himself in reverie, and when he started to his feet at last, the sun had nearly set, and his flock were lost from sight. Bounding over the hills, he struck into a craggy defile, and far below him, leaping and scrambling from rock to jagged rock, he beheld the sheep of his master. The way looked fearful—looked impossible—yet nothing could daunt the bravery of the young shepherd. Apparently a dark ravine, filled perhaps by a hidden river, lay before him. Down, after the flying flock, he sprang; rugged rocks were clambered over, chasms leaped, precipices slid; down, down, down the dangerous way he bounded like a torrent!

The air grew dim, he had descended so far. Looking up, he could see the red glow of sunset upon the overhanging trees. Down a few more leaps, and he stood on a broad plain, walled in on every side by pathless rocks and hills. A stream flowed through the centre with undulating curves, and the ground was level and fair. This was all he could see in the faint light falling from the sky far overhead; it was too dark to give a hope of his reaching the hill-top that night, and it was doubtful if he ever could scale those awful cliffs;—hunger might waste him,

lions might devour him! And was this the end of his ambition?—to perish in this fearful solitude? He flung himself with a despairing heart by the river side; where, overcome with weariness, he fell asleep and dreamed of Edre.

The bright sun of morning dimly illuminated the lonely valley, and awoke the young shepherd from his long sleep. The beams that fell on his face fell also on the clear river flowing by him. A gleam—a sparkle—a gleam! Why did Annis start and quiver? Why did his eye flash with that strange delight? His hand is buried in the clear stream, and withdrawn—behold! it is full of precious jewels—jewels flashing and quivering in his clasp, mixed with golden sand.

He started to his feet and sent up from his beautiful lips a shout of joy, and wonder, and triumph. With excited steps he paced to and fro the soft green bank of the river. Pale flowers drooped upon its brim, and pale fishes swam in its glittering waves. He pressed his flushed forehead with his hands, and tried to still the loud beating of his bosom, as thought after thought of wealth, and power, and grandeur, rushed over him.

The flock he came to serve grazed quietly a little distance away; they were nothing now to him. With lumps of shining gold and splendid stones he filled his humble garments, and slowly, retarded by their weight, he retraced his dangerous pathway.

No ravenous hearts were in the dim valley of magnificence; but while the shepherd had slept, the glittering eyes of the serpent had guarded him; and when he awoke, they had watched him with their intense and terrible smile of exultation.

In safety Annis stood again upon the mountain-top. A darker fire was in his eye, a richer flush upon his lip, a more imperial pride upon his brow. He looked the personification of inspired ambition. Like his might have been the form of Lucifer, before he was cast from heaven. Again the shout burst from his eager heart, ringing like wild music over the luxuriant hills,—“Ho! a God and a King! Ho! a God and a

King!" And the tall mountains took up the echo and repeated, "Ho! a God and a King."

Not long after this, a band of men were led by the shepherd into his secret kingdom, and this band were sworn to be faithful to the young aspirant. He had them in his power, for he alone could lead them through the mountain pass; and when once in the hidden vale, he might have left them to perish for want of food, if they had dared to rebel against his authority.

Strange rumors flew over the surrounding nations of a beautiful God who had come down from heaven into a valley amid the mountains, and that he had filled it with riches and splendor; and that whoever worshipped and obeyed him were made wealthier and grander than King Solomon. Soon the retinue of the self-constituted God and King swelled to ten thousand, and his new country was filled with people.

Suddenly, as the moon rises in the midnight sky, a magnificent city arose in the centre of the valley. And because the sun never shone fully upon it, for the air was dim forever there, it was called the City of Night. Marble, and granite, and emerald, was hewn from the mountain caverns—silver, and gold, and precious stones, gathered from the river-bed. Temples, and towers, and palaces, reared their gorgeous forms, glittering in the twilight atmosphere. Indescribable splendor filled the vale. Many thousands from other lands came to the mountain-top to behold the magnificent pinnacle of the chief temple dedicated to the King, rising like a fountain of gems even above the hills themselves, yet approachable to all but the inhabitants dwelling below. With its beautiful turret, sparkling and beaming in the rays of the sun, whose glory it seemed to mock, this temple rose up to tell to other nations the splendor of this wonderful people, whose God lived and dwelt with them, and brought riches from the skies to reward his worshippers for their faith and devotion.

Truly this City of Night was like a dream in its gorgeousness. Hundreds of thousands of lamps burnt every night within its walls, for with its inhabitants night was turned into day, and the day into hours of repose. Arches of pure emerald spanned the marble paved streets; fountains of unique shape sent rainbow sprays to glitter in the rich lamp light. Hundreds of beautiful little temples richly decorated stood here and there; and upon the silver shrines within, pale blossoms and clusters of food were offered by fair devotees to Annin. Entrancing music floated upon the air, and voluptuously beautiful young creatures wreathed their shining arms in dances of enchanting grace, circling, and singing, and

gliding through the illuminated streets, their white feet glancing over the smooth pavements, and their fair limbs waving and undulating to the sound of the ravishing melody. The fairest of earth were these young daughters of the mystic city. The courts, the palaces, the streets, the temples, were radiant with their lovely forms. Bright eyes flashed everywhere, and soft cheeks burned, and sweet lips smiled, and loose hair floated. The garments of these young maidens were embroidered with gems; their delicate ankles and round arms were circled with shining gems; their long tresses glittered with costly ornaments. Flashing girdles bound their silken robes.

Wo! to the young shepherdess on the hills round about if the eye of a son of the valley rested upon her beauty. Wo to her then, if she loved her parents and her home, for from that time the city of glory was her abiding-place, and her will was the will of the king. Yet many were intoxicated with the splendor of their fate, and loved the proud and fascinating young Annin. Wo to the vineyards and the flocks upon the mountains, for the children of the valley ravished them, till the jeweled goblets of the palaces overflowed with wine, and the golden dishes with dainty meats.

Edre, the first love of the ruler, was queen over all the beautiful maidens of her people. She walked in purple apparel, and a circlet burning with rare diamonds bound her fair brows. Edre was fit to be a queen. A simple nobleness graced every movement, and a calm majesty sat on her graceful form. She had large, slow-moving eyes, passionless, and deep, and pure, like an angel's eyes. She would have seemed angelic more than womanly, had it not been for the sweet witchery that played round her mouth.

It was not strange that the passionate and gifted shepherd should have loved just such a maiden before his ambition had been polluted by prosperity. All his poetic dreams seemed embodied in the purity of her calm radiance, and the power of his ardent nature never reached to the bottom of the deep fountains of her almost sinless soul.

The more that luxury and revelry abounded in the valley, the more did the fair queen seem to grow in majesty and beauty. A melancholy lustre shone through her loveliness like the effulgence of a star. She drank no wine at the banquet, and looked not upon the bewildering dances, nor offered incense upon the shrine of their God, even though she were his bride. The love that was once only hers was divided amid a thousand unholy women, and she withdrew her affections,

and buried them in the depths of her spotless bosom. Her calm eyes read daily the writing of vice and voluptuousness over the forehead once glowing with the inspiration of genius, and the winning sweetness of her lips at times quivered with sudden change to sorrow.

Vice wrapped like a mantle the inhabitants of the valley. No where upon the earth since the desolation of Sodom and Gommorah had there been such evil workings as filled the City of Night, so much the more as it was splendid was it wicked; luxury, clothed in scarlet and gold, took the black form of sin to its bosom, and all deceitful cunning and fearful devices of evil was their offspring.

Year by year the wickedness increased—pollutions touched beauty with decay, and filled the streets with suffering and disease.

Year by year the solemn glory of the Queen's presence grew more radiant:—she shone from out that war of evil passions like a beautiful star through a storm. She faded not, nor withered, nor seemed to grow old. She was seldom seen, but she was the marvel and the adored of all. The waves of sin rolled back from her and harmed her not. Lonely in her magnificent palace she passed her days.

The time for the desolation of the valley of Annin drew nigh. The Tempter had nearly finished the work of his night upon the children of the City of Night. The light of jewels and of wine-cups had been steeped in the fascinations of his power, and had poisoned the hearts that wore and the lips that drank them. He lay curled in a cavern of the mountains awaiting the perfection of his triumph.

There was a night of festal offering in the bright city, the doors of the Temple were thrown open, and the one who had took upon himself the assumption of divinity sat in regal pomp upon a magnificent throne, sacred to him as his sanctum sanctorum. At his feet lay two dogs with serpent heads, the bodies of solid silver, and the heads of rubies set in gold, with eyes of diamonds flashing and glowing. These dogs guarded the sacred chair upon which he now sat. Before the throne an immense vessel of gold, with a wreath of amethysts around the brim, was upheld in the paws of an ebony tiger; this basin received the offerings of the people.

The monarch was apparell'd in scarlet with blue facings, and a girdle of sapphires in the form of a serpent. His crown, too, was a wreathing serpent, with its burning eyes shining on the front of his brow. A sun sparkled on his breast, and his robe was wrought with stars, intimating that the heavens were subject to his power.

The eagle flash in the eye of Annin had changed to the red glow of unholiness—his pale face was now strangely and repulsively beautiful, with the red spot upon either hollow cheek, and the bright, mild smile upon his lips, the black ringlets clustered around his bare throat.

A feast was spread without the temple—but before any dared quaff the crimson wine, or taste the glowing fruit, their offering must be placed upon the shrine before the God.

Throng after throng danced down the glittering temple, bright with a thousand lamps, and laid their gifts in the golden basin. These mostly were of the largest gems set in giant devices, as ornaments for the king to wear or bestow upon his concubines. The first cup of wine was always to be given to the ebony tiger, and then the God descended and mingled with his worshippers.

This night, while all were gathered to witness the ablation of the wine, suddenly, gliding with slow gracefulness through the middle of the gorgeous temple, appeared their beautiful Queen.

With a calm step she mounted the sacred throne, and stood by the side of her Lord.

A suppressed murmur of wonder and anger ran through the people at this audacious act. They expected to behold the fair woman withered to ashes before their eyes, for daring to place foot within the holy precincts of the throne. The monarch remained speechless. She turned her face towards the people, and, standing by the side of her husband, looked upon them a moment in silence.

Every knee bent to the floor, so powerful was the influence of her face—that face inspired with holiness and radiant with a calm glow—that face, beautiful with ineffable fairness, and heavenly in its transparent spirituality.

She spoke, and they listened in mute attention, as music falls from the golden lyres of heaven, the words ran from her lips, filling the air of the Temple with a sound, soft as the fall of a silver fountain, yet terrible as the breath of lions on the denunciations of the spirit of wrath.

She revealed to them the existence of one great and Almighty God—she threatened them with the punishment of their idolatry—she pleaded with them to throw aside their evil works, and live forever in the smile of the eternal.

Their hearts shrank and shuddered with the terror of her inspired words, and leaped at the sweet persuasions of her tongue.

She ceased:—silence hung over the children of Annin.

The God of the people rose to his feet, and pointed fiercely to the calm form of the prophetic queen.

Wrath and defiance burned in his eyes, as he chanted,—

“She has profaned my holy altar;—let her be given to the flames.”

The crowd took up the cry, and rushed to the foot of the throne.

Edre folded her arms meekly over her bosom, and lifted her face upward with a soft smile.

And even as they reached out to seize her garments, a pair of golden wings spread from her white shoulders, and she floated upward—upward before their dazzled eyes, till she shone like a star in the doom of the lofty Temple and disappeared.

The dove had fled from the children of Annin—and there was none left to save the city.

Even while they gazed after the up-soaring Angel, the foundations of the building were shook beneath them, they rushed from the temple. There was red light over one of the hills—the mountains groaned and quaked. There was a mighty rush for the narrow and difficult pathway. Beautiful women, with gay dresses and tinkling ornaments—Musicians with their instruments cast firm—the boasted God in his strange apparel,—all—all rushed fearfully towards escape!

But the trembling of the hills had thrown a huge rock over the only path—there was no escape—none!

The ground quivered beneath their frightened feet, as hastily they fled back to the centre of the valley.

“Ha! ha!” chuckled the serpent from his cavern.

They grouped near the temple—it leaned to ward them as if to mock their trust in it.

Again their eyes were fixed upon the burning mountain, flames darted from its summit—stones shot into the air. Thunder rolled from hill to hill—a sound! from the mouth of the hill comes pouring down an overwhelming fiery flood upon the valley below! One shriek—and the children of Annin shriek no more—it has covered them! The Temple reels, and with its sparkling turret falls groaning into the burning flood;—palaces, arches, fountains, towers,—where are they? Where is the valley of jewels—the fair city of Night? The red lava has no tongue to tell.

They cast away the holy dove from the bosom of their faith—and when it fled from their unholiness—what was there left to tell of their magnificence?

THE UNFORGOTTEN.

Unforgotten, deathless story,
Memories sad, and strange, and vast,
Through the present's pride and glory,
Call us backward to the past.

With a calm and chasten'd sorrow,
Through its shadows let us tread,
And warning or example borrow
From the records of the dead.

Through the hum of crowded cities,
On the midnight's solemn breath,
Cometh forms and voices to us
From the solitude of death.

Come the changed and the changeless,
With their mild, pale faces there,
Still as when we gazed upon them
In the lone heart's first despair:

Forms, whose hallow'd presence gladden'd,
Like the sunbeams' checuring rays,
And whose parting shadows sadden'd
Many a mourner's after days.

Breasts, whose peaceful precincts cherish'd
Feelings of the holiest birth—
Gentle streams, whose waters nourish'd
The ocean-tide of love on earth;

Souls unshrinking, valiant, fearless,
Ever foremost in the strife,
Bearing onward, dauntless, fearless,
Through the battle-paths of life;

Men, whose deeds in song and story
Earth shall still recount with pride,
Who, for country, freedom, glory,
Nobly triumph'd, proudly died.

And the wise, the good, the learn'd,
They, of wisdom's sacred lore,
Who through Heaven's light discern'd
Truths unknown to man before;

And some whose sweet, though hapless duty,
In their path through life along,
Was to pour o'er all its beauty
Burning themes of love and song;

And they the dear ones, father, mother,
Husband, brother, sister, wife,
Trusted friend, or faithful lover,
All that link'd the chain of life:

Glory, science, song, and beauty,
Memories deepest love that claim,
Weeping earth with sacred duty
Shall enshrine each hallow'd name.

Let us learn this lesson holy,
That each blighted hope and love
Is to make us meek and lowly,
Fitting for a home above.

Such is life to day, to morrow,
Through the scenes of good or ill,
Through the tides of joy or sorrow,
Some are unforgotten still.

MELVILL, THE PULPIT ORATOR.

BY A RETURNED TRAVELER.

The faithful preaching of the Gospel, is the first element of national greatness. It is so for every reason. Indeed, there is no comparison between it and anything else. It surpasses, outweighs, rises above everything besides. It is Christ's ordained agency for the accomplishment of his benign purposes. Understood thus, it challenges all competition. Its right is divine, its charter from the skies. An evangelical pulpit is the glory of any land; and England will rise or fall—her material power, her enormous wealth, her martial skill, and her philosophical treasures notwithstanding—in the ratio of her love to, disregard of, an evangelical pulpit. It is the centre of light, liberty, patriotism, benevolence, morality, and truth. It affords scope for the loftiest flights of sanctified imagination, for the deepest researches of thought, for the warmest gushings of zeal, for the richest outpourings of feeling, for the amplest range of literature, and for the noblest bursts of eloquence. Every characteristic of matter, every attribute of mind, and every oracle of revelation come to it, as so many tributary streams to that great river of life which bears men upon its crystal bosom to the shores of the happy land. Sun, moon, and stars—the earth, the atmosphere, and the ocean—spring and autumn, summer and winter, day and night, cold and heat—serve it for similitude, parable, and illustration; the conscience of every man seconds its appeals, and the inductions of reason accord with its conclusions; the church of the living God, to which it teaches knowledge, wisdom, and spiritual understanding, is the great training school for the employments of eternity; and the principalities and powers in heavenly places, learn from that church fresh lessons regarding the manifold wisdom of God! If these things be so, we ask why poetry should glorify the warrior, and overlook the preacher? And why literature should immortalise the senate and the bar, whilst it passes by the pulpit, as unworthy of its notice?

Henry Melvill is, in the strict sense of that term, a preacher of the Gospel. Some men misappropriate their profession. This is no very uncommon thing among clergymen of all denominations.

We have heard nonsense, inanities, and sometimes intolerably stupid things uttered by men in the pulpit. But the influence of their office failed to atone for the want of a commodity which clergymen need as much as laymen—common sense. That which pains us, under these circumstances, is, that the sceptical or irreligious hearer traces this stupidity to the Gospel itself, and concludes that the New Testament must be a very dull book, seeing that those who are understood to make it their daily study make such a sorry exhibition in the pulpit. That all preachers should be orators, or eloquent men, in the technical sense, is not necessary, not even desirable; but surely it is necessary that every minister should know what he is about. Our first impression on hearing and seeing Mr. Melvill, after he had uttered two or three sentences, was one of intense satisfaction, from the simple thought—he understands his work, he is in his place, he believes, and therefore speaks, and, if we mistake not, he will give a reason for the hope that is in him, whilst, withal, from the unaffected modesty of his demeanor, we expect that he will give that reason with meekness and fear. There is no pomposity, no glitter, none of that offensive “look-at-me” idea which naturally belongs only to weak men, but which sometimes, perhaps unconsciously, creeps upon truly able men who have acquired some degree of popularity. Mr. Melvill is very popular, perhaps as much so as any clergymen in England, but he does not seem to be aware of it. This is true greatness. He seems to be aware of but one thing, one all-absorbing thought, that he is delivering the message of God to men, and that he must deliver his own soul at the same time from the guilt of concealing any part of that message. We cannot resist the impression that he reverently realises the presence of his great Master, and speaks of him as in his hearing. The deep solemnity and breathless attention of the congregation prove that they feel this. Every eye is fixed upon the preacher, and every ear is open to hear great truths about God, and Christ, and the human soul, and eternity. Every part of the building is full, (remember it is not the day of rest, but eleven

o'clock on Tuesday morning, in the very heart of busy London,) and many are standing, yet there is no sign of weariness: all are profoundly, eagerly attentive, as the preacher proceeds through a paragraph, increasing in rapidity of utterance and volume of voice as he approaches its close, when he seems to be rushing along the narrow way to heaven, and carrying all his hearers with him. It is not the fascination of his eye (though that glows and sparkles with light, and, in earlier life, must have been uncommonly brilliant) that binds the people thus, for he reads every word of his sermons, and consequently it is but at intervals that he glances across the congregation. Nor do we think it is his eloquence, though that is of no common order. It is what he says, rather than how he says it, that entrances the people. His eloquence is certainly a great advantage to him; but it is the thing uttered, at least if we may judge from our own experience, that so deeply interests the people. *He understands the meaning of his text*—the grand secret of successful preaching, so far as human agency is concerned—and he gives his hearers to understand it too, by using clear, forcible, and appropriate language. The following passages, from a sermon we had the privilege of hearing, will illustrate our meaning, and afford specimens both of Mr. Melvill's theology and logic. The text was Zechariah xii. 10: "And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born." This "plan" was simple and natural: first, he considered what the prediction exhibits as yet to happen to the Jews; and then, in what way, and in what degree, it may be accommodated individually to ourselves. Without expressing our opinion of the exact truth of his positions and reasonings, the clear and manly style of the argument, and the brilliancy of illustration thrown upon it by his ardent imagination, are so characteristic of his general manner withal, so finely adapted to the pulpit effect, that I will venture to reproduce some of the remarkable passages of the sermon. He then proceeded thus:—

"Now there is," said he, "no subject presented to us in the unfulfilled prophecies of Scripture that is more adapted to the taking hold on the mind, and engaging all its earnestness, than that of the restoration of the Jews to the land of their fathers. Ever since the Romans came down in their fury upon Jerusalem—the ministers of the vengeance of God, who had been provoked to

cast off the once favored people—the earth has been strewn with the fragments of the Tribes; and persecution has proved unable to exterminate them, and kindness as unable to blend them with the rest of human kind. There has never been the least approach to a polity or government of their own; so that at no time have they assumed such an appearance as should suggest the probability of their combining under one head, or gathering into one land. Scattered over the habitable globe, strangers even where they have made themselves homes, and aliens where they have long had a dwelling; having been presented to the world under an aspect fitted to excite its attention and draw its wonder, their very dispersion has stood as an argument against the likelihood of their restoration; and their separation from every other people has put difficulties in the way of any such gathering of strength as a great movement would appear to demand. And yet, there has been such evident miracle in the distinction which has been kept up between the Jews and the rest of our race, that, even had prophecy been silent, we might almost have thought that a people so separated were reserved for some signal occurrence, for the distinction cannot be accounted for upon any natural principles. Had not God interposed, and both erected and upheld the barrier, it is utterly insuperable but that all their ancient peculiarities would have long ago departed; so that the Jews would have retained none of their original characteristics. And though it may have been one reason for this continued miracle, that there might be a standing witness to the truths of Christianity—a witness which should supersede all necessity for a fresh demonstration of its authority—we may justly say that this would hardly suffice to explain the phenomenon. This does but place the Jews on a level with such cities as Babylon, or Tyre, from whose ruins perpetually issues a voice which attests the inspiration of Scripture; and we might fairly conclude, that more was proposed by the continued dispersion of a people, than by the lasting desolation of a town. However this may be, prophecy is most explicit on the great and wonderful fact, that the Jews, notwithstanding their dispersion over all the districts of the earth, are to be collected together at a season appointed of God, and resettled in the Canaan which has been so long trodden down by the Gentiles. The attempt to give a purely spiritual interpretation to a prediction bearing upon this fact, will always, as we think, fail to afford satisfaction, and that, too, upon the simple principle, that the dispersion and restoration of the Jews are continually spoken

of by the prophets in the same breath—being mentioned in one sentence, or occurring as parts of one message from God. And there cannot be any justice in giving a figurative interpretation to one notice in a prophecy, when we know that a literal belongs to the preceding. If the Jews had been only figuratively scattered, I could believe that they would be only figuratively restored. But whilst I know that they have been literally scattered, and whilst I find that the scattering and the restoration are announced in the same prophecy, I must conclude that the Jews are to be literally reinstated in the possession of Canaan—that, not in any spiritual sense, but according to the plain meaning of the words, “they shall be gathered from among the nations whither they have gone, and brought again to their own land.” And it is at the time of this restoration, or, rather, after it shall have been completed, that our text will be accomplished, for the preceding parts of the prophecy relate to a struggling in Judea and Jerusalem, as though the Jews were wrestling for their own, and the banded powers were set upon their ejection. The representation is that of a mighty conflict between the Jews and other nations. The Jews having gained a footing, the powers of other nations had leagued for their destruction; and the conflict is terminated through the direct interposition of God. So that we should wish you particularly to observe, that the prophecy or prediction of our text is not to take effect until the Jews are restored to the possession of their land. The course of events, as here traced out by prophecy, is, that restoration to Judea is to precede their conversion to Christianity. And thus it would seem they are still to be Jews, and not Christians, when they shall pour into Judea, to rebuild the prostrate Jerusalem. You are to remember that, for centuries past, these people have not only rejected the religion of Jesus, but they have been also unobservant of the religion of Moses. According to that remarkable prediction of Hosea, they have abode without a shrine, without an image, without an ephod, and without a temple. Though they have spurned from them Christianity, they have not been idolaters: for they have abode without any image and without a temple. Neither have they strictly been Jews; for they have abode without a sacrifice, and without an ephod. Indeed, they have not had the power, supposing them to have had the will, to adhere strictly to the religion of Moses; for the religion of Moses was in the largest sense local, and its rites could be performed nowhere but at Jerusalem; and to be banished from that city, was to be placed under an incapacity of obeying the law. And this

does not so much exculpate their apostacy from Moses as aggravate their rejection of Christ, for they ought long ago to have learned, from the continued impossibility of being true Jews, that God had introduced another dispensation, to which it behaved them reverently to conform. Hence, the Jews have to be brought to repentance towards God, before they can be brought to faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ. They are to be made to see and feel that God is displeased with them; and this sight and feeling must bring them, in lowly contrition, to supplicate forgiveness. In the book of Leviticus, this is exactly what is held as preliminary to their being gathered home from their dispersion among the Gentiles. “If they shall confess their iniquities, and the iniquities of their fathers, with their trespass which they trespassed against me, and that also they have walked contrary unto me: and that I also have walked contrary unto them, and have brought them into the land of their enemies; if, then, their uncircumcised hearts be humbled, and they then accept of the punishment of their iniquity, then will I remember my covenant with Jacob, and my covenant with Isaac, and also my covenant with Abraham will I remember, and I will remember the land.” Upon their humbling themselves before God, who has been chastening them without producing contrition, they are to be received with favor, and restored to Judea. We know this prophecy is almost silent as to the process through which the scattered tribes shall be gathered from all lands—whether through some open, miraculous interference, or through some silent, secret influence, inclining the exiles to seek Judea; but we know that again its valleys shall swarm with the children of its original possessors; and we are assured that when the Jews shall have been restored and resettled, there will come up a great array of enemies anxious to dispossess, if not to exterminate them. Then will be the struggle of which we have already spoken, which is so vividly sketched in the prophecies of Zechariah. For a time shall the adversaries prosper, and shall seem about to accomplish their iniquitous purposes; but then, choosing, as is his wont, the moment of exigence, shall God miraculously interfere, scatter their enemies, and be a shield to Jerusalem.

“This, as it would seem, is to be the time for the manifestation of Christ. Let us not be tempted to describe the circumstances of the manifestation. Enough for us to know that the Jews shall own that Redeemer whom their fathers crucified, and themselves had despised. We know they will weep tears of contrition—that the mourning which is described by the prophet will be as

though there were ‘sackcloth over the land, and every family retiring within itself to weep and lament.’ They shall charge themselves with all the guilt of their ancestors, arraigning themselves as his murderers, and bewailing that their own hands should have slain the Lord of life. Oh! come that glorious season when they who have been Christ’s kinsmen after the flesh, shall be his disciples and his worshippers! Their exile has been long! their infidelity has been stern! Oh! for their repentance! oh! for their conversion! There may be already the harbingers of the event, which all who love the Lord must ardently long for. Who shall say there is no movement amongst the Jews, as though they could not remain in their banishment, but were stirred to the uniting, at all hazards, to rebuild Jerusalem? Whether or not we can see signs of the nearness of the event, sooner or later shall this creation be gladdened by its occurrence; for he who could say, ‘Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away’—even he hath declared, ‘I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced.’”

From the second part of the discourse, we quote a few remarkable sentences:—“I am sure that if I could take you where, extended on the ground, lay the yet bleeding form of one of your fellow-men, whom assassins had just rifled of life; and if I could show you that something you had said or done had caused the foul murder, so that the assassins had been virtually your agents, or instruments, you would be ready to sink into the earth in the agony of your remorse and self-condemnation; you would regard yourself with actual loathing and abhorrence; you would flee from the scene as if pursued by a fury; and you would imagine all nature up in arms to take vengeance on your crime. And though it is not this wild and fierce anguish that we wish to excite in you, through the spectacle of a bleeding Redeemer, we cannot think that you feel as you ought till you feel that you have slain him—till you mourn for him accordingly as your victim, in being your Deliverer. We take you, therefore, to Calvary, where the cross has been erected, and Jesus of Nazareth fastened to it as a sacrifice; and we want you, while you put away from you all the spectacle of the thorns and soldiers, to stand there alone with the dying Redeemer. Does the reply of Nathan, ‘Thou art the man,’ come home to each of you, as the question is proposed, ‘Who hath done this deed, on which the sun dares not look?’ It ought to do so; you do not know yourselves till you know yourselves the murderers

of Christ. You are to feel as though put upon trial as actors in the doleful tragedy; and so moved as to pronounce against yourselves the verdict, Guilty! guilty!—a verdict echoed from all creation, animate and inanimate! And though the fact of being thus convicted of murder may not, as in the former supposed case, send you aghast and terrified from the scene, it cannot fail to fill you with sorrow and remorse. In seeing and confessing your crime, you will also see and confess your deliverance, and you will remain to weep and adore, where you have learned the foul deed you have wrought. You may look upon Christ coldly and carelessly so long as you regard his crucifixion merely as an historical fact, and the Jews and Romans as alone his executioners; but when you are brought to feel your own share in the crucifixion, you will then thoroughly know that your pardon was possible; the heart will be melted; and you will shed tears for the sins for which the Redeemer shed blood. And this is in precise agreement with the prophecy before us. Only allow it to come to pass that you look on him whom *you* have pierced—not whom the Jews, not whom the Romans, but whom *you yourselves* have pierced; and it must also come to pass that, in the words of our text, you will ‘mourn for him as one mourneth for an only son, and be in bitterness for him as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.’

Mr. Melville’s gesture is remarkable. His hands are occupied with his manuscript, but his head does duty for them. He bends it to the desk, right and left alternately, with a rapidity increased with the force of his thoughts, as if discharging his ideas among the congregation. We have already mentioned his eloquence. To hear him read the magnificent “Te Deum,” is worth a journey of miles. The following grand passage, especially, he utters with thrilling effect:—

“We praise thee, O God: we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting.
To thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens, and all the powers therein.
To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles praise thee:
The godly fellowship of the prophets praise thee:
The noble army of martyrs praise thee:
The holy church throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee,
The father of an infinite majesty;
Thine honorable, true, and only Son;
Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!”

Hark! how the last quoted lines ring through the church, while every head is bent—let us hope, with real reverence and love—as if meeting

the grand choir of heaven with its marvellous utterance, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"

But the service is over. What a change! We are opposite the Bank of England, amidst the rush, the throng, the pressure, the voice of the multitudes, every one looking for his gain from his quarter. Everything is earthly. The contrast is violent. We feel as if fallen, as if forcibly

driven out of paradise, to grub for the bread that perisheth among the mold and filth of a polluted world; yet, after a moment's reflection, we realise the value of those divine truths to which we have been listening, feel their sustaining power, and their animating influence, and are persuaded that an evangelical ministry is the *first* element of national greatness.

AN HOUR WITH THOMAS P. HUNT.

BY REV. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

THE lives of some really great men are often as unruffled in their flow as a river. Their occupations, or the times in which they live, are barren of incident. Other men, inferior in station, and not distinguished by the attentions of the rich and great, pass lives which are as broken as the mountain torrent. By disposition, choice, and position, they are continually bearing part in some thrilling incidents, in which all the qualities of heart and mind, such as bravery, self-possession, wit, sarcasm, knowledge of human nature, come into exercise. A truly great man may govern a kingdom, and yet his life be so barren of incident, as to be as insipid to the general reader as a chapter in Whately's Logic, whilst the life of another man, in no wise his superior, will be read with avidity. It was the fine remark of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that could a convention of all the great men in the world be called, by acclamation Sir Isaac Newton would be elected its President. And yet the biography of Newton has not been devoured with half the relish with which *Borrow's* Bible in Spain, or his Gipsey, Priest, and Scholar were received. Between the men there can be no comparison, and yet the inferior commands the popular interest, because of his thrilling incidents.

Rev. Thomas P. Hunt has never pretended, nor has his admirers claimed it, that he is the greatest man, or even the greatest lecturer on Temperance, the world has yet produced. He has never been afflicted with an infirmity common to many of his fellow craftsmen, especially those of very moderate abilities, that no good ever was done in the cause of Temperance until he put his shoulder to the wheel, and nothing will be done

after he is gone. His friends are quite certain that he is a man of no ordinary mind. They have no reason to doubt his courage, nor his kindness, and those who fall under his lash, have as little reason to doubt his severity. But in private, with his friends, it is difficult to conceive how any one could be more entertaining, and that not merely as a fine declaimer of personal anecdotes, but a ripe, discriminating thinker, with the rare faculty of expressing his thoughts with the utmost simplicity, and yet so brilliantly, that they fasten themselves on the memory like the nail driven in a sure place.

Not long since, at the table of a friend, he repeated some anecdotes, the most of which belonged to a dependent series, all bearing on one point, which was the expediency and reward of keeping the Sabbath. Some years since he made a visit to the South. He had reached Wheeling on the Ohio river, and, with his usual directness, asked of the steamboat captain, if he would reach Cincinnati before the Sabbath; for, says Mr. Hunt, "I have made a resolution that for no reason not good for the judgment day will I travel on the Sabbath."

"We shall be in Cincinnati by Friday night," said the Captain, and with that assurance Mr. H. paid his passage money.

But the ice was running, and the boat was hindered, so that they were obliged to tie her to the shore for a day. The hands being idle, Mr. H. obtained permission to address them several times. His shrewd, amusing, and in general solemn appeals, so won upon those brawny boatmen that every one of them signed the pledge, and he even induced the barkeeper to shut up his

shop, with a promise never again to engage in such "a dirty business."

By this time Mr. H. had become a pet with the boatmen and officers, and as it began to be evident that Cincinnati could not be reached by the Sabbath, he reminded the Captain of his promise. This led to a discussion, in which Mr. H., the Captain, and a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian order engaged. The Captain entreated him to stay on board; for, said he, "I will stop every unnecessary work, and employ the fewest number of hands possible, and we will assemble as often as you please for preaching."

Mr. H. replied by asking, "How could I preach to you sinners, and yet be in open violation of one of God's plainest commands, and you all the time knowing it?"

The Cumberland Presbyterian said, "We have paid our passage money, and Providence having kept us back, it is plainly the will of Providence that we should go on."

"No sir," replied Mr. H. "my doctrine is different from that. If Providence holds us back, I think we should obey Providence by submitting, and not by actual disobedience. With you, Sir, it seems to be a matter of dollars, but I have been taught that *dollars* are not so safe a standard for the regulation of duty as *principle*."

No arguments could change Mr. H.'s determination. As a last effort the Captain came to him privately, and said, "If you will stay on board, we will tie up as long as we can and yet get the boat to Cincinnati in time to take her place in the line, and you shall have all the access you wish to the hands, officers, and passengers."

"No, Captain, I can't do it; besides, as you seem so anxious to have preaching on board, you will have one preacher with you at any rate. Employ him to-morrow."

"Employ him, the —— (using a severe epithet) to preach, when he, a preacher, acts and talks as if he didn't know there is a Sunday! No, sir, *he* doesn't preach on my boat!"

The Captain now offered to refund Mr. H.'s passage money, but he refused it with the remark, "I will not take it of you, lest, after this discussion, you conclude that I am governed by dollars, and not by principle."

He was landed at Ripley, and a gentlemanly man, with whom he had formed no acquaintance, but who had closely watched the Sabbath keeping discussion, also landed at that town. He now addressed Mr. Hunt, "Shall I order your baggage to one of the best hotels in the place? As you are not acquainted here, with your permission I will do it."

The gentleman then conducted him to a distant

part of the town, to an elegant mansion, which he of course concluded must be a private boarding house, and was not undeceived until, after the first service, he accompanied Mr. Rankin, the Presbyterian minister, home, who asked him at what hotel he stopped. Mr. H. told him, "he did not know the name of it, but I believe the gentleman you saw me with keeps it!"

Mr. Rankin could not restrain his laughter at this, as he saw the whole thing. The gentleman was one of the wealthiest men in town, and had taken Mr. Hunt to his own residence.

The next Saturday night found Mr. Hunt landed on a miserable wharf-boat at Memphis, but the Captain unsolicited had refunded a part of his money. On Sabbath morning a gentleman inquired at the wharf-boat "if there was not a minister there?" He was told "there was a man there who kept himself close enough for a minister." This resulted in Mr. H.'s supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian minister, who was sick, and a liberal payment for the services, which the good people delicately called "money to pay his passage." "So that," said Mr. Hunt, "I was paid double passage money for keeping the Sabbath."

Several days of that week were spent in Vicksburgh, which town was thrown into the greatest excitement, by the tremendous attacks made on "the liquor sellers," by the most fearless champion of Temperance in Christendom. They threatened to mob him; but Mr. H. went straight to their head-quarters, and, with fearless front and a merry laugh, told them, "you had better think of mobbing me! You have become noted in Vicksburgh for hanging the gamblers, and if you don't toe the track pretty straight, I'll have you all swung up!" There was so much genuine wit in his words, and so much Virginia chivalry, that he disarmed the most of them. Some few retained their rage, but Mr. H. now had enough defenders from personal violence.

As soon as Mr. H. had left Vicksburgh, the drunken editor of one of their papers inserted an affidavit, signed and sworn to by two men, declaring that they had heard him say, on board the boat between Memphis and Vicksburgh, "that his principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves."

On Saturday he reached Grand Gulph, by land, and, according to his resolution, tarried over the Sabbath, although several boats passed there that night and on Sunday. Somewhat to his chagrin, two or three days passed before a boat came along bound for New Orleans. It was during one of these days that he was down at the river, when a fine, athletic man passed by, and Mr. H. accosted him, "Is not your name A——?" "Yes,

sir, that is my name, why do you ask that question?" "Because you are the very image of my old classmate A——, and my dearest friend in the Old Dominion." "What," said the young man, striding up to him, "you are not Thomas P. Hunt, my father's friend, are you?" "Yes, I am the friend of A——, in Virginia."

"If you are," said A. with an energy that startled Mr. H., "I will kill him." "What do you mean?" "I mean if you are my father's friend, I'll kill the scoundrel." It was sometime before Mr. H.'s new acquaintance could calm himself sufficiently to tell him about the affidavit which the Vicksburgh editor had published, and which had led him not to inquire anything about the stranger, whose name he had learned to be Hunt. "Now that I find you are my father's friend Hunt," said A., "I know the scoundrel has published a base fabrication, and I'll kill him for it."

To every argument which Mr. H. could address to him, recommending a mild course, A.'s only answer was, "I'll kill the scoundrel for lying about my father's friend."

In his turn, A. now advised Mr. Hunt not to proceed to New Orleans, for said he, this seurilous fabrication has gone before you, and for you to go now is at the risk of life." To this Mr. H. replied that he would risk it, and that he would go at any rate. And so they parted, and we shall presently hear of A. again.

On reaching New Orleans, Mr. H. sent an advertisement for a lecture on Temperance to the "Picayune," and Mr. Kendall, the editor, sent a messenger requesting Mr. Hunt would come to his office immediately. On reaching the office, Mr. Kendall called his attention to the Vicksburgh affidavit, and said, "Mr. Hunt, it will not do for you to lecture in New Orleans, for it will be attended with a riot."

"Well, let the riot come," was the reply. "I am willing to risk it."

"But we can't publish your advertisement, Mr. Hunt, when we know that with such a firebrand as this affidavit, the rumsellers in New Orleans can get up an excitement which must end in blood."

"Mr. Kendall, I am willing to risk even that affidavit, because it bears on its face its own falsehood."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Kendall.

"Only just think what it states," said Mr. Hunt, "that I said publicly on a Mississippi steamboat, that my principal business at the south was to stir up insurrections among the slaves! Who doesn't know, that if I had intimated such a thing, even by the darkest hint, that I would

have been thrown over-board, by the slave owners on that boat?"

"I confess," said Kendall, "I now see it must be a falsehood, and if we can make others think so —"

At this moment the junior editor, who had been looking over some papers just brought in, burst into a loud laugh, exclaiming, "You may publish Mr. Hunt's advertisement safely now, for here is a complete refutation of the affidavit." He then read from one of the Vicksburgh papers, an account, which stated that Mr. A. of Grand Gulph had written a most severe letter to the editor who published the affidavit, applying to him the most opprobrious epithets in the English language, and telling the editor if he did not challenge him to fight a duel, he would come up to Vicksburgh, and publicly kick the life out of him as he would a mad-dog.

The account proceeded to say that the editor wrote to A. that he could not come down to Grand Gulph, but if he (A.) would come up to Vicksburgh, he would challenge him. A. hurried up and the duel was arranged, but to the editor's horror, (he was an old duelist, and a prime shot with the pistol,) A. chose as the weapons, double-barrelled guns loaded with slugs and buckshot. The editor tried to back out, but A. told him, "No, sir, we meet with these weapons. I am not on equal terms with you with the pistol, but I can use a double barrelled gun so well, that at six paces I know I can kill you, no matter what happens to me."

The bully's knees trembled, and he began to beg; but A. insisted more sharply than ever, that he must fight or be kicked ignominiously, or else confess, in the presence of witnesses, that the affidavit was a sheer, malicious fabrication, and then publish the confession in his own paper. So completely had the bold A. obtained the mastery over him, that the man, who had killed several in single combat, accepted the hard condition, and actually complied with it.

It is needless to say that Mr. Kendall forthwith inserted Mr. Hunt's advertisement, as well as the account of A.'s meeting with the Vicksburgh libeller, and he lectured several times with great popularity, and without opposition.

Said Mr. Hunt, "Had I taken the boat on Saturday night or Sunday, nothing would have saved me from a riot, in which I might have lost my life. My staying in Grand Gulph over Sunday, and in consequence, being detained several days after that, was just the means which Providence used in refuting, in so strange a way, the falsehood which the liquor sellers had started against me."

There is another fine anecdote of this remarkable man, which I think has never been published. It occurred some years since, whilst Mr. Hunt was lecturing in Philadelphia. He spoke in all parts of the city, in churches, halls, and at every place of concourse where he could get an opportunity. Crowds listened to him, and, as in all cases of high excitement, two parties were formed. One party sympathized with the bold lecturer, on the real rights of women and children, as affected by rum; the other were of the kind, who, feeling that their craft was in danger, shouted long and loud, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" At last the excitement attained such a height, that a notice appeared in one of the daily papers, calling "for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, at F—'s Hotel."

Mr. Hunt went immediately to a man extensively engaged in the liquor business, who, whilst he was one of the warmest advocates of the equal rights and anti-priestcraft meeting, was personally unacquainted with the very man whose searching words had raised the storm, and whom they intended to put down by the meeting.

"I have called on you this morning, sir," said Mr. H. to the rumseller, "to ask you if this call for a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, is given in good faith?"

"Oh, yes, of course it is in good faith," was the answer.

"Then I will attend the meeting, for I do not wish to be outdone by any friend of equal rights, or any enemy of priestcraft. I am both, and I will thank you to say to the originators of the meeting that I will be there. My name is Thomas P. Hunt. Good morning, sir."

Without farther ceremony he walked off, leaving the poor man in a sad state of anger and trepidation. The unwelcome news was circulated through the circles most interested, and produced violent explosions of anger. Some of them said if "the old hunchback" came they would kill him, or they would tar and feather him, or they would have vengeance on him in some way. They managed to get these threats to Mr. H.'s ear, in order to intimidate him, but he only laughed at their threats, and said he would go to the meeting at all hazards.

At the hour of meeting he stood on the threshold of F.'s Hotel, and was met by Mrs. F., who entreated him not to go in, for he would be killed. Then the landlord himself came out, and begged him to desist from going in, "because," said he, "the men are in a rage, and some act of violence will be committed, which will not only

injure you, but me also, because done in my house."

"I shall go in, sir," was all the reply he could get, and go in he did. Mr. H. says the manifestations of rage which met him when he appeared exceeded anything he ever heard or saw. Without noticing it, he took his seat in the moderator's chair. To carry out the arrangement he hired one of the best stenographers in the city to be present, giving him some instructions how to demean himself. In a few minutes an old gray-headed-rumseller was called to the chair, and a resolution passed, "that all persons not friendly to the objects of the meeting leave the room."

On the strength of this several persons were turned out without ceremony, and they attempted the same thing with Mr. H.; but he said, "No, gentlemen, I will not leave the room. I have a right here. You have called a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft. There is no greater friend of equal rights, and no greater enemy of priestcraft in this city than I am. Besides, one of your principal men assured me this morning that this call was made in good faith. I am here by my own right, and will not leave the room unless you carry me out dead." There are but few more resolute men than the man who made that reply.

The whole assembly was in an uproar, and volleys of oaths and threats were fired at the diminutive man who had dared to brave the lion in his den. To all this Mr. H. said, "You talk of violence; if you should lay your finger on me, I will have your rum-holes torn down over your heads!"

"How would you do that, old man?" scornfully asked a man who figured prominently in the scene.

"How? If I could not get any other help the fish-women would do it at a sign from me. The people, especially the poor people of Philadelphia, are beginning to conclude that some gentlemen of your cloth are ripe for a taste of hemp, and if you do not carry yourselves erect, you will get it?"

The long and short of it is, that he braved them out, and completely cowed them, and then arose to make a motion to the effect, "That as this is a meeting of the friends of equal rights, and the enemies of priestcraft, we do challenge the friends of Temperance to meet us in the Chinese Buildings, publicly to discuss the relative bearings of Temperance and liquor-selling, on equal rights and true religion!"

"And for my part," said the mover, "I will pledge the Temperance community to meet you

when, and where you will, and to discuss this subject as long as you will. The Temperance community will pay half of all expenses; or, if this meeting will only pass this motion, I will engage that *you* need not pay a cent of the expenses!"

He then occupied the floor some three quarters of an hour, in a speech replete with wit, and sarcasm, and invective; and, in spite of occasional

interruptions, compelled his unwilling auditory to hear him through.

The stenographer, by some adroit move, saved himself from being turned out, and the next morning the meeting was reported at length in the papers, to the no small merriment of thousands, and the concealed chagrin of those who had been so completely beaten with their own weapons, and on their own ground.

THE OLD SCOTCH COUPLE.

B Y R U T H B — .

It was for many years my duty and privilege to make one of a number of individuals who visited monthly through our little village, leaving at each house one of those little messages of truth, a *tract*. Amid the many discouragements and trials attending this humble labor, there were still some things cheering and encouraging to the heart. While to some our visits were matters of perfect indifference, and to others an unwelcome interruption, there were some few places where our entrance was hailed with delight. The dim eye brightened, and the feeble arm was stretched out to welcome us, and we went forth from those houses encouraged and strengthened for the work before us.

That part of the village which formed my "district" was a street of straggling houses, each with its little court-yard and flower garden; these were not the dwellings of the very poor, but of those just above that class, those who were too proud to subsist on charity, and just managed to live by the labor of their own hands. As I walked through this little by-street last summer, and noticed the pretty flowers, and the climbing vines by each cottage door, I thought to myself, how contagious and how elevating is the love of the cultivation of flowers. I remember when I was a child being sent of an errand through this very street; and as I picked my way along through the mud, I saw no beautiful flowers and pretty court-yards, with their fresh green grass; no vigorous shrubbery or luxuriant climbers. What had brought about the change?

Why, a few years ago one of the cottages was purchased by a stranger; he was a mason by trade, a poor man, no better off than his neighbors;

but he did not think that for that reason he need forever live in the midst of mud and filth, and have no bright beautiful things about him. No; John Wilkes believed in making the most of the good things which even he in his poverty might enjoy. And soon the old cottage appeared in a new white dress, and looked so pretty with its neat calico window curtains, that the people about thought the Wilkes's must be getting *proud*, and beginning to feel better than their neighbors. And in the spring, when they saw the grass springing up, and the pretty borders, in John Wilkes' garden, and the bright crocuses and daisies showing their heads, they were *sure* he was proud, and felt better than his neighbors. Not a bit of it; as they found out when walking by his garden, (they were not obliged to pick their way in front of John Wilkes's cottage, for he had laid boards along and made a dry clean walk,) they stopped to chat with Mary Wilkes, over the fence.

"Well, Miss Wilkes, what beautiful posies you have got, to be sure: for my part, I can't see how you've growed 'em so quick. Jest look at my mud-hole, *I know* I couldn't make such posies grow there, if I tried all my life."

"O yes, indeed, you could, Mrs. Moss, if you tried only one season. Why, don't you remember what kind of a place this was last spring, when we took it?"

"Yes, yes, I do, and how you've done it all; and you've five children, and you take in tailoring. Well, things will always grow for some folks!"

"And things will always grow for *other* folks, Mrs. Moss. Now, just ask your man to put an hour's work on your yard every morning, before

it is time to go to his work, as my man does: and then you rise yourself an hour earlier, and spend that hour in your garden, and I will give you all the flower seeds you will plant, and see what a different place yours will be next year."

"I'll do it, Miss Wilkes." And as it was with Mrs. Moss, so it was with all, or nearly all her neighbors. And as their places improved year by year, just so they grew in self-respect, and real elevation of character; as they themselves expressed it, "they felt more like *folks*." And as the external appearance of their little places improved, so did the interior of their cottages improve in neatness and order; and their children look ne'er, and are taught to behave as it becomes the children to behave who live in *white-washed cottages*, with *flowers* before the door. Ah, Clay street, (it was not named after Henry Clay, dear reader, but took its name from its own clay soil,) Clay street is a different place from what it was when I was a child.

But I did not sit down to tell you about Mary Wilkes or Mrs. Moss, though they are both very good friends of mine, but to conduct you, if you will go with me, dear reader, to a small and humble dwelling, standing beyond and apart from the rest, on the side of a hill, at whose foot runs a clear little stream. We will cross this little foot-bridge, enter the gate, and pass through this row of shrubbery up to the door of the cottage. Part of this cottage was occupied by an old Scotch couple, and I have never entered their door that the words of the sweet old Scotch song, "John Anderson, my Jo John," did not come to my mind. They were, indeed, going hand in hand down the hill of life, after wandering over its thorny and rugged paths for many weary years. But though the way had been rough, and the Lord had led them by "a way which they knew not," yet these dear old people, so near the grave, loved to sing of his loving kindness and tender mercy.

But let us open the door, and enter the cottage. How neat and cheerful it looks; the clean and nicely sanded floor, the cheerful blaze, the little strip of rag-carpet by the side of the fire, where the old people always sit, the little stand, with the large old family Bible on it, and lastly, but most important of all, the dear old people themselves, always in their places, side by side; old Janet, with her knitting, and her husband reading to her from the Bible, or some other good book. They had always belonged to the same humble rank of life in which I found them, and yet the old gentleman's cheerful, hospitable, *courteously* welcome, as he rises and extends both hands to greet us, would grace a much nobler dwelling.

There was none of that feeling of *pride* about these people which I so often met with in their neighbors, and which led them to think that I considered it a great condescension to visit them, and a matter of charity to leave them the tract. There was no resenting of any offers of aid, in the way of little comforts or delicacies in time of sickness, with the words I so often heard, "You may send it round if you choose, but I guess we could afford to get it ourselves." No, these dear old people were cordial, kind, and frank, ready to receive a favor in the spirit in which it was offered, and more ready to offer kindness, when in their power to do so, than to receive it.

Many an hour of pleasant intercourse have I enjoyed with these charming old people, and I always felt that "it was good to be there." Thanks for mercies past were ever on their lips, and cheerful hope for the future beamed from their wrinkled faces. And though their sailor son was lost beneath the wave, and their only daughter, their darling Jessie, had died in the first year of her marriage, and, with her "baby on her breast," had been laid in the cold ground; ay, and though their oldest son, their hope and pride, and he whom they fondly trusted would be the stay and support of their old age, and close their eyes in death, had disappointed their fond hopes, and though living was worse than dead to them, these aged servants of God would still say, from their hearts, "The Lord is just and right," "He doeth all things well."

The love of these dear old people for each other was truly beautiful to see; one of them was never seen without the other; they sat together in the house, and though they did not often walk together by the way, yet they very rarely failed to go to the house of God in company; the old man supporting his tottering footsteps with his cane, and his old wife leaning on his arm. I often looked at them at such times with a feeling of sadness, thinking of the utter desolation of the solitary mourner, when "one should be taken and the other left."

And my fears were soon realized. I was sitting reading one summer Sunday afternoon, the services of the day being over, when a little girl rang at the door, and wanted to know if the lady would please come down and see old Mrs. Angus, for they thought she was dying. Much shocked, I hastily prepared to accompany the little messenger, questioning her on the way as to the cause of the old lady's illness. All I could learn was, that she had been taken ill in the night, had been growing worse all day, and the doctor, who had just been there, said that she could not live more than an hour or two.

As I approached the house, I found, as I had expected, that it was filled with people. Among those of a higher rank, the room of the sick and dying is a sacred place. A few chosen friends are admitted, one by one, and that as a very great favor. But among those in the humbler ranks of society, in villages like ours, it is a matter of course, that where there is extreme illness, and especially when the hour of death draws near, all the friends and neighbors, and often those who belong to *neither* of these classes, throng to the house, and crowd the room of the sufferer, sometimes almost to suffocation. Particularly is this the case on Sunday, when these people have nothing else to do.

Seeing the sitting-room quite full, and perceiving that the bed-room where the old lady was lying was still more so, I drew back hesitating about entering; but one of the women seemed, came out and said, "Oh, do go in ma'am, she has been wishing so that you would come." As I went in, I said something about the suffocating atmosphere of the room, and asked whether it would not be better if those of the friends who would be of no use should retire; but no one seemed inclined to move.

The poor old man sat by the bed side, his hand clasped in that of his dying wife, and his head leaning upon it. I missed his hospitable welcome, for he did not raise his head on my approach. Grief had mastered every other feeling. But the old lady turned towards me, and such a smile of heavenly peace beamed from her lovely countenance as I had never before seen, and never since but *once*. She pressed my hand, but said nothing at first. Some of her neighbors and friends sat around the bed, and with a freedom repulsive to more refined natures, remarked upon the approaching end of her who was dying. "Another saint almost got home!" sighed one. "A mother in Israel is failing!" groaned another. The old lady echoed the words, "almost home," and then turning towards the old man she said, in a low and feeble voice, "Canna ye yet say, the will o' the Lord be done, Andrew?" "I'm tryin' to, Janet; I'm tryin' to, dear old wife; but what *sall* I do wi'out ye?"

"Put your trust in the Lord, Andrew, and He will sustain ye."

After lying silent for a short time she suddenly said, "Raise me up, friends, raise me up, and let me look upon the setting sun and the green earth for the last time." The burying-ground on the hill side was in sight of her window. We raised her up, and long and earnestly she gazed, and then she said,—

"Raise your head, Andrew; raise your head,

old husband; see how the sun streams across the very spot where this poor body will lie. You can look upon it from this very window."

"I shall na' look upon it *long*, Janet."

"No, Andrew, it will na' be long before we lie side by side; it will na' be long before we shall meet in our Father's home. Dry your tears, then, Andrew, and fix the eye of faith upon that heavenly home, where I shall *really* be; and, friends, I charge you all to meet me there."

As I was talking in a low voice with old Janet, and repeating in her ear some precious promises calculated to sustain the dying saint, one of *her* Methodist friends suddenly struck up a hymn, in which several voices immediately joined. Their voices blended sweetly; and altogether, under the circumstances, the impression was affecting and solemn, as they all joined in the chorus, "Going home to glory!" In the midst of the singing, the old lady fell into what appeared to be a gentle sleep, and feeling that I could be of no further use, I kissed her forehead and slipped quietly from the house. At the door I was stopped by the woman of the house, who had her apron at her eyes. "Oh dear, ma'am," said she, "to think that I shall never again hear their dear old voices, as they sang their morning and evening hymn, when they prayed and read the Bible together."

The next morning I heard that old Janet had never wakened from the apparent slumber into which she had fallen while I was there. Her spirit had most probably "gone home to glory," even while those about her were singing the words.

I did not go to the house of old Andrew again till I went to the funeral. Being early, I was standing gazing upon the coffined form of my old friend, when I heard a step, and looking round, I found the old man standing beside me. He seemed unconscious of my presence, but stood with his eyes riveted on the face of his dead wife. Soon the big drops began to roll down his cheeks and fall on the sanded floor; then he leaned over her, and parting her gray hair on her forehead, and smoothing it with his hand, he said, over and over again, in a tone of inexpressible tenderness, "Dear Janet; sweet auld wife; dear, dear Janet!"

I saw the old man again, his white locks flowing about in the wind, leaning on the arm of a middle aged man, whom I had never before seen. It was the *prodigal son* returned to his father's house, repentant and reformed, only to help lay the ashes of his mother in the dust. He had returned a reformed man, and with the means to make his parents comfortable: to settle down with them, and to atone to them as far as he could do to for the years of grief he had caused them.





OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.

THE OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.

SEE PLATE.

The artist's choice is admirable! Could any man, however deeply his soul might be imbued with taste and love for the poetry of nature, make a better selection from among all the lovely spots the beautiful earth affords? Let him take the romantic purlieus of Switzerland—let him sail over the Loire, (as superb a stream as any in the world excepting our own Hudson,)—let him journey over both Hemispheres, and he will not find a spot better calculated to make a picture. It is romance itself—the very essence of natural beauty—the concentration of the creed and liturgy of nature's God. Any one, with a soul above the merely-mechanical attributes of social life, could become either a poet or a painter by residing upon such a spot as this. If not, there is no inspiration in landscape.

Lake George lies a little south and west of Lake Champlain, its outlet being about four miles from the head of its larger companion. It was discovered in July, 1669, (nearly two centuries ago,) by Samuel D. Champlain, about eleven years before the sturdy and conscience-strengthened Puritans placed their toil-worn feet from the Mayflower upon the rock at Plymouth. The discoverer named it Lake St. Sacrement or Holy Lake, because of the purity of its waters and the apparently mysterious character of its origin. It has no inlets, its sources being entirely *its own springs*. It is famous for having been the scene of the first battle ever fought upon this continent with the aid of gunpowder. This was fought (exactly where our plate was drawn) by Mr. Champlain, the discoverer, against the Indians, on the 29th of July, in the year 1669. In this battle he killed, with his own blunderbuss, three Iroquois chiefs. The contest was disputed by whites, under the command of Champlain, and by the Algonquin tribe of red men, led and directed by the Iroquois.

Lake George is, or ought to be, noted for being the spot in the immediate vicinity of which Abercrombie fought his memorable battle against the French in 1758—pursuing the fight from the margin of the outlet to Fort Ticonderoga, where the

outlet enters Lake Champlain. Abercrombie, as is well known to the student of domestic history, attacked the fort, and did not retire from pursuing his assaults thereupon until compelled by the loss of twenty hundred men.

At its head is, at the present time, the town of Caldwell, where is situated "The Lake House," the most superior hotel situated at the most fashionable and most delicious watering place in the United States. The "Lake House" is kept by Hon. J. F. Sherrill; it was of late enlarged and improved to meet the increasing visitations of the public, and is now a summer resort that has no equal in this country. It commands a splendid view of the point where Abercrombie embarked 16,000 men, (July 4, 1758)—of French Mountain, and of the relics of Fort William Henry and Fort George.

It will be recollect that the first-mentioned of these forts is endowed with a melancholy interest, as having formed the scene of the never-forgotten surrender and shocking butchery of the English by the French and Indians under the infamous General Montcalm, in 1757—an event vividly and ably commemorated in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans."

These are not the only thrilling associations, either of the past or the present time, belonging to this place. To learn and enjoy them the reader must visit Lake George; and if he does not pronounce it one of the sublimest spots upon the globe's surface, and commend us for our taste in selecting it for the subject of our illustration, we will frankly confess that either he or ourself is—egregiously mistaken.

Of Lake George we can properly say, supposing that to be nature in its most attractive form,

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware!"—BRYANT.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.

INVENTOR OF THE TELEGRAPH—WITH A PORTRAIT.

Morse's Magnetic Telegraph far outstrips railroads, steamboats, and all those other modern inventions and improvements which are so rapidly and effectually revolutionizing business, society, and the entire order of the things that were. Its advantages to business men are incalculable. A Baltimore or Buffalo merchant, or any large operator, has an application for \$10,000 worth of goods, which he has on hand, excepting one quality or variety of one kind, the want of which will prevent the sale. At four o'clock he despatches a telegraphic order to New York for the wanted items, and in an hour they are on their way—of which he is informed in fifteen minutes—and they are in Baltimore the next morning; whereas it would have taken three or four days to have obtained them by letter, which is longer than his customer can wait. Nor can he know whether the New York merchant can or has supplied him till return of mail, perhaps ten times as many hours as it is minutes by telegraph. It will probably completely revolutionize existing modes of doing business; for when telegraphic lines become extended, and its transmitting powers vastly improved, as they doubtless will be, Western, Southern, Northern—all business men, instead of leaving their business and going to distant cities, will order by telegraph what, and as, they want.

Or a person dies, some of whose very near friends live at a distance. A letter will not reach them in season for them to arrive before decomposition compels the burial, and even then it may lay in the post-office for days, whereas the telegraph will enable those many hundreds of miles off to be present: and thus of innumerable cases like these. Its prospective advantages, and the number of useful ends which it will yet be made to subserve, exceed all computation.

But it is in the world of mind proper that it is destined to effect by far the greatest revolution, and achieve its highest good: coupled with phonography, it will place any important speech, delivered in any part of our vast nation, in the hands of the entire country while it is being delivered. Thus, phonography now re-

ports a speech verbatim, and, by having several sets of wires—especially after the telegraph has been still further improved*—it can be transmitted in takes, as the printers parel off matter wanted immediately, and sent throughout the land, there to be set up, and the first part printed and circulated before the last part is delivered! As, when Fulton first navigated the Hudson by steam, none conceived it possible that this new motive power, great as it was considered, could ever be made to accomplish a thousandth part of what it has already done—and it is yet in its merest infancy—so we can form no conception of the wonders the telegraph is destined, in the lapse of ages, to accomplish. See what it has already done in connection with the press. See how many new papers it has given birth to all along its lines, every one of which go forth to rouse and develop mind. In short, it has literally electrified the civilized world. And if it achieves all this in the green tree, what will it do in the dry? Time alone can answer.

The claim of Prof. Morse to the real original invention of the magnetic Telegraph has been disputed, but never disproved. But whether the abstract conception of the idea is first due to him or not, it is evident that the practical realization of it in the form which now so wonderfully subserves the convenience and interest of men, is the result of his genius and perseverance. His machine was the first one used in this country, and beyond all question, it was due to his energy that the experimental lines were erected, whose success led to the adoption of all others. Prof. Morse is distinguished not only for his inventive skill, but for many other traits of genius, either of which alone would make him distinguished. An artist of high powers and attainments, his reputation is scarcely second to that of any American. He is also a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian, adorning the reputation of his genius by many of the most agreeable and useful characteristics of private life.

* One of its recent improvements uses LETTERS, as in printing, and others will be added as time rolls on.



PROF. SAMUEL F. B. MORSE,

Inventor of the Magnetic Telegraph.



Come here, come here and dwell.

SONG OF WOOD NYMPHS.

POETRY BY BARRY CORNWALL.

MUSIC BY G. H. CURTIS.

Allegretto Quasi Andante.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The tempo is Allegretto Quasi Andante. The lyrics are: "Come here, come here, and dwell In forests deep! Come here, come here, and tell, Why dost thou weep? Is it for love (sweet pain!) ten. poco cres." Measure numbers 9 and 10 are indicated above the staves.

Piu Moderato.

Tempo primo.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The tempo is Piu Moderato then Tempo primo. The lyrics are: "That thus thou dar'st complain Amongst our pleasant shades, our summer leaves, Where naught else grieves?" Measure numbers 11 and 12 are indicated above the staves. The dynamic is mf in measure 11 and ped. in measure 12.

Come here, come here, and lie By whisp'ring stream !

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The tempo is Piu Moderato then Tempo primo. The lyrics are: "Come here, come here, and lie By whisp'ring stream !" Measure numbers 13 and 14 are indicated above the staves. The dynamic is pp in measure 13 and ped. in measure 14.

Rit. Espres. Tem. 1mo. Cres.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of two flats. The tempo is Rit. Espres. Tem. 1mo. Cres. The lyrics are: "Here no one dares to die For love's sweet dream; But health all seek and joy, And shun perverse annoy, ten. Here no one dares to die For love's sweet dream; But health all seek and joy, And shun perverse annoy, ten." Measure numbers 15 and 16 are indicated above the staves. The dynamics are mp riten. in measure 15 and tempo 1mo. cres. f in measure 16.

COME HERE, COME HERE AND DWELL.

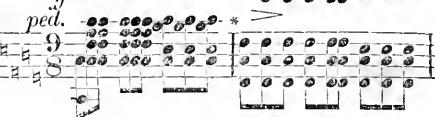
Piu Mozzo.

Tempo Imo.

And race along green paths till close of day, And *ff* laugh al-way!

mf

ped.



p b

Or else, thro' half the year, On rushy floor,
ten.

mp

rit.

pp tempo primo.

mf *>p*

We lie by wa-ters clear, While sky-larks pour Their songs in - to the sun! . . .

cres. *f* *decreas.*

Piu Moderato.

And when bright day is done, And when bright day is done, We'll hide 'neath bells of flowers or nodding corn, And

mf

Tempo Prima.

p dream . . . till morn!

cres.

decreas.

ped.

pp

A FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY.

BY REV. J. L. BLAKE, D.D.

THE extinction of human life causes a kind of paralysis in all within a sphere to be affected by it; and a funeral, especially in the country, is more powerful in calling forth human sympathy than any other event. This is natural; we might expect it; and it is confirmed by experience and observation. How could it be otherwise! For the strong love of life with which man is endowed; the tender affection that binds him to his kindred, and to objects around him; the agency that he may have had in the business of society; and, especially, the changes in his own family, in the body politic, and in the sphere of the productive elements of the community, render his demise, particularly if he has been distinguished in his generation, an occurrence of overpowering influence. For a season, at least, there will be a general and a solemn pause, both in labor and pleasure; for a season, at least, the deep fountains of the soul will be completely broken up; and for a season, the machinery, mental and physical, of which he was a part, seems to stop its revolutions, if not to roll its ponderous wheels backward. This is a component of the philosophy into which everything spiritual, or physical, of the great kingdoms of the world, is resolved. It is not strange, therefore, that from the time of the first recorded annals of human mortality, funeral solemnities should have been characterized by demonstrations of individual and public grief. A full history of such solemnities would form a department in our literature of the most absorbing interest.

With funeral solemnities in our own families we are all familiar. And who has not witnessed them, surrounded by conventional pomp and magnificence, in the high places of our own beloved realm? Who has not read of them in other realms—in ancient as well as in modern times? The noble obsequies of Marcellus by a patriotic people, have been a theme, in all succeeding ages, of admiration and eulogy. But even these do not compare with those of the venerable founder of the Jewish nation, the splendor of which is without a parallel in history. His remains were fol-

lowed to the place of their interment, nearly two hundred miles in a distant country, not only by his son Joseph and his brethren and all his father's household, but by all the servants of Pharaoh; the elders of his house and all the elders of Egypt conducting the most solemn lamentations, being an itinerant national multitude, resembling in its progress a mighty river or flood. If to this any counterpart can be found, it is in those national demonstrations of honor and homage which have been shown to some of the venerated fathers of our own republic, when their remains have been followed from city to city, and state to state, by the most illustrious of their compeers and by crowds of deeply-stricken citizens. And what pomp and splendor were exhibited when the remains of a renowned Gallic chieftain were brought from the sea girt isle, where for years they had slumbered, to be deposited in the land he once called his own!

And in less imposing exhibitions of the kind, there has often been witnessed a solemnity and a moral sublimity found under no other circumstances. That heart must indeed be hard as marble, and those affections cold as polar ice, which receive no impression and evince no emotion, when, amidst the darkness of night and the howlings of the ocean, the cold and lifeless body of the mariner, or of the female hectic on a voyage for health, is, in the language of the Church Burial Service, committed to the deep. Not less impressive is the burial, by torch light, of the slain of an army under a flag of truce or voluntary suspension of dire conflict: the death-like silence being interrupted only by the clear voice of the chaplain, the funeral dirge of the band, or the well-timed minute discharge of the canon. That of the British General Fraser, as described by Madame Riedesel, prior to the surrender of Burgoyne, is full of thrilling interest.

Our present purpose, however, is to depict the mute eloquence of funeral solemnities in rural life, where there is no pomp—no extraneous circumstances to impress the mind. The first funeral we ever attended, was when at the age of eight

years; and the whole scene and the impressions we received, are as fresh and vivid, as though it were yesterday, though more than half a century since. It was of a lady a little past the meridian of life, and belonging to the best class of society in a new country with a sparse population. Our own home was three miles distant; but that was no obstacle to a pedestrian attendance. Seemingly, the members of every family in the town, young and old, male and female, were there. It was in the busy season of May, but the farmers had all left their work. All joined to mingle their sympathies with those of the afflicted, and to share in the moral instruction furnished by the event. Such was the respect then paid in a new settlement to a deceased fellow mortal, although to most present she had been personally but little known; and such was the readiness of all to receive the instruction furnished in a scene there so unusual. Such an awakened sensibility to the grief of others, and to the admonitions of religion to be themselves also ready, presents a feature in society, if old fashioned, truly lovely. It gives character to those who possess it, infinitely better than all the affected indifference and levity in relation to such subjects, now-a-days of no rare occurrence. Now, with one sex, it is too often looked upon as unmanly at least, to give such heed to these admonitions of Providence, and, even in the other sex, it too often appears that there is more regard to the popular conventional exhibitions of what is practiced in fashionable life, than to the indulgence of genuine grief, or the religious culture of their own hearts.

The population of the whole town, as it were, we have already remarked, was there; not only filling the entire house, which was large, but more were collected about the house, than were in it. The lower parts of the windows were all blocked up by human forms—so were the doorways and the avenues to them. A profound silence pervaded the whole mass. Not a whisper was heard. Every look was downcast, and the pulsations of every bosom denoted sorrow. The funeral services consisted of prayers, a sermon, and singing Dr. Watt's hymn—"Hark from the tomb, a doleful sound!" producing in us a thrilling awe that will never be forgotten, and from the appearance of the crowd each one felt himself a brother or of kindred consanguinity.

To this succeeded the removal of the corpse, on the shoulders of the pall-bearers, to the grave, some distance off, in a corner of the orchard. First followed the afflicted husband, a portly, gentlemanly-looking farmer, pensive and sad, but with-

out visible emotion—probably the more oppressed, because his sorrow had no vent in tears. Next to him, in the train, were the two oldest children, a son and a daughter, advanced nearly to adult stature; then a still younger sister, leading by the hand, a little brother of our own age—say eight years. The more distant relatives and the attendants upon the occasion voluntarily joined in a dense and long procession. With what sadness it moved forward! So absorbed were all in deep thought, that nature seemed as if hushed to unwonted stillness and responsive emotion; and it required little effort of the imagination to see the heavens spreading over the whole group a mantle befitting the occasion. It was a clear bright day with spring's genial influences, so that within and without all was harmony.

At length the grave was reached, and the coffin was lowered into it! To us, the scene being an entirely new one, as well as to the stricken family, this was seemingly more than could be sustained. The little fellow named sobbed aloud, trembled like an aspen leaf, and apparently, had it not been for his sister, who held him by the hand, would have fallen or leaped into the grave upon his pulseless mother! We wept too, and almost lost the locomotive power to withdraw from the spot and return to our own home. Such was the impression on us that we ever afterwards cherished for this boy a warm affection. The affection became reciprocal, and then led to personal friendship and great intimacy that continued fifty-two or fifty-three years, when he followed his mother to the bourne whence no one returns. Were we near his final resting place, we should not fail to make a pilgrimage to it, both to indulge in those natural impulses which bind kindred hearts in one bond of affectionate union, and to revive and invigorate those moral impressions received by us on the occasion described. This narrative of the incident here given has no connection with our main design. It is given simply to corroborate by our own experience the influence of a funeral in the country. We believe that incident did materially and permanently change the tone of our social character.

Our intended memoir is yet to be rehearsed. The prominent facts are not unlike those in hundreds of country funerals, denoting the respect that is manifested in a rural population for the memory of a deceased member of it, as well as friendship for surviving relatives. Among all the endearing amiabilities of which we are capable, we know of no one besides so precious. The idea of seeing a whole community make a delib-

erate pause when one of their number becomes sick or dies—or suspend their own labors or pleasures in order to administer to the needy or afflicted, shows that our common brotherhood is duly recognized by them; and that there is, in man, a spirit of communion and fellowship, as if we were all the children of the same heavenly Father. Even the tolling of the church bells, at a country funeral, makes an impression on a passing traveler, or the people generally, of more deep seriousness than an ordinary dissertation or sermon on human mortality.

Sometime about the middle of October, 1839, we had occasion to make a journey through one of the best agricultural districts in New England, and to stop a few days at a place, for convenience, we shall call Beemantown. We arrived at the neat village hotel just as the harvest moon was presenting to view her full-orbed disc, in its wonted beauty at that season of the year. The surrounding country denoted a thrift and good taste that usually attend well educated labor applied to agriculture. In the village were several stores, a Gothic church, a capacious academical edifice, and sundry mechanical establishments; all was neatness and simplicity; and nothing was to be seen or heard indicating idleness, poverty, or a lack of good morals. The loveliness of an evening during the season of the harvest moon, especially in rural situations, is too well known to require description, for it has long been the subject of poetic delineation and eulogy. After supper, we took a short walk, to witness the good order and tranquillity with which we were then surrounded; and never had we before experienced from a serene sky, a mellowed atmosphere, and an unbroken quietude, such a mental charm—delightfully in contrast with the emotions arising from the bustle and excitement of the city. We felt as one might be supposed to have felt in Paradise, or in a land of undefined spiritual existences. Of course we returned to our lodging-place well prepared for sleep. Soon were we lost in gentle slumbers. Never to us was sleep more sweet. The little fatigue of the day's journey and the indescribable effect of meteorological and local influences, caused our slumbers to be like those of a healthful infant, without sighing or convulsive throbs or any change of features.

Thus we probably slept two hours. Then the loud striking of the village clock announced the hour of midnight, and we awoke to behold the silvery light of the moon rendering every object about us as distinct as if in the light of day. When nature is thus wrapped in silence, one suddenly aroused in this manner from his slumbers

imagines himself a unit in the broad expanse; yet his solitude causes no shrinking from existence—no terror from imagined danger; but his breath, like fragrant and gently undulating incense, rises to the great Spirit that shelters and upholds him. When in a kind of waking reverie, the death-toned sound of the village church bell was heard, it fell upon us, as might be supposed, like the voice of the archangel, when announcing the end of time, will fall upon the living world; and before its waning cadence was entirely gone, or its echo from the distant hills came back to us, a second one, if possible still more impressively, fell upon us;—then a third, and a fourth, till we counted fifty-two, at intervals of about twenty seconds between each;—then a pause of a few minutes, which was succeeded by still another one, if possible yet louder than those before,—when all again was dead silence; and we seemed, as it were, lost and alone, although, it might be, hundreds in the village felt as we did.

Had we not known the usage of former times in the country, thus to toll the church bell, commencing as near as possible upon the last breath whenever one dies—the number of strokes being the number of years in the age of the deceased afterwards a single stroke, as in this case, signifying a male, and if two strokes, a female—the above, to us, would have been a mystery; but knowing it, we were apprized that a fellow mortal, a brother, of the age of fifty-two years, had at this still hour of midnight ceased to exist— bidding a last adieu to the pains and sorrows and disappointments, as well as to friends and relatives and the once-budding hopes and joys in life's panorama. The reader need not be told that our thoughts became pensive and sad, and for the remainder of the night we knew not sleep. Had it not been so, we might rightly have been judged void of those amiable sensibilities which belong to our nature. Far be it from us to be ashamed of them. If the result of weakness we rejoice in it. And it is a matter of course, that on the return of morning we inquired for whom had been made these demonstrations of reverence and respect. The following narrative is the reply to our inquiry:—

In the year 1802, a youth, whose name we shall call Charles Beeman, left the homestead of his father, and took a clerkship in the city of New York. The father was of the third generation who had tenanted the same mansion and cultivated the same farm, thus rendered dear to the family by a thousand cherished associations. The house was indeed ancient, but from its age, its stateliness, and the lofty elms in front of it, was truly

venerable. The farm, too, was large and productive; and the income of it, under a prudent expenditure, had placed the proprietor in dignified independence and comfort. The family consisted of the parents and three children—two sons and a daughter. Charles was the eldest of the three, and unfortunately had imbibed the idea that the mercantile life was less severely taxed with toil, was more respectable, and, what was more in his imagination, was the only way to affluence. Accordingly he resolved to forsake the residence of his ancestors, and to seek fortune in the city. The resolution might have denoted what is usually looked upon as superior talents and enterprize; but the sequel will show that the determination of the younger brother, who remained with his parents, was attended with far better results.

The memoir of Charles Beeman, with non-essential variations, is that of thousands of young men, who, under similar circumstances, leave the country and repair to the city. From his career thousands may learn wisdom. He thought agriculture a dull and irksome occupation, and that it was beneath the dignity of one of his imagined talents to spend his life in laying up thirty or forty thousand dollars, as his father had done, when he might become a merchant, and obtain five times that amount. He looked at the rich apparel and furniture and equipage of merchants, and at the display of merchandize and cash and stocks in the city; and was completely bewildered with the fascinating picture. Of course, away he went, spent six years as a clerk in one of the most respectable houses in that commercial emporium. The daughter of Squire Beeman, as the father of Charles was generally denominated, soon married a young man of property, talents and character, and lives only a few miles distant; and James, the other son, with less brilliancy but more soundness than his brother, remained on the homestead, married, and became one of the most respectable farmers of his state. He also was several times elected to the Senate of his state; and might have been sent to Congress, but preferred remaining at home. He and his father so labored and managed that, when Charles was ready to engage in business on his own account, he received, as his portion of the paternal estate, ten thousand dollars. At length the parents of James died, and he, of the fourth generation, with a family of children of which a prince might be proud, was left in sole possession of the Beeman homestead. As might be inferred, he was as independent as though he had possessed a million of dollars; and it would be difficult to imagine anything not

within his reach that would have added to his enjoyment or his reputation.

Charles Beeman commenced his career as a merchant under the most favorable auspices. His character was pure, his talents were quite respectable, and he had a cash capital of ten thousand dollars, with unlimited facilities from his mercantile acquaintance. For twenty years his course was most prosperous. Everything, seemingly, on which he placed his hand turned to gold. He became the president of a large banking establishment. On the land and on the water he gave employment to hundreds of persons. He married, and, as usual under such circumstances, had a splendid family establishment. His charities, too, were on the most liberal scale. His annual expenses could not have been less than eight or ten thousand dollars. His children, three sons and two daughters, as a matter of course, grew up with the most expensive habits for dress and amusements, without acquiring the habit of doing anything, or having the least reference to the means for a living. The consequence was, two of the sons became dissipated and diseased, and early sunk into the grave. The other son was amiable, and not immoral, but without efficiency for business. The two daughters married young merchants, who, after a few years, were unfortunate, and involved their father-in-law in heavy responsibilities. By the aid of friends both were provided with foreign agencies. The broken-hearted daughters were, in a few years, relieved by death from poverty and mortification. Their days were few: their sun rose in beauty and brilliancy, but was soon overcast, and went down in the darkness of night. Their early hopes of happiness budded in great profusion, but a blighting mildew caused them all to wither and die without fruit. Their fond mother soon joined them in the world of spirits.

The affairs of Charles Beeman were hastening to a perilous crisis. As usual, misfortunes come not singly. His own family expenses had been enormous. Sundry ordinary business losses, which, at former periods, would scarcely have been thought of, but now, in connection with an accumulation of disasters, became insupportable. There was no other alternative—bankruptcy was the unavoidable result. His carriage and horses were first sold; then his furniture and house, and he took lodgings in a hotel. His business being completely broken up, he retired from his office in the bank. The only alleviating circumstance in all this revulsion was that his feeble surviving son was furnished with the office of porter and messenger in the same institution, on a salary just sufficient to give him a decent living. What

a desolation for one who, a few years previous, had estimated his wealth by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and had prided himself, at least, with beautiful daughters, who, with their mother, were the center of attraction in every sphere of fashionable life! If there is anything to break down the spirit of a man, it is this. To such an one, the light of day and the blackness of midnight are much alike. An unvarying paralysis settles down upon the soul. His energies are completely prostrated!

For a few years the friends of Charles Beeman attempted to inspire him with vigor to engage in mercantile brokerage, but it was to no purpose. He seemed to feel no motive for making the effort. No one now depended on him for subsistence, and to him the world had completely ceased to offer any charms. His faint spirit seemed to yearn after some untried and unknown panacea for a curative of his malady. The opportunity was soon discovered. Disease, which, like a ravenous beast lying in ambush to discover the weakest position of the destined victim, soon seized upon our life-wearied, broken-down merchant. It would be difficult to tell whether a consciousness of the fact gave him joy or sorrow. He had, seemingly, but little remaining susceptibility for either. The world to him had become a dismal blank; and, as soon as rendered morally certain that his days were nearly numbered, he acceded to the pressing invitation of his brother James, to return to Beemantown, and become one of his family at the old homestead. He did so; and a few trunks contained his wardrobe, and every vestige of his once large estate. He was there treated with the utmost kindness. Mrs. James Beeman and her lovely daughters were like angels of mercy; but they were never able to raise a smile on his pale, emaciated features; and in three months, ten days, and nine hours, the solemn tones of the church bell, at the still hour of midnight, as we before stated, announced to the people of the village and township that he had gone to the land of his fathers. There is one leaf more in the memoir of Charles Beeman.

Becoming greatly interested in the narrative, of which the above is a mere abstract, we resolved to attend his funeral, which was to be the second day afterward. During the interval there was a chastened sensation, which we had never before witnessed, for the death of an individual in private life. It, however, was a sensation of that calm and unobtrusive character, which is manifest only in a general and deep tranquillity of spirit, and in the slow measured pulsations of labor and business. It was a sensation springing

from the deep recesses of the heart, and receiving no type from popular impulse or conventional power.

The day for the funeral arrived. It was one of peculiar loveliness, so well known at that season of the year. There was not a cloud to be seen, and seemingly not a breath of wind was felt. Nature was in harmony with the mellowed and subdued passions visible on every countenance. For some time previous to the hour appointed for the funeral obsequies, the people from the remote parts of the town began to assemble. There was a general suspension of labor and of business. Little groups were constantly arriving, and the village green was soon dotted over in every part. The church was filled to overflowing. Its ponderous bell announced the hour of two o'clock in a loud sepulchral cadence. The bell, a mile north of the village, in a few seconds gave a similar response; then, at a corresponding interval of time, echoing among the surrounding hills, was heard the other church bell of the town; thus the three, in regular alternations, uttered their mournful thrilling notes, till the corpse, and the procession of mourning relatives and friends, with slow and solemn steps, measured the distance from the Beeman homestead to the house of prayer. Such a spectacle must be seen in order to be fully appreciated. One might as well impart to the marble statue or the canvas, the varying hues and the breathing of the living human form, as to give sufficient delineations of it with ink and paper.

There was not, indeed, in the procession, a deeply afflicted widow, bowed down in sorrow for the loved one of her youth. There was not, indeed, a cluster of orphan children, convulsed with anguish for the loss of their only guide and support, a fond father. They were in mercy saved from this heart-rending hour, in being called away before him. But still, there was no want of sincere mourners. All present knew the sad history of his life; most of them had been familiar with his visage; all were impressed deeply, and saw in that history a memento of the vanity of the world's brightest jewels. There was no boisterous lamentation; there were no passionate outpourings of stricken hearts; but the widespread, unstudied silence, the downcast demeanor, throughout this sad living mass, with here and there a silent tear, made demonstration that, in the human bosom, there is a chord that vibrates to another's woe. Here was an irresistible admonition not to make haste in striving to become rich; not to despise those frugal bounties which reward the cultivator of the soil; and especially, not with unguarded pace to press amid tempta-

tions and perils, the consummation of which, not unoften, is in the chill darkness of the grave!

We have read many essays and heard many homilies on the vanity of this world's glory, the folly of pride and pompous exhibitions in social life, and especially the canker which fixes itself upon the heart of those who despise the charms of rural pleasure for the delusive splendors of the city; but the history of Charles Beaman made an impression upon us without a parallel. These few days in his native village made the country seem more lovely to us, and the city more fraught with perils and mental agonies than ever before imagined. Oh, that we had a pen to delineate all the incidents, and a pencil to place duly on canvas all the lights and the shadows

blended into each other, in his memoir from the cradle to the grave! Oh, that hundreds of others, known to us, could have been present to witness what we witnessed, and to have received that impressive culture we received, and which, we apprehend, will never be effaced from our recollection! And if the unnumbered young men in our country, now impatient of the toils and the moderate but sure gains to be expected upon their native hills and valleys, had witnessed it, there would not be such a perpetual rush to embark in adventures, and to grasp at objects presenting themselves to the inexperienced visual powers,—in magnitude surpassing the reality, as did the men first seen by St. Paul, after the scales had fallen from his eyes—"like trees walking!"

TENNYSON'S LOCKESLEY HALL.

"LOCKESLEY HALL" is a poem of great compass, and singular ingenuity and suggestiveness. Its central thought has not, perhaps, the breadth and comprehension of the idea of beauty and purity around which Wordsworth's grand "Ode on Immortality" groups itself; nor of the sublimer ideas of duty, sin, atonement, and restoration, which pervade the "Ancient Mariner" of Coleridge. It is set on a lower key-note, and appeals, therefore, to wider sympathies. Its keynote is the universal passion of love. The opening bars march triumphantly in the major strain; but, unfortunately, they soon encounter an abominable discord. "Cousin Amy" proves false. We have then the old story of the course of true love never running smooth—the old wail over a universal eclipse of nature—the fine frenzy of a disappointed lover, who vows that he would have been an exception to all husbands, and have loved the fickle fair one "as never wife was loved!" His lamentations and reproaches in this valley of humiliation are quite distressing. But, ere we proceed farther, let us look for a moment at the cause of his sorrow. A poet in love should be worth looking at.

He was a model man. To a nature originally noble and heroic, he had added the culture of varied human learning. The present was warm and lovely, and served as a pedestal from which he laid his hand and heart on the past and the future. Passively recipient of the ceaseless in-

flux of beauty, he was at the same time manfully active in the assimilating process of thought and meditation. To be, was to be blessed; but the bliss was not enough. Nature was a loving mother, and he reposed lovingly on her bosom. Time, as revealed in history, was awfully sublime; as adumbrated in prophecy and hope, it was radiant with unutterable glory. He was filled with the vision of the universe, and drew enjoyment from all parts of it. But its infinite impersonality was too much, or not enough, for him. He longed for a concentration of its worth and loveliness—for an incarnation after his own image and likeness; and in Cousin Amy he found, for a moment, the gentle and fairer half of his dissevered dual nature.

Here, then, for the many millionth time, the vigilance of the guardian angels was eluded, and another son of Adam walked with his Eve in the bowers of Paradise. He had shared in the general expulsion, but the misfortune lay lightly upon him. He found the outside world not such a bad world, after all; and passed his early days in "nourishing a youth sublime." But now came the fruit season; at all events, it was the very eve of harvest. He had awakened to the reality and bliss of life, which, till now, had been an unsubstantial though pleasant dream. Vast but vague impersonalities took shape and form, and ministered to him—Amy being the conjuror at whose bidding they came:

"Love took up the glass of life, and turn'd it in his glowing hands,
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of life, and smote on all the chords
with might,
Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, pass'd in music
out of sight."

Here, then, was the culminating point beyond which the projectile force of youthful enthusiasm and hope could not carry him. Here was the completeness of himself, in the gentle being who confessed a mutual love. If he should ever rise higher, it must needs be by a previous descent, more or less, and by virtue of another set of projectile forces. He was caught in the mystical entanglements of another will than his own; and should Amy prove true, or should she prove false, in either case, it must be a trial to him. In the former case, though permitted to plight their vows in Eden, the vigilant guardians would soon find them out, and peremptorily serve them with notice to quit. They might woo and vow in Eden; but they must not lead their wedded life there. They must go out into the wilderness, and their glowing love must be tested by the tilling of the ground. Our poet-lover protests that his would have stood it nobly, better than any other son of Adam's! But it was not put to the trial. Ere the cherubim thought fit to interfere, Amy turned out to be another Eve, and her falsehood has favored us with the *Paradise Lost* of "Lockesley Hall."

An ingenious critic has surmised that Tennyson, in this poem, utters his own experience, from the impassioned vehemence with which he upbraids Amy for her fickle love. The sympathetic nature of the true poet sufficiently accounts for this; but the surmise is a high compliment, and the vehemence is certainly very like reality. "Is it well," he asks—

"Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me to decline
On a range of lower feelings, and a narrower heart than mine?
Yet it shall be. Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within these growing coarse to sympathize with clay!"

He indulges in this strain for some time, and then tries hard to think well of Amy. But it won't do!—

"Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
No! she never loved me truly; love is love for evermore.
Comfort? Comfort scorn'd of devils! This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things"

This is pretty strong. Turning to Amy—

"Drug thy memories," he says. Then her husband is hit off at a stroke—"Like a dog, he hunts in dreams!" Looking down the black, blank future, a rival is deserted in Amy's little child, and the mother is seen schooling down its feelings—"they were dangerous guides, the feelings" He can stand it no longer, and turns from her with the bitter curse—"Perish in thy self-contempt!"

But there was no use in lamentations and reproaches. Mere talk won't do; and something else must be attempted. It was a decided case of shipwreck; but castaway mariners have been known to construct rafts, and, by favor of the elements and their own valor, to get wafted again into the fair trade-winds. Something must be done:

"I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair."

But where was a field? where an opening? Every gate was thronged with suitors. There was a rush and crush of men; and the jingling of the guineas was the music to which they led their mad dance. All was eclipse and dislocation; but gleams shot athwart the darkness now and then, giving momentary glimpses of the mountain-tops of a land of hope. But how to get to it?

"Can I but re live in sadness? I will turn that earlier page—
Hide me from my deep emotion, oh, thou wondrous mother age!"

We like this, especially the reversion to the "earlier page;" and if our love-sick poet would but set himself, with heart of grace, to fight the world again, we should predict well of his next trial. He prays again—

"Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife,
When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life:
Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,
Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field!"

And away to great Babylon, in among the crush, and competition, and excitement of multitudes of men:—

"Men my brothers! men the workers! ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do
For I dip into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Till the war drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furld
In the parliament of men, the federation of the world."

This was his vision ere the fire-tempest swept over him. He prays that it may come again;

and it does come, but with a shadow. The times are out of joint, and Amy has done it all! But faith has not yet left him. He cannot see clearly—Amy has blinded him by excess of light—but he believes:—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

A noble faith! No doubt, the battle of life will, to the aggregate army, finally issue in victory. Every captain and every private who falls in the trenches serves to fill up a gap, and survivors march easier and fight better from the vantage-ground of their dead comrades. The millennium will come; and the great unity of humanity, as if it had suffered no loss in the conflict, will march in and take possession. But, alas!

"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the deep heart of existence beats for ever like a boy's?
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and we linger on the shore,
And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
Full of sad experience moving 'ward the stillness of his rest!"

We cannot despair of our poet-lover, knowing that there is such faith within him. But while these shadows (indeed, they are very grim realities) are upon him, we should not be surprised if they bred some wild fancy. Accordingly, after turning once more to Amy the lost—professing to be ashamed of himself for having loved so light a thing—and descanting on the feminine nature in general, which, as compared with man's, is (man being judge) like moonlight to sunlight, like water to wine, he declares that he will retreat far into the "shining Orient," and there wed a savage woman, and rear a wild strong race. How will Amy take *that*! But no; her old lover won't lay such revenge upon her. There is a touch of fierceness in the revulsion with which he turns from his imaginary eastern bride; but we overlook that, in consideration of the sublimity of a passage whose poetry is equalled only by its truly comprehensive and philosophical estimate of western civilization!—

"Fool! Again the dream, the fancy! But I know my words are wild;
But I count the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child.
I to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains—
Like a beast, with lower pleasures—like a beast, with lower pains!"

Mated with a squalid savage, what to me were sun or clime?

I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time!
I that rather held it better men should perish one by one,
Than that earth should stand at gaze, like Joshua's moon
in Ajalon."

So, then, the word is onward. It is the lesson of his losses and disappointments. Let us hear him once more:

"Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward, let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadow of the globe, we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe, than a cycle of Cathay!"

We have another prayer to "mother age" for the early vision, or for the clear eye that saw it; and the answer is gracious:—

"O! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!"

Farewell now to "Lockesley Hall," and on to the younger day!

Enough, we trust, has been given of this splendid poem to induce readers who do not know it to make themselves acquainted with it in the poet's own pages. We do not hold it up as of the first order; but it has a unity and completeness, and strictly conforms to the orthodox standard, which requires a beginning, a middle, and an end. It is delivered as a soliloquy. The poet, with some companions, visits Lockesley Hall, the scenes of his early days; and begging them to leave him alone awhile in the cool morning, he travels in spirit through the lights and shadows of the past—storming, criticizing, philosophizing, resolving, retracting, and closing, as we have seen, a sadder and a wiser man. All morning days are fair and tranquil, and his were so pre-eminently. Few of us probably remember an out-and-out cloudy day in our first seven years. And then, with the light of the sun, moon, and stars, was mingled a "light that never was on sea or shore"—a light from the fountain-heads of inspiration and history, and from the shores of old romance. Many of us can sympathize with these reminiscences:—

"Here, about the beach I wander'd, nourishing a youth sublime,
With the fairy tales of science, and the long results of time;
When the centuries behind me, like a fruitful land, reposed;
When I clung to all the present, for the promise that it closed:
When I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see—
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be."

Natural and intellectual beauty rose with the poet's birth, grew with his growth, soared into the empyrean with the sun of his life, and culminated in conjunction with the warmer beauty of young love. Amy's love painted the lily and gilded the sunbeams. But in proportion to this height and splendor, were the fall and the eclipse. This brings us to the middle passage, which is full of blackness, and thunders, and tempest. From this point, the action of the poem struggles upwards. Longing, lingering looks are cast behind; but we are in the presence of one who will not be mastered by elements and circumstances, but will master them in the end, and compel them to do him suit and service. He had been deeply wounded, and the scars will ever remain; but he will pluck wisdom from sorrow, and final victory from temporary defeat.

Our readers will find out the passages of striking force and beauty for themselves, and we need not point them to such as

"I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time;"

Or

"But I deem the grey barbarian lower than the Christian child."

These and there are many such) strike the key-note of whole epics; they open the flood-gates of thought; they throw a halo over the immensity of history, and the narrower boundaries of our present civilization. We have rarely met with lines which struck deeper chords of melancholy than those beginning—

"What is that to him that reaps not," &c.

The idea portrayed in those lurid yet burning words must often have forced itself on the observant and reflective mind. There are mighty agencies at work for the amelioration of the human race—agencies divine in their origin, and worked onwards by the best wisdom and strength of man; but, while radiant with promise, they are barren of immediate fruit; and while faith desciptes a rich harvest under the furrows of the new-ploughed field, and in the blades and leaves which appear above the ground and on the trees; what is that to the myriads who are even now dying of hunger?

"What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
Though the great heart of existence beats for ever like a boy's?"

The whole poem, indeed, is studded with gems of thought, which throw a light into the far and wide region of things. It is "most musical, most melancholy" throughout, till within a few stanzas of the close, and then we have the bright shining after the rain:—

"O! I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set,
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet!"

It is some twenty years since these lines were first published; and that they were literally true then, and are true still, was abundantly manifested, a few months ago, in the publication, by their author, of the poem, "in Memoriam," which the critics have received with an unanimous chorus of praise.

ASSOCIATIONS.

BEHOLD the valley in the moonlight sleeping,
How soothing is its pastoral repose—
A goodly scene for eyes bedimmed with weeping,
Ere wearied eyelids on the pillow close.
She said, "I know the land is very fair;
But ah, my childhood's footfall never bounded *there!*"

Behold the ancient woods in golden glory,
Seek ye their solitary mystic glades,
List to the shining river's bubbling story,
By flowery banks or bowering orchard shades.
She said, "Not *there* I heard the pleading words,
More thrilling far than soog of sweetest woodland birds!"

Behold the ivied tower and mouldering walls,
From whence the voice of praise ascends on high,
And chiming bells, whose welcome influence falls
On pilgrim hearts like music from the sky.
She said, "Thrice hallowed be the house of prayer;
But no beloved dust lies consecrated *there!*

Behold the radiant stars are gazing down
In myriads on the shrouded world beneath,
While we, lamenting misspent moments flown,
May ponder mysteries of life and death.
She said, "The dove sought rest—no rest it found :
The ark is still *our* home, though billows surge around!"

CHARLES I. AND CROMWELL.

BY REV. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON.

SEE PLATE.

CHARLES I. and Oliver Cromwell, names inseparably associated in history, and each in a different mode receiving distinction from the other ! Various as are the contrasts in which they have been presented by historians of opposite schools, there is yet another to be drawn from materials recently brought to light, and in accordance with the modern standard of greatness. The one has been regarded as a tyrant, and the other as a scourge, appointed of God for his overthrow ; and again, the first has been represented as an amiable, though misguided prince, and the second as a usurper, climbing to the summit of power, by treachery and blood. The one has been denounced for his duplicity, and the other extolled for his integrity ; and again, the former has been canonized as a saint, and the latter stigmatized as an arch-hypocrite. The one has been held up as the oppressor of God's people, and the other as their champion : and again, Charles appears as a martyr, and Cromwell as an enthusiast. Never did men wear such diversified characters, nor come into such endless contrast with themselves, and with each other. The contrast suggested by the plates before us, differs from any enumerated above, but is warranted by all reliable history. Charles and Cromwell are two different types of royalty ; the one represents hereditary royalty, the royalty of form and tradition ; the other, the royalty of a true manhood. Each was a monarch in his way ; the one became conspicuous as a king contending for the prerogatives of a royalty, the other was made no less conspicuous, as a man contending for the rights of man.

Cromwell appears in an historical, or rather a fictitious composition ;—for the scene, of which the artist has so finely conceived, is probably without any foundation in fact. Here is an interesting group, the family of Oliver, from his aged mother to his youngest son, interceding for the life of Charles. But if anything can be made certain in Cromwell's history, it is that he did not originally contemplate the extinction of the royal

line, and that he sought to avert the tragic end of the king when the safety of the state seemed to demand the sacrifice. Before Charles was arraigned by parliament for high treason, Cromwell was accused by the radicals of having connived at his escape from the kingdom. "It was evident," says Ludlow, "that the king had escaped (from Hampton Court) by Cromwell's advice." Cromwell found it to be necessary to the peace and safety of the commonwealth, that Charles, whom he had desired to see established in legitimate and constitutional authority, should be removed from the throne ; but at this time he would have been content with the flight or banishment of the king. He put down the "levelers" in the army, as being themselves guilty of high treason. He ordered Whalley, when he had the king in his custody, to protect him from all violence and insult. He did not take the lead in the impeachment of Charles, and he signed his death-warrant with reluctance, from a stern, though, perhaps, mistaken conviction of its necessity. We know not how much influence his family may have had in inclining him to that lenient course which he so long favored, but it seems rather to have been his own preference from the first. It was not till Cromwell had lost all confidence in Charles—until he was satisfied the king, who, "either would sign no convention, or whom no treaty and no signature could bind," that he consented to the dreadful expedient of removing him by the axe of the executioner. Even Clarendon, the royalist, declares that "Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method, which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers, it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government, but that Cromwell never would consent to it."





... AND MY CHILDREN SHALL CALL ME ABRAHAM; YEA,

This accords with what we learn of Cromwell's character from other sources.* Terrible as he was in battle, when duty summoned him to the field, he was ever tender and compassionate towards individual suffering; a stern, yet a merciful man. The intercession of the family of Cromwell for the life of Charles, however pleasing as a picture, must be regarded as a fiction. The piece is more creditable to the artist's knowledge of painting than of history. It will be serviceable to us merely on account of the portraits of Cromwell. We have no means of ascertaining what authority the artist has followed. There is not the same uniformity in the portraits of Cromwell as in those of Charles. The best were executed by Walker; those by Cooper are good also,—prints of which may be seen in various collections. The profile likeness, originally in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, is contained in Birch's "Collection of Illustrious Heads," engraved by Honbraker and Virtue. It seems to have been taken late in the life of the Protector, and its features are coarse and homely enough. The full face of Oliver, by Cooper, may be seen in Rapin's History; and the famous portrait in military costume, by Walker, adorns Russell's Cromwell, and is issued by the Harpers, in their "Family Library." The features of the last two harmonize well in the main with each other, and with Oliver in the print before us. We have the same massive head—the same broad and capacious forehead—the same hard, thoughtful, care-worn, countenance—the same flowing hair—the same prominent, unclassic nose, and the same wart bristling under the lower lip. Our print conveys a little more mildness and benignity of expression, as was befitting the supposed occasion.

Charles was a fit representative of hereditary royalty: comely in person, and graceful in his manners; of respectable mental capacity and attainments—correct in his deportment, free from the vices that disgraced his father's court; chaste and temperate—neither given to profaneness and obscenity in speech, nor to licentiousness in conduct: upright in his dealings with individuals; sedate, studious, and even devout; of the best blood in the three kingdoms, and in the prime of manhood, he came to the throne, seemingly prepared to enoble and adorn it. But he was infatuated with royalty. Prerogative was his idol. The king was, in his eyes, the very chief of men. Everything must give place to the wishes of the crown. This led to those successive usurpations upon the rights of the people, which at length aroused the spirit of the whole nation,

brought even the sacredness of royalty itself to bow at the footstool of justice. At first the Commons, disposed to grant him a fair trial, voted him liberal subsidies. But they soon discovered, that instead of being recognized by the court as the only power competent to levy supplies, they were made use of as a mere expedient for that end. The king's demands grew more and more unreasonable; the non-compliance of the Commons was regarded as contumacy, and the never-failing prerogative was opposed to every remonstrance. Then came the schism between the king and Parliament, the violent interference with the privileges of the latter, the unlawful imposition of taxes, the revival of the "forest laws," the resumption of crown grants in Ireland and elsewhere, the levying of fines in London city, and the confiscation of landed estates, "tonnage and poundage," and "ship money," and the long catalogue of grievances under which a too patient people groaned without redress. And all this because, as even Hume allows, the king entertained too "lofty ideas of monarchal power," and would affect a "stately style." Religion, too, must be under the control of the king; and the Star Chamber and the High Commission must be instituted, and firsides must be invaded, and England filled with spies, and made one vast whispering gallery, that the king may be assured that even his secret orders are punctiliously observed. The king must be supreme—must be all.

Charles clung to his prerogative in every change of fortune. It was his one idea. It made him perfidious in his treaties with the Parliament. He must not only be a king, but a king after his own ideal.

He carried his prerogative with him into his confinement. On his flight from Hampton Court, he writes to Parliament that, so soon as they return to a just temper, he will "break through this cloud of retirement, and show [himself] ready to be Pater Patriæ!" When allowed a temporary release, the Parliament, before being purged by Colonel Pride, having concluded an armistice with him, he returned to Windsor, as much of the king as ever. "He was delighted to re-enter one of his own palaces, and be served with all the etiquette of court. He dined in public, in the hall of state, under a canopy; the chamberlain, esquire-carver, master of the ceremonies, and cup-bearer, waited upon him in the accustomed manner; the cup was presented to him kneeling, and all the ceremonial of kingly state was preserved." Charles maintained what little he could of this "kingly state," in the very last scenes of his tragic life. When the High

* History of the Rebellion. Book xv.

Court of Justice has been constituted, which is to try him for high treason, "the king is thrice brought to the bar; refuses to plead, comports himself with kingly dignity, with royal haughtiness, strong in his divine right; smiles contemptuously; 'looks with an austere countenance';—does not seem, till the very last, to have fairly believed that they would dare to sentence him."

Charles stood forth as the champion of hereditary royalty. From first to last he was a king. A king in the robes of state, and with the crown of the Stuarts upon his head, a king in the battle and in the rout, a king in the custody of Hammond and in the confinement of Hurst Castle, in the Isle of Wight, a king as he lays his head upon the block. Prerogative with him could never die; bleeding and headless he was still the phantom of royalty.

In Cromwell we find no trace of hereditary royalty. He was maternally descended from the house of Stuart, but his nearest approach to royalty in childhood was when he was about four years old;—King James coming from the north to take possession of the English crown, stopped for two days at Hinchingbrooke House, the "stately mansion" of Oliver's uncle, on the left bank of the Ouse. Did little Oliver then romp and wrestle with young prince Charles? so the old legends say. If so, we will warrant that Oliver came off victorious. But Oliver had a true royalty in him, which must one day appear at the head of England, at the head of mankind. He was early educated to manliness. No pomp nor luxury did he witness in his father's house, but he did witness there the industry, frugality, and thrift of a plain country gentleman, and the sincere and humble piety of a genuine though not an humble Puritan. Even his good uncle Oliver, now a knight, grew less courtly as he grew older and poorer. Brought up chiefly upon his father's farm, Oliver was nevertheless entered at Cambridge at seventeen; whence he was recalled the next year by the death of his father, to act as the head of the bereaved family.

Having pieced up a little knowledge of law at London, he settled down at twenty-one, a married man, and soon became a sincere Christian. He leads a quiet life, interests himself principally in the affairs of the neighborhood, especially in its religious affairs, till at about the age of thirty, his neighbors sent him to parliament, the third parliament of Charles. Here matters had already reached a crisis; the remonstrance against the Duke of Buckingham, and the "Petition of Rights," were among the doings of this parliament. The House resolved itself into a Committee of Religion. The member for Huntingdon was interest-

ed in the state of religion; and when that matter was introduced, he had something to say. He was found upon the side of Christian liberty and of spiritual religion. Referring to the "flat Popery," preached with the approbation of certain bishops, he asked, "If these are the steps to church ferment, *what are we to expect?*" They who listened so respectfully to the modest young speaker, had frequent occasion to remember that significant inquiry. Through that plain country suit, those dingy, old-fashioned ruffles, that hard favored countenance, and that harsh voice, they discerned the look, the tone, the bearing, the spirit, of the man of England's destiny. Thus, in his first public act, the sympathies of Cromwell were manifested in behalf of the rights of conscience, and then they were enlisted for life. As a member of Parliament, as a Captain of Dragoons, as a Lieutenant-General, as Commander-in-Chief, and as Protector, he speaks, he acts, he fights, for the rights of men, their rights of conscience first, their civil rights next. He is the embodiment of the great principle of constitutional liberty, which principle came in his time into collision with hereditary royalty. One of his first acts as a military man, was to protect those who were "likely to suffer for their consciences." "This," said he, "is a quarrelsome age, and the anger seems to me to be the worse, where the ground is difference of appearance; which to curse, to hurt men in their houses, persons, or estates will not be found an apt remedy" (Letter V). Again, in his report of the storming of Bristol, he adds a few paragraphs of a religious nature, in which he says, "*In things of the mind we look for no compulsion, but that of light and reason*" (Letter XV). Still further, in the paper addressed by the army to the city of London, 1647, he says, "We could wish that every good citizen, and every man who walks peaceably in blameless conversation, and is beneficial to the commonwealth, might have liberty and encouragement, this being according to the true policy of all states, and even to justice itself!" Such were the principles which Cromwell espoused. He was the champion of liberty and truth. As such, he stood forth at the head of the age. Well might Milton invoke him, saying:—

"Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

But is he not an usurper? So the loyalists have said, and history has perpetuated the charge. In a caricature of his refusal of the crown, he is represented as Tyrannus, being crowned with vipers by Perfidy and Cruelty. But read his life, as it appears in his own letters and speeches, and you will see that no office did he hold from Captain

of Dragoons to Lord Protector, which was not forced upon him, without his seeking, by the solicitation of his friends, or by the necessity of the times. He struggled for constitutional liberty, first under a king, next without a king. The people were not fully ripe for it. Circumstances threw him into a false position. He had no well digested plan of government to substitute for the fallen monarchy, because he had not anticipated the overthrow of monarchy; but he suited himself to the exigency when it came, and at length seized the helm to save the ship from being stranded. But he used power with moderation, and never abandoned his first principles. See how faithfully he harangues his own parliament upon religious liberty. He would not have an exclusive state religion; but would infuse Christianity as a spiritual, vitalizing principle, into the State. He respected the consciences of all men. He aimed to make it the glory of his administration, "*to avoid tyrannous imposition, either upon men as men, or Christians as Christians.*" Such was Cromwell. He borrows no distinction from office; a crown would not have exalted him; no title, neither "His Highness," nor the "Lord Protector," so well becomes him as "the man Oliver."

The distinction which we have drawn between Charles and Cromwell, may be traced in the character of those whom they selected as their counsellors and associates. In the beginning of his reign, Charles was under the lead of the Duke of Buckingham, an unprincipled courtier, who well understood the weak point of Charles's character, and knew how to exalt him by flattery. Nor was Strafford a whit behind him in burning incense to royalty. In matters of religion, Laud, with whom a surplice, a cross, a genuflexion, were essential, had absolute control.

Cromwell drew around him, in Church and State, a noble band of men as ever adorned any age. Sir Matthew Hale, whose maxims of economy and religion are worthy to be the *vade mecum* of every youth, then dignified the highest seat of justice. In the office of State we find John Milton, that same Milton who comforted himself under the loss of sight with the reflection, that he was deprived of it by writing laboriously in defence of liberty. The army, which Cromwell would have to consist of godly men,—as the only men who could do battle for English liberty, that praying, fasting, psalm-singing army, enjoyed the ministrations of Baxter; and the Protector made choice of John Howe to be his private chaplain; a selection creditable at once to his discernment and his piety. Struck with the appearance of Howe, then a humble but godly preacher at Tor-

rington, who chanced one Sabbath to be present at Whitehall Chapel, Cromwell insisted that he should preach in his hearing. This done nothing could satisfy Cromwell but the stated ministrations of Howe. Think of a "hypocrite" selecting such a chaplain! The men whom Cromwell had about him, were not courtiers nor flatterers; they were the fast friends of liberty and truth, and the character of Cromwell is reflected in them.

It is a matter of unavailing regret, that Howe, having preserved "large memorials of the material passages of his own life and of the times wherein he lived," which men "stitched together in a multitude of small volumes," should, upon his death bed, have extorted a promise to destroy them all. Had these been preserved, what materials we should have had for a life of Cromwell!

Such were Charles and Cromwell in their associates. But it is in their inner life that our contrast appears most luminous. Charles is extolled by his apologists as a saint and martyr. He was not destitute of the religious sentiment, but it inclined him rather to frivolous and superstitious observances, than to intelligent and spiritual worship. He even had a zeal for religion in its externals. He was, in some respects, better fitted for "a ceremonial bishop than for a reigning king." Religion with him was very much an accompaniment and a support of royalty, and on that account he was evidently fascinated with Popery. And yet, to serve a purpose, he could be a devout Presbyterian. Cromwell was a man of deep religious experience. Religion, with him, was no accidental thing; no form nor ceremony; it was the life of his soul, and the soul of his life. Even his traducers have been puzzled to account for the vein of piety which runs through the whole course of his public acts, and which is so conspicuous in his private character. They have resorted to the supposition that he was a hypocrite, a supposition as complimentary to their sagacity as to their knowledge of Christian experience. How could hypocrisy have sustained itself through so long a period in such changing circumstances? Even Satan, in the garb of an angel of light, could not have escaped detection in Cromwell's place. And could the strong men of England, her sober, praying, thinking men, have been so long and so thoroughly duped? The true standpoint from which to view the character of Cromwell, is not without but within him. His religion was not the religion of a gentleman, but of the man; not of the court, but of the heart. We must enter into the depths of his religious experience. His private correspondence is as rich

in nutriment to the believing spirit, as is the diary of Payson or of Edwards. His was a deep, earnest, thorough piety—from the period of his first evangelical experience he was “a Christian man, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all circumstances.” This is the key-note of his character. And herein do we find the secret of his greatness. He lived the life of God; from his high place of power, he aimed to give religious liberty and the word of God, not only to England but all mankind.

The religion of Cromwell rendered him noble in death. It was fitting that the great spirit which had directed the storms of civil revolution, should be ushered out of the world in a war of the elements, on the anniversary of its own mightiest achievements; but how much more sublime the view of that spirit thus breathing itself away in prayer :—

“Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace, and I may, I will come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mere instrument to do them some good, and thee service; and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish, and would be glad of my death: and, however Thou dispose of me, continue and go on, and do good for them. Pardon thy foolish people! Forgive their sins and do not forsake them, but love and bless them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart, and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on thy instruments, to depend more upon thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust a poor worm, for they are thy people too; and pardon the folly of this short prayer, and give me rest for Jesus Christ’s sake; to whom, with Thee and Thy holy spirit, be all honor and glory, now and forever. Amen.”

There is a strange apparition midway in Eng-

lish history. We trace back the line of her sovereigns for two hundred years, and are arrested by a massive and mysterious being, who wears no crown, but who is a veritable king. We trace the line downward from the Norman Conquest and are arrested by the same colossal form, wearing the impress of royalty, without its title or its robes. Bold, massive, severe, it towers above the rank of monarchs in a dignity of its own. It is as if the stream of royalty, flowing uninteruptedly for ages, were suddenly lost in a subterranean abyss, or turned aside by a bold, huge mountain, to emerge again, ruffled and discolored, in the vale below. It is as if a torrent of fire had swept through a verdant embankment, leaving a huge, black, scarred chasm to mark its course. What means this chasm, this breach, this apparition? Why is it that Cromwell thus breaks in upon the line of royalty, with no fore-runner; and departs, leaving no successor? It is because God would give the world a conspicuous example of the dignity that is in virtue, in character, in man. The age did not appreciate him, nor have other ages. That strange figure has been blackened and begrimed with dust and filth, yet there it has stood unshaken, and there it yet shall stand.

God has kept the character of Cromwell for an age in which the royalty there is in man should be duly honored. Royalty in England has been a different thing since his day, from what it was before. Men’s noses and ears are worth something too, in England now. There he stands to frown upon usurpation, to keep the man ever above the king, to guard the consciences and the liberties of England. Shall this man have a statue? Shall that stern, rough visage, in bronze or marble, look down upon us from a pedestal in the royal park? That question is not to be decided by a vote of the British Parliament, but by the greatful acclamations of two nations, speaking the language of Milton, and honoring the religion of Baxter and of Howe.

TIME THE HEALER.

So I hear them say,
And well I know that he may wake again
The merry Viol for the lightly harm’d,
And steep in Lethe the weak memories
Of common woe. But ah! for those who lose
The heart’s chief jewel, can he stay the tide
That in its wrecking arrogance doth still
Lash the waste shore!

Awhile we may forget,
And ‘mid the shells and grass flowers on the beach
Loll the deep wound. But hark! there comes a surge
Leaving us prostrate. ’Neath its surf we lie
Powerless and faint, then crawling forth, essay
To do as others do,

It comes again!
That black, uncrusted, melancholy wave;
So, tell me not that Time hath power to quell
A desolating grief. His opiate draught
May serve to stupefy, but can ye shun
The dire reaction of the spasmed nerve,
When Thought, in his lone cell, or solemn Night
Quicken the grief pang?

Thus 'twill ever be,
Despite their lame philosophy, who call
Time the Physician, and lay bare their souls
To his poor balm drops. Thus 'twill ever be,
Till he delivereth to Eternity
Life’s finish’dyal with the death’s head seal’d,
For the great Judge’s Eye.

L. H. S.

MY COUNTRY RESIDENCES.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I HAVE often thought that I should like to describe several country villages, endeared to me by a thousand boyish recollections, but hitherto I have put it off to some more remote and happy period. I am just in trim for it now, having been a rustic for a week. I have a day or two to spare, and a nice room to scribble in, so I shall proceed to brighten up my early reminiscences. The country around me will be the best spell in the world, to conjure up the past.

I have just laid down my Tennyson, so choice and pastoral in his descriptions, and sit carelessly by the window, looking out on the manifold leafiness and greenness of nature. My window opens on a lawn, sloping off gradually from a row of currant bushes, and the honeysuckles and morning glories that clamber up the south side of the cottage, to a little plot which the good folks call an orchard. It is a little plot indeed, for it does not contain over twenty trees; but I must do those the justice to say, that they are decidedly superb. Last summer the peaches were the theme and envy of the villagers for at least five miles around; a nine days' wonder in the country. I never saw or tasted anything half so delicious, always excepting the blue nasted plums and apricots, which grew at the lower end of the orchard, (I wish they were ripe now!) The strawberries that grew by the side of the wall, melted in my mouth, like wine drops trickling from the brim of Hebe's goblet!—Strawberries and cream! the remembrance of it makes me a little melancholy. What a surgy, wavelike noise, the willow makes, chafing the low eaves, half covered with green moss:—

"The linden like a lover stands,
And taps against my window pane!"—

About a stone's throw from the house, at the lower corner of the orchard, the children are busy picking (and of course eating) cherries. I see them from the window, standing uneasily on the cross branches, rocking and swaying about, picking the dead-ripe, black-hearted wild cherries. If there is any one fruit dearer to me than the peach, it is the cherry; the tall, many-boughed, heavily-loaded wild cherry, bending with its fullness of fruit—

Certainly Tom! You might be sure of it! Bring us a couple of bunches! Glorious Barry Cornwall! I wish you could see this bunch

which Tom has just brought me. Thankee Tom! another if you please! As I was saying, Barry, it would make your eyes sparkle, and your mouth water, *mi boy*.

You ask me what Barry Cornwall has got to do with cherries? and cherries with my country residences?

One question at a time, if you please. I'll tell you about Barry first, and then lead you gently to the other affairs: only be patient; I must get at everything in a roundabout way. Barry Cornwall, you must know, has written a pleasant little lyric about the wild cherry tree. Of course you have read it. No! my dear sir, or madam, or miss, as the case may be, I fear your education has been shockingly neglected. I'll oblige you with the poem in question:—

THE WILD CHERRY TREE.

Oh! there never was yet so fair a thing,
By racing river, or bubbling spring,
Nothing that ever so gaily grew
Up from the ground, when the skies were blue,
Nothing so brave, nothing so free,
As thou, my wild, wild Cherry tree!

Jove! how it danced in the gusty breeze!
Jove! how it frolicked among the trees!
Dashing the pride of the poplar down,
Stripping the thorn of his hoary crown;
Oak or ash, what matter to thee?
'Twas the same to my wild, wild Cherry tree!

Never at rest, like one that's young,
Aboard to the world its arms it flung,
Shaking its bright and crowned head,
Whilst I stole up for its berries red;
Beautiful berries! beautiful tree!
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry tree!

Back I fly to the days gone by,
And see thy branches against the sky;
I see on the grass thy blossoms shed,
I see (nay I taste!) thy berries red,
And shout like a tempest, wild and free,
Hurrah! for the wild, wild Cherry tree!

"Hurrah for the wild, wild Cherry Tree!" Dear Barry! I shall never eat a black-heart without thinking of you—never! I know you feel obliged to me for copying thi-little song. That's right, only say you like it, and sometime I'll write you another critique on Barry's poetry. Meantime let me get on with this; to do which, as I purposed, I must finish describing the scenery around me now. Beyond the orchard, and the boys shout-

ing on the black railed fences, I can see a long level of green meadow lands, with their tall grasses bowing in the ever-restless wind; here and there a wheat field, surging in many-colored waves, light and dark, seems to roll onward, till its course is broken by the stone wall, which juts above its farther edge like a stout dyke. A field of wheat with the wind on it, is a poetical sight; very pastoral, and, let me add, very useful. "Think of *this* when ye're smoking tibacey." Here and there a little brook, half dry, but glittering to the last, runs along the pastures, and the cattle go there, very often this hot weather, to drink;—

"The steer forgets to graze,
And where the hedgerow cuts the pathway, stands
Leaning his horns into the neighbor field,
And lowing to his fellows."

The landscape to the north is rimmed and crowned by a little wood; they would call it a forest in Europe, but we (we are a great people!) we, that think nothing of the ten thousand miles of western forest land, trackless, and uninhabited, save by wild bears, and a few scattered tribes of Indians, nearly as wild; we are so nice in our expressions, that we call it a clump of trees! Sherwood Forest, Ardennes, and the Hartz forest, would hardly be a decentish hunting ground in America.

What a beautiful sight a forest is! I have never read anything that ever gave me the slightest idea of what I see now: nothing descriptive, that ever touched the subject. The *minutiae* of description might be there, but the feeling, the sentiment that it left upon the mind, was absent. Feelings are hard to put in words. Tennyson and Keats are the finest poets of sentiment in the language: "The Ode to Melancholy," "Ode to a Nightingale," and "Autumn," by the latter—"The Gardener's Daughter," "Enone," "Morte D'Arthur," "The Talking Oak," "Godiva," "The Day Dream," and, in fact, nine tenths of the former, are perfect studies for the young student, and impassioned lover of choice, fine, sensuous poetry (Reader! you are in for a critique on Keats and Tennyson, when I get time to write it). But talking of woods, reminds me that I tried to describe one myself the other day. You must know I am writing a long poem, the scene of which—but I won't tell you another word about it,—here's my wood:—

"Fast rooted in the depth of fallen leaves,
Dark stemmed, and many-limbed, the wood uprears
The melancholy twilight of its boughs.
Impervious at noonday to the sun,
Unpierceable at night by keenest moons,

And all the baffled stars that love the spot,
Bathed in eternal twilight, counterchanged
With plots of light and darkness, everywhere
Streaky with various verdure, many leaved;
Drifted in heaps that feed the vigorous soil
And all its blooms, the embalmed yellow leaves
Moulder with rich moist smells: and where the roots
Uppushing, shoulder off the scanty earth,
A sea of violets grow in softest moss,
Forever green: the all surrounding trunks,
Silvery, or green, or black with jagged bark,
Are overgrown with mosses grey and dun;
And half the limbs are tagged with dripping beards."

Some of my earliest recollections are of woodland scenery; but the earliest of all (and this leads me back to my starting point) is of a little cottage, on the banks of a river, or rather arm of the sea, on the eastern coast of Massachusetts. Hingham, to my way of thinking, is one of the prettiest towns in the whole State; and it bids fair to become celebrated (it is already, in geographical matters, famous for salt codfish and wooden ware). I have no doubt that when I come to die, and be buried in it (a thing, by the way, I don't intend to hasten), it will become very famous. The late Frances S. Osgood spent her girlhood there, but that was before my time, or rather before I was large enough to have recollected her. Gilmore Simms wrote his "Atalantes" there, and I had the honor to be brought up there; so you see the place is decidedly "some."

The cottage that I remember so well, stands on the edge of a slope, with its front to the road (carriages run within three or four feet of the door) and its back to the river; the sea must have flowed, in old times, up its arm, where the cottage now stands. The country around the village is full of hills, and the road that runs down to the cove, seems to me but an embankment on the side of one; the right side of it is banked, or rather dyked up with a stone wall, about fifteen feet high; below this, for about twenty feet, level to the edge of the river, runs a little tract of arable ground, which some of the neighbors have turned into gardens. There is a little garden to the south of the cottage (I think it is the south, but I must confess my ignorance of every cardinal—saving the cardinal virtues); the north is bounded by a carpenter's shop; the front of the cottage juts on the road, and stands about ten feet high. The back, down the slope, facing the river, is at least thirty feet high. It is a very odd looking and grotesque affair, and seems to have been built at different times, either when a new crocket in architecture got into the head of the original owner, or an increase of family (for they do, "increase and multiply" there in accord-

anee with the divine command), rendered an enlargement of the premises indispensable.

I would cheerfully give ten years of my coming life, to live there as in the old time, a child again—but it cannot be:—the fountain of Eternal Youth, that the old Spaniard sought so long after, has not been found yet; it only exists in the Eden of memory!

Heigho! I lay in my cradle, and slept soundly in that old cottage,—angels watched over my slumbers there, and I heard in my dreams the music of the world I had just left; a toy was a sceptre to me, and an orange was the only world I ever wept for! I wore petticoats there, and there I donned my first pair of trowsers. I remember the last circumstance well; as it is always an epoch in juvenile histories; a transition, as it were, from the grub to the butterfly state: my early pants were nankeens: I am afraid now that they were rather too yellow to look well; but what of that, nankeens were fashionable (and so cheap!) I thought them golden! My age of gold (pants) had just begun. I love to see a youngster with a new suit—he struts so much like a man, so heroic, as it were, and seems to say, "See me, oh Earth! admire me, oh Heaven!" He is not a whit more ridiculous—though we all laugh at him—than most children of a larger growth;" not indeed that a new suit can always turn their heads, but something very little better often does—wine, woman, or money! Don't laugh at boys, if you please!

"The child is father of the man."

I was a great reader in my early life; I must have been taught the alphabet before I was four years of age. I am very sorry that I can't describe the fine old school mistress, that (never) taught me. If you are at all anxious to see one finely described, read Shenstone's, I know of nothing better. I am writing only facts, and facts compel me to admit that my mother taught me my ab, abs. The earliest book that I have any distinct recollection of is "Watts' Hymns,"—I think that shadowed out my love of verses, which was to come,—only I hated Dr. Watts, and his hymns, abominably: I had to learn one very often; but I had my revenge,—I used to scratch the cover of the book. After the hymns of the Reverend Isaac Watts, LL.D., I was charmed with those little penny books which the blessed old Mahlon Day, of Pearl street, New York, (a Friend indeed!) used to get out, for the edification of juveniles. (This was twenty years ago). The history of Cock Robin,—Mother Goose, with that famous ditty, commencing,—

"Hey ding a diddle,
The eat's in the fiddle"—

Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp, and Robinson Crusoe, formed the extent of my early reading. A few years later introduced me to the "goodly tinker" the right worshipful John Bunyan, and his Pilgrim's Progress. Everybody has praised Bunyan; but I always found him severely pious, and trembled accordingly. That immense bundle of sin, on poor Pilgrim's back (a load for any pack-horse)—the Slough of Despond,—the flaming mountain,—the lions at the gate of the palace Beautiful, (was it the palace Beautiful?)—Apol-yon, Pope, and Pagan,—and all its horrors, frightened me so much then, that I have never read it since. I admit its wonderful invention, but laugh now at all its terrors.

The window of my room opened on the yard and the long garden to the southward; every inch of ground in that little yard has been pattered over many a time by my infant feet; I used to play in it—generally alone—building wooden houses, or sailing ships on the edge of the river. I remember one winter seeing the boys with their sleds, coasting down the hills on the opposite side of the water, which was then frozen over, hard enough to skate on,—and once (it must have been the next spring) my grandfather and I sailed over on a cake of ice: that was a feat for me, for I was always a delicate boy.

The road made a curve a little below the house, and ran down to the cove; I was never weary of wandering there when I was large enough to go alone; the stores seemed to me antediluvian,—the very Methusalah of all buildings,—rough, black-boarded stores, stained with the weathers of a century, at least. I used to mark one ship, painted over the door of a counting-house,—it was the miniature, if you will allow me the expression, of the good brig Royal Arch, which sailed for Sweden, and never returned again. It was no great wonder that I used to look at it,—the original, and a little salt water, made me fatherless. There was an old elm above us, which shaded half the road: I saw it last summer, and grew poetical. I know you would like to see what I wrote,—so here it is:—

THE OLD ELM.

Where the bank of the river slopes away,
And the road runs down to Hingham bay—
(A sheet of glass in the sunny ray,)
The Old Elm stands,
With its giant limbs,
Waving their leaves in the ocean breeze,
The pomp and pride of the village trees.

The trunk of the lofty Elm is dark,
And vast in girth, with a wrinkled bark
Dappled with moss : the morning lark
And the swallow build
Their nests in the boughs ;
And the young birds peep at the azure sky,
Rocked in their leafy cradles high.

Two hundred Summers and Winters hoar—
Two hundred years, and it may be more,
Ere the Mayflower brought the Pilgrims o'er,
A sapling small,
It stood i' th' heart

Of the Indian wood, and slowly grew
In the sun, the rain, and the falling dew !

The white men came, and the Indians pass'd,
Like withering leaves on an Autumn blast ;
The glorious forest was felled at last,

And house by house

The village arose ;

The fields were cleared—the road was made,
But the Elm was spared for its mighty shade.

The village children, year by year,
The little lads and the lassies dear,
Idle their leisure moments here ;—
You can see their swing
On the lowest branch,
And the tangled twine and the fluttering kites,
Lost in the limbs by scampering wights.

In the sunny Spring and the frosty Fall,
When the school-boys round are playing ball,
They run to the edge o' th' garden wall,
(Where the peach-tree stands,
And the currants grow),
And breathless, sly, with a shout of glee,
Back to their base, the glorious Tree !

And truants climb in the emerald spray,
Up to the top where the swallows lay,
Filching their eggs from day to day.

They wave their caps

At the screaming birds,

And drop from the breaking limbs around,
Scratched and bruised on the stony ground !

When the earth is bright with the noontide beam,
And the cattle stand in the neighboring stream,
The wagoner, urging his loaded team
In a cloud of dust
To the market-down,
Turns from the road—an hour delayed—
And rests his steed in the grateful shade.

Summer fades with its bloom and sheen,
Sober Autumn invests the scene ;
The old Elm doffs its robe of green.
And stands in state,
Like a herald proud,
Shedding the leaves from his giant palms,
Plenty's bountiful, lavish alms !—

Alas ! I am like the fading tree,
I scatter my foliage fast and free,
Illuminate leaves of Poesy !
A bountiful alms
Of golden thought,
Which the feet of men and the careless blast
Trample and sweep to the wasted Past !

I have but little more to remember of Hingham, save the bridge by the mill-dam, where I used to stand, and watch the long sea-weeds drifting outward, and the old graveyard on the hill,—to my way of thinking, that is a love of a burying-ground. It is a clump of little hills and slopes, where the dead sleep with the sunshine on their mounds; grave after grave rises around, some with white, recently-raised head-stones; some bricked around with old stones, flat on top; their half-effaced letters, crests, and round-cheeked cherubim, covered with the mosses of a century.

If I remember rightly, one is dated "Anno Domini 1668." There are a great many ancient vaults there,—but every one of them was wept over in its time, and held the once warm heart of man, or woman. Fathers, mothers, and children, have shed tears like dew, in this graveyard, and passed away, wept in turn, by a later generation. Life seems to me but a great pilgrimage through the earth; from the gates of Time, at one end, to the gates of Eternity at the other. Thousands upon thousands are marching onward, and have been marching onward for ages, whither they know not, only onward. Ten thousand drop off from the great caravan, daily and hourly; thousands stop for a moment to bewail them, as they lie in the sand, but soon pass onward, and are lost. The mass of mankind have no conception that the dreadful shadow of death broods over them—but so it is; a shadow tracks every one of us; whether we run or walk, it is always at our heels; when we lift the wine cup to our lips, its smile grows pallid; when we love, it mocks us with a feeling of our mortality and comes over the soul like a thunder cloud; when we lie down to sleep, it hangs over our rest; but when we sleep on our turf couches, like those in this little graveyard, pillow'd on rich, moist, earth, the shadow tracks us no more. It was but the shadow of our souls; when our souls have passed into the land of Light, the Shadow will melt to its original nothingness !

"For my single self," I want no better place to sleep in, than Hingham graveyard. The earliest morning dew would shake over my grave its long twinkle of silver light; the Sun would kiss the hill with his golden lips; the Moon look down from her limitless wandering in the eternal blue, as tenderly as ever she looked on two young lovers, and far more steadfast, for then her waxing and waning could never make me wax and wane, or my warm heart grow cold. I often think of the revelation the ghost of Lorenzo makes in "Isabella, or the Pot of Basil." Pray who is Isabella ? Sir, get your Keats and see !—also inquire who Baccaccio was, for I am deter-

mined not to tell you a syllable of the matter. The murdered Lorenzo comes back to Isabella,—

" In the drowsy gloom,
The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot."

After telling her how

" The sheepfold bleat,
Comes from beyond the river to his bed,"

he exclaims—

" I am a shadow now, alas! alas!—
Upon the skirts of hum in nature dwelling,
A'one; I chant alone the holy mass,
While little sounds of life are round me knelling;
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
And many a chapel bell the hour is telling;
Paining me through. These sounds grow strange to me,
And thou art distant in humanity!"

The feeling that the bees and bells give one, at noon, is wonderfully soft and slumberous: lie on a slope and try it. I hope when I have to endure the operation of being buried (may I live a thousand years in this beautiful world!) I shall

have one or two friends, who will do me the favor to find me a nice, quiet spot, like this sweet little graveyard.

Lounging in this little graveyard, on a holiday last summer, I wrote the verses below, with which I will end this paper, and my reminiscences of Hingham.

The joyous town before me lies,
Its cottages embowered in bloom;
The solemn burying-ground behind,
Its sepulchres in cypress gloom!

The bells before me ring aloud,
A paean for the live and bold;
The bells behind are tolling slow,
A requiem for the dead and cold!

The crowds before me tramp away,
And shout until the Heavens are stirred;
The crowds behind me never move,
And never breathe, a single word!

A thousand troubled souls before;
Behind, not even one that grieves;
The blight of woe that wastes the wheat,
Can never touch the garnered sheaves!

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

BY H. HITCHINGS.

On through time there rolls a river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew
Rolls forever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true:
Barriers broken, checks defeated,
Darkness scattered, lets down hurled,
Truth and freedom, firmer seated,
Mark its progress through the world.

Trace it to its source; it rose in
Darkness of abysmal night,
Shades of error round it closing,
Pervious to no purer light;
Shallow then, but deepening ever,
From the glooms it burst its way;
First a streamlet, then a river—
From the darkness to the day.

Wave by wave for aye increasing,
Still victorious, still sublime,
With an impulse never ceasing,
O'er the rocks and shoals of time:
Toward the vanward hurrying onward,
From the old unto the new—
Rolls it ever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true.

Woe to them that, idly rearing
Old obstructions in its track,
Taught by all the past no fearing,
Pain would turn its current back!
They but tempt their own undoing;
Like a giant in its wrath,
O'er their barriers, rent to ruin,
It will thunder on its path.

For it rolls resistless onward,
Deepening, widening, on its way;
Pressing stronger toward the vanward,
Stronger toward the perfect day—
Lit with light from heaven, and aided
By the earnest hearts and true—
By the soul to God that made it,
Struggling on from old to new.

Sigh not, then, for the departed—
It hath passed and gone for aye;
But, with impulse nobler hearted,
For the Future clear the way,
Help to flow this mighty river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew,
Till it merge at last for ever,
In the perfect and the true.

THE DESIGN OF LIFE.

THE design of Life!—alas, that it should be so little thought of! The very words seem to awaken a new idea, to open up a new vista, to surprise us in a manner by their unfamiliarity, contrasted with their manifest nearness to our interests, duty and destiny. They fall like a reproach upon our worldliness from an upper sphere, calling us back from the outward and the earthly, and reminding us that there is something better and worthier than these. It will be well if such shall be the practical result of our present meditation: such is its aim. We would disown for a time the accidental and the passing—those transient peculiarities which constitute the mere drapery of our being—that we may the more clearly and the more calmly contemplate the great and the universal, and that, by thus looking at ourselves and our fellows in the light of those higher and wider relations which have their roots in the soul, and which pass into the infinite, we may take the likeliest course for reconciling ourselves to ourselves, to one another, and to the world without, while we shall, by the very fact of dwelling upon them, be strengthening and sustaining all that is most gloriously distinctive of humanity in man.

What is our life? says an inspired writer: "It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." And yet this Vapor life has for its trophies all that is great and imposing in the world—temples, and cities, and palaces, and kingdoms—all that is useful in science, all that is profound in philosophy, all that is soothing in literature, all that is great and beautiful in art; and all these have been fostered under its wing, and are the footprints which it has left on the sands of time. Nay, but this vapor-life is laden with eternity; this meteor flash, every time that it is kindled, lights an immortal spirit to heaven or to hell: it fixes destiny, it determines a course of endless progression upwards among the stars, or of endless sinking and divergence into a deeper gloom than brooded over the primal chaos. So that the trial of Solomon was no solitary case. Life holds the balance to every man: the good that is passing and perishable in the one scale, the wisdom which is all-embracing and imperishable in the other, and death steps in only as the ratifier of the choice,

while eternity is the endless unfolding of the fruit.

What shall we say then? Was the apostle in jest? Was he seeking to depreciate this great seed-time of our existence? Nay, verily; but rather he would rebuke the presumption and the folly which, by refusing to connect it with the eternity beyond, makes it the palace of the body indeed, but the prison of the soul, destined to open at a moment, they think, not into the farsounding depths of ruin and despair.

We can perceive a threefold purpose and aim of human life. First, we can perceive that man has much to do with regard to himself. He is not the ideal being which some represent him. There is guilt on his conscience, dimness in his eye, and weakness, rather wickedness, at his heart. He discovers the *ruins* of a fair creation, but nothing more: "the gold is become dim," the temple is dismantled, and strange visitants within it now haunt its shrine; the mark is upon him, and his conscience might speak out somewhat in the manner of Cain—"It shall come to pass, that wheresoever the doomsman of justice shall find me, he shall kill me." The first aim of his life, then, has to do with himself—how to be rid of this inward accuser, how to erase those guilt-stains which "plague him so," how to find assurance of reconciliation to his God, that he may hold up his head in the universe, and listen to His voice speaking to him peace from his awful throne. This must be his first and his earliest aim, and in vain for this are his own sacrifices or gifts. "The world, by its wisdom, knew not God." Superstition may slay its thousands of victims, idolatry may invoke its thousands of gods, science may advance its thousand appliances, and self-righteousness may "wash itself never so clean," the groans of humanity are still as deep, its wounds as wide as ever they were. The curse is human, but the cure is divine; and the first aim of our life must be fulfilled at the cross.

But this is no more than the beginning of the work. He has his foot upon the rock now, which alone can be trusted. He is now within the scope of the great central attraction, and in contact with all that is destructive of evil, and most influential for good. Cleaving to that, he must reach forward and upward, strengthening his heart

in all holy affections, opening his mind to the fullness of truth, guarding his passions with a stern and uncompromising denial, and building himself up into the likeness of Him whose temple he is. He is safe in his highest aspirations here; he has entered into the only legitimate sphere for a boundless ambition; and, with Christ for his pattern, perfection for his aim, and heaven for his crown, he must gird himself for the battle in all the lowliness of dependence, but with the energy of despair, as knowing well that the work is great, that

"The heavens are steep, and hell is deep,
And the gates of life are hard to win."

This must be the first great aim of our life—individual emancipation from the guilt and the tyranny of evil. Nothing can be a substitute for this: it is the necessary condition of all other great and generous aims. We should be found but silly builders without it; for, says an apostle, "Let every man prove his own work, and so shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another."

Looking at man, then, in this isolated aspect, we say, that one great design of his life is to wrestle, and rise, to be moving heavenwards ever—converting all things around him into the means of his advancement, even his very passions and infirmities into the pedestal of his fame and the ladder of his glory.

But then, after all, he is not an isolated being: he is part of a system wide as the universe, he stands in important relation to all his fellows, he cannot disdain even the weakest and poorest among them, but in selfishness and sin; and here looks forth another great design of his life. He was formed to *love*, and there is no religion without it. There is more than a beautiful sentiment in these words of the poet;—

" He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God that loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

If our blessed Redeemer has done no more for the world than to bequeath it his lessons of love, he would have been its greatest benefactor still. There is no such enemy to its progress as selfishness, and there is no demon so hard to exorcise: it forges the manacles for the slave, it mingles the cup for the drunkard, it casts up its gains amid the ruins it has made, and, while a brother is bleeding and nigh unto death, it stalks nimbly past on the other side. Thanks to our Redeemer for his every condemnation of this—that, both by his lips and by his life, he put the brand of Heaven's displeasure on the selfish, and extin-

guished the voice of that impious creed—"Am I my brother's keeper?"

But we must not forget that love is a practical thing. Its proper language is not words, but deeds; it has paens for the prosperous, indeed, and pity for the fallen; but it has also food for the hungry, raiment for the naked, and refuge for the homeless, and the outcast. "It knows to have compassion on the ignorant, and on them that are out of the way." Its celestial footprints may be traced, not, perhaps, to the house of feasting and wassail, but to the dusky dwelling of the mourner, to the edge of the sepulchre where the tear drop glistens in its eye, to the cell of the culprit, where the words of wisdom fall from its lips, and to the uttermost limits of this sin-trodden earth, where it makes the glad tidings of salvation to ring. Like a pharos-light, it girds the whole horizon of wo, and the heart beats lighter in its presence, and the eye looks less sorrowful at its approach. Nor does it want scope for its wing in a world like this, for the desolate and the fallen are everywhere, the ignorant and the fearful, the hungry and the homeless; nor encouragement in its work, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive." It is the high usury of heaven: "he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bonnifully;" and, although it may sometimes meet with ingratitude and repulse, it is, nevertheless, the great strengthener of the soul, and the brightener of its way.

Let us see, then, that we include this in the design of our own life, that we learn to love, not in word only, but in deed and in truth, that we look forth with affection on the great brotherhood of man, and aim at their uplifting, together with our own, to heaven and to truth. This will be living, indeed—living anticipatory of heaven—living assimilative to God; "for God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in Him."

There is one other point on which it is necessary to touch, and it is all-important: it is the zone of the others, it holds them together. Without it, man would be as a world without a star. He is formed to wrestle and to love, but he is also formed to worship. The moon passes round the earth, but both earth and moon pass around the sun; so brother here must minister to brother, but all must minister to God. Nor can they be sustained in their relations to each other, than as they adhere to their orbits in relation to Him.

Worship, then, not in its cold and formal, but in its deep and spiritual meaning, is the great and paramount law of the universe. It is the symphony of the stars—the united voice of faith and love and gratitude and wonder, in the presence

of the Eternal; it is the all embracing and all-sustaining mystery of our being—its goal and its glory; it is wings to the moral creature in his contemplation of the Infinite; it is the upward attraction which loosens the cords of sense, and makes the earth as a spring-board to the young spirit, in its bound towards the Ideal and the Shadowless; it is written far down in the depths of our nature, and we have been aiming at it ever—alas, how blindly!—till at length the true light shone, and the true notes were sounded, over the heights of Bethlehem. Even as it is, we are but feeble and faltering scholars; our eye is still dim, and our heart still weak; we are “proselytes of the gate”—worshippers, if at all, of the outermost circle. But we are here to learn, and our instructors are many—the heavens and the earth, in all their sublime and beautiful forms—the sun, and the stars, and the flowers, and the

trees, and the waving corn—the voices of the good and the gifted, now singing at the fountain, but whose echoes linger among us still—the voice of the Word, “which shall not pass away,” made vital in Him who labored on the highways, and who died upon the cross—the visions it depicts, the hopes it inspires, the prospects it unfolds—and, over and above all, the far echoing music of heaven itself—

“That undisturbed song of pure concert,
Aye sung before the sapphire-color'd throne
To him that sits thereon.”

We are here to learn, and these are our teachers. Let us listen to their voice—let us answer to their beckonings—let us catch up the melody of their song, and

“Keep in tune with heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial concert us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.”

THE MOTHER'S LAMENT.

FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BY THE LATE REV. WALTER COLTON, OF THE U. S. NAVY.

My child, my sweet one! speak to me
It is thy mother calls to thee;
She who felt too deeply blessed,
When thy lips to hers were pressed,
When thy little arms were flung
Round this neck, where thou hast clung,
Caressing and caressed.

Thy infant step was light as air,
As 'mid the garden flowers
I watched thee, glancing here and there,
Between the April showers.
Thy cherub cheek was sweetly flushed,
Thy locks the free breeze stirred,
As, through the vines, thy light form rushed
To reach the new fledged bird.

I saw thee, in my raptured dreams,
Clad in the strength of youth;
Thy path resplendent with the beams
Of honor, love and truth.
I thought, should he, whose noble worth
Thy brow the promise bears,
Be summoned from our humble hearth,
How soft would flow thy cares!
How soft to her, whose lonely breast
Would then such solace need;
How sweet 'twould be, I thought, to rest
On such a gentle reed.

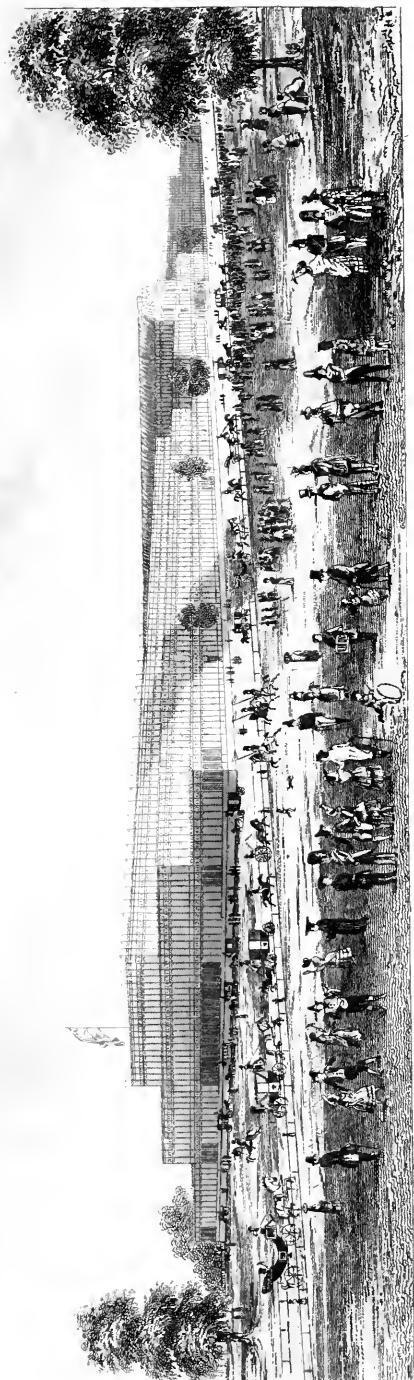
Ah, little thought I then, my child!
That thy quick, balmy breath,
And pulses running warm and wild,
Would now be chilled in death!
In death? Oh no! that sable seal
Disease can never set,
Where lip and brow so much reveal
Of life that lingers yet.

I still shall feel that gushing joy,
Which thrills a mother's breast
Whene'er she clasps her bright-eyed boy
From out his cradled rest.
Come, meet thy mother's warm embrace,
Return her fervid kiss,
And press thy sweet cheek to her face,
“My first born bud of bliss!!”

Alas, my child! thy cheek is cold,
And yet thy forehead gleams as fair
As when those flaxen ringlets rolled
In life and gladness there.
But then thy lips are deadly pale—
That were of rose-red hue;
And thy long lashes, like a veil,
Fall o'er those eyes of blue!

Still round thy lip, where mine delays,
A smile in tender sweetness stays—
The imaged transport of the soul,
Escaping from its brief control,
Yet leaving, as it passed away,
This smile of rapture on the clay,
To tell us, in this trace of bliss,
There breathes a brighter world than this.

I feel reproved that thus I strove—
The errings of a mother's love—
To keep thee here, when only given
To glance a gladness round our hearth,
And, all untouched by stain of earth,
Fly back again to heaven
‘Twere wrong in me, had I the power,
To win thee back the briefest hour;
For guilt and grief are all unknown,
Where thy seraphic soul hath flown.
Be mine the task, through faith and prayer,
And Christ's dear love, to meet thee there.



THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(SEE PLATE.)

WHEN, after the lapse of ages, the young student of history, perusing the annals of his country, glances at this memorable period of the nineteenth century, he will learn with astonishment and reverence what the resources, the ingenuity, and the perseverance of his ancestors accomplished even in those days of remote antiquity; he will learn that, upon the suggestion of a well-intentioned and amiable prince, at the bidding of an enterprising and determined people, animated by feelings of honest enthusiasm and of magnificent rivalry, the creative armies of the nation dauntlessly challenged all the empires of the earth to a bloodless contest, in which victory would confer wealth and honor, though defeat would be unattended either by discomfiture or ruin.

He will not be slow to perceive that, with one universal acclamation, one glad shout of generous eagerness, the friendly defiance was accepted, and the war of industry commenced. From that hour new energy appeared to have been infused into the mines, the laboratories, the forges, the looms, and the workshops of the world. In the most inaccessible quarters of Thibet and the wild regions of Oregon, as well as in Canada, the Brazils, Arabia, Russia, and China, a spirit of indomitable determination was everywhere evoked, and the denizens of each realm, far distant as well as those of the contiguous European States, pledged themselves to engage unconditionally in an honorable strife, where there was no foe to be vanquished, no adverse principle to be overthrown.

All having resolved to despatch their several detachments to the encounter, it next became matter of paramount importance to select an appropriate battle field.

Various localities were proposed, an infinite variety of regulations suggested, together with a multitude of restrictions to be enforced. After many an animated discussion, much long and eager debate, those to whom the deliberation upon these momentous preliminaries was intrusted announced the place of tourney and the order of the lists.

No existing edifice in those days was there in

England calculated to contain even a small proportion of the combatants, or of the innumerable spectators who would flock to the gorgeous arena. It became, therefore, primarily necessary that a structure calculated to shield all from the inclemencies of a northern summer should be devised and erected. Premiums were offered for the best design, and, in a short time, no less than 240 were proffered. One hundred and eighty of these were rejected, while from the remaining sixty it was considered that useful suggestions could be drawn. For, in consequence of the low state of architectural knowledge, it was not to be supposed that any one professor of the constructive art should possess the skill required to plan so gigantic and unprecedented a work.

The Committee previously nominated, and composed of the three greatest engineers and the three ablest architects then to be found in the dominions of the Queen of England, availing themselves of the hints severally contained in the threescore plans before them, proceeded to remodel and combine all that they deemed valuable in each, in order to devise one as nearly faultless as the materials at their disposal and their own attainments enabled them to produce.

Suffice it to observe that the result, though unsatisfactory, denoted great deliberation and care. The combined skill of the nation recommended that in an open place, then termed the Park of Hyde, between the row denominated Rotten, and a road leading to the suburb of Kensington, in the diocese of the newly-created Bishop of Westminster, a building should be raised, compounded with solidity of stone, mortar, and brick. It was to have been formed in three separate divisions, connected with side branches, the roof supported by iron columnar water-pipes, and having in its center a dome, larger than any ever yet seen beneath the vault of heaven. The lateral walls were to have been low; but eight venerable elm trees growing upon the selected area were to be permitted to remain under the cupola, in respect to a strong popular prejudice assigning particular virtues to these aged vegetables, and in compliance with the whim of a great mobrator of that period, of the name of Sibthorp,

whom the Government were obliged to conciliate.

Simultaneously with the publication of the intentions of the Committee, a storm of disapprobation throughout the length and breadth of the land, was observed to be gathering. At length it burst, and the fulminant of Printing-house-square was not slow in illuminating the dark horizon with the coruscations of its impotent disregarded ire. Imitated by the still feebler exponents of public opinion, innumerable were the invectives and incessant the denunciations hurled at the heads of the originators of the great project. The diurnal and weekly press of that era, indeed, may be referred to with interest by those who imagined that those organs of power really possess the omnipotence so frequently ascribed to them. The dire prophecies with which they teemed, the miseries they predicted, the rueful consequences they announced, never existed but in the occiputs of the timid and imaginative writers who penned them; it would, therefore, be still more idle to cite them here. London, however, for a time was startled from its dingy propriety. Aristocratic Marylebone, stately Westminster, and heterogeneous Pimlico abounded in meetings only remarkable for the unanimity with which they stigmatized, as pernicious and destructive, the very undertaking they afterwards hailed with the most unqualified acclamation as a welcome boon.

Wisely disregarding the unmeaning censure or the needless laudation of the world, the Royal Commissioners complacently proceeded to give a corporeal existence to the combined emanations of so many brains whose services had been taxed in their behalf. At this particular juncture, when the final edict had gone forth that was to give active employment for months to numberless brickyards, quarries, and limekilns, a brief communication was made to the Executive, the work was suddenly stayed, and the hopes thus raised were in a moment and for ever frustrated. The communication in question proceeded from one Joseph Paxton, gardener to Dr. Cavendish, the then Duke of Devonshire. It appeared that the said Joseph Paxton had, for a long series of years, been practically engaged in the formation of habitations of iron and glass for tropical plants. His ferrovitreous experience, therefore, enabled him, with comparatively little deliberation, to furnish working-plans and specifications, superior in every respect to the combination already agreed upon. It was consequently determined that iron, glass and deal, alone, should be the component materials of the temporary edifice intended to encase specimens of almost every natural and artificial production of the globe.

In a period of time, incredibly brief, there accordingly arose in air, a stupendous monument of human ingenuity, perseverance, and skill. Light, translucent, symmetrical, and substantial, harmonious in proportion, elegant in design—it challenged and defied alike the criticism of the astounded world.

Never before had anything resembling it been beheld, either in material, form, or extent. Covering an expanse of eighteen acres, and comprising some six-and-twenty miles of gallery, it appeared at first impossible that it should ever be adequately filled.

Yet the efforts of the ingenious contriver to combine every requisite did not terminate with the mere delineation of the external shell. The novelty and magnitude of the task imposed new and arduous duties on the projector. Machines, for instance, were introduced to abridge the enormity of the manual labor requisite to produce and to paint two hundred and five miles of sash-bar; other mechanical appliances sawed, planed, morticed, drilled, turned and glazed, but still more than two thousand artificers of all denominations were actively, though silently, engaged over every portion of the wide expanse.

The building consisted of a nave 64 feet high and 72 feet in width, with a series of side aisles, six 24 feet, and two 45 feet wide, of the respective heights of 28 and 43 feet; the whole spreading to 436 feet, the entire length being 1,851 feet. In the center of this long line of frontage, a transept 100 feet high, 408 feet long, and 72 feet wide, was seen. The whole was supported upon 1,060 hollow columns, serving at the same time as conduits for rain water. 900,000 feet of glass, weighing 400 tons, were employed to glaze the various sashes; the total cubic contents they spanned being 33,000,000 feet.

Every contingency that prudence could foresee was provided against. The drainage, ventilation, means for moderating the intensity of the light, were duly attended to. The flooring was laid with interstices between each plank, allowing the dust and water used in cleansing them, to pass through and disappear. It is needless to enter here into all the minuter details of construction; suffice it, therefore, to institute a brief comparison on some points, between the great glass hive of the Exhibition, and an edifice of which most of our readers have some cognizance. The main avenue already described, was in width nearly double that of the nave of St. Paul's, and in length more than four times as great. Thirty-five years were spent in raising the cathedral; the building in Hyde Park sprang into existence in less than half as many weeks! The walls of the

former pile were fourteen feet thick; those of the latter eight inches. Notwithstanding the rapidity of construction, so accurate was the workmanship, and so careful the supervision, that not a single crooked or faulty line was discoverable in the whole.

When the labors of those whose thews and sinews reared the giant fabric had ceased, a new and unexpected cause of dissension arose. Various schemes for its internal and external decoration were handed in. Some were for imparting to the whole of the interior an uniform hue of palish ocre, while they maintained that the outer surface should either be clothed in that shade of brilliant green peculiarly reverenced by the pious Mussulman, or else in the more sombre and less attractive dun that gives such delight to the eye of the enraptured Quaker.

On mature deliberation, it was determined not to favor the predilections of either sect, lest offense should have been unintentionally given to other and equally estimable denominations of religionists. After long and vehement debate, and when all, or nearly all, that could have been said or written upon the subject, had been reiterated *ad nauseam*, the ruling committee placed the matter in the hands of Mr. Owen Jones, a gentleman whose vocation, studies and pursuits eminently qualified him for the duty assigned to him. He at once determined upon the course he intended to adopt; and if unfettered by absurd restrictions and ignorant suggestions, better still would it have been for the success of his undertaking. As it was, the course he pursued was a safe one, because the rules that guided him were theoretically true, and from the earliest antiquity had been followed with signal success.

The thousand and odd columns within, together with all the infinite reticulation and tracery they upheld, were painted, where near the spectator, in cool, pleasing, and unobtrusive colors, so disposed that, as the masses accumulated in the interminable vistas receding from the eye, the effect at a distance was to produce a grey neutral tone harmonizing with all the gorgeous profusion of glowing colors below and around. Circumstances already briefly alluded to reduced the period allowed for preparation to a very limited space. As the labors of the Commissioners and the exertions of contractors became daily more onerous and overwhelming, so proportionably became the demands of the artizan more unfortunate, and his demeanor more independent. Here, as in the generality of similar cases, self-interest prompted a course of action that justice or honesty could hardly have approved. For-

tunately for those more immediately concerned, as bands of discontented operatives struck and dispersed, others, in abundance, were found ready to supply their place, so that never even for an hour were the works suspended in consequence of the misconduct of the workmen. At length, about the end of March, 1851, the undertaking commenced in the previous September was rapidly approaching completion. All the main difficulties seemed to have been overcome. It was announced officially that the world would be admitted to its own museum on the morning of the 1st of May. Exhibitors labored day and night to terminate their preliminary arrangements. The moustachioed cabinetmaker of Paris, the bearded carpenter of Vienna, and the still more hirsute montjik from Petersburg, probably for the first time in the annals of history, were to be seen toiling side by side, beneath the same glazed canopy, each anxious to be foremost in the zeal and alacrity they displayed. About this time, however, new troubles and annoyances presented themselves to the minds of the harassed and over-worked Commissioners. It was found that, busy and rife as were the human operatives, above, below, and around, they were excelled in numbers and pertinacity by legions of rats and flights of sparrows, apparently strongly impressed with the conviction that the crystal vault was intended for their special comfort and delectation. To get rid of these troublesome and unexpected guests was no light nor easy task; and while operations for their discomfiture and expulsion were being planned and executed, fresh grievances appeared. Ere the first external coat of paint could be applied, or the panes of glass accidentally broken could be repaired, a London spring had set in with more than ordinary severity. For several weeks, almost without intermission, a leaden sky voided torrents of sooty rain on the new roof, as if to test to the uttermost its powers of resistance and the resources of its designer. Its frailty, from a variety of trivial causes, was soon rendered too apparent; but this mishap ceased in a great measure with the discovery of its origin. The greatest damage from the influx of water had been occasioned in one quarter by the malicious and dastardly act of a laborer, who had wilfully stopped up one of the rain-water drains, and thus flooded a considerable extent of the building below.

As the interval allowed for the termination of all the preparatory proceedings drew fast to a close, the numbers and activity of all engaged were proportionately augmented. At one period in April, indeed, there could not have been less than from nine to ten thousand men assiduously

engaged. Poised upon the light scaffolding aloft, hundreds of painters were noiselessly yet actively clothing alike the perpendicular and the horizontal frame-work of the building in a varied and cheerful garb. Towards the eastern extremity, stupendous pieces of mechanism, cast-iron beams, bright polished rods and wheels, and globes of burnished brass, drawn by many horses, were borne along on wagons and trucks to the resting-place prepared for them, where deep broad beds of concrete awaited their ponderous approach. By similar agencies, hydraulic presses of unexampled magnitude, pumps upon novel principles and of marvelous proportions, brewing machines, organs, colossal statues, enormous bells, monster telescopes, locomotive-engines of matchless speed, were in process of conveyance from point to point, amid the shouts of men, the din of hammers, and the clangor of metal. Yet, from the midst of all this clamor, bustle, and chaos, here and there magnificence and beauty were bursting their cements and emerging into light. Towering forms were daily seen to peer with majestic composure upon the turmoil below, as if proud of their own existence and of the imposing circumstance and character of their appearance. At length the preparatory labor began to diminish, the task assigned to each individual committee or sub-committee was accomplished—in some cases indifferently, in others happily and satisfactorily.

Such might be the history of the great event in language such as he may employ whose duty it may be to comment upon it after the long lapse of centuries.

Let us now hasten back on the lapse of centuries, and inspect the result with the eyes of men of our own day.

The long and anxiously anticipated 1st of May has arrived! A vast *cortège*, composed of well-appointed and costly equipages, has suddenly supplanted the unwieldy chain of wagons, trucks and carts that, for weeks past, have all but rendered impassable the avenues and roads leading to the Park. Tens of thousands of spectators, eager to witness the cavalcade, converge in dusky lines athwart the green plain and along the gravel-roads. Entering, with the privileged and aristocratic, as the portals are opened on the above momentous day at the central southern gateway, our readers will, in imagination, behold before them a lofty fountain,

“ Chasing the sultriness of the day,
As, springing high, the silvery dew
In whirr fantastically flew,
And flung luxurios coolness round
The air, and freshness o'er the ground.”

They may now turn either to the right, and in-

spect the gorgeous contributions of India, or to the more quaint, curious, but not less ingenious devies from the Celestial Empire, lavishly displayed upon the left. Among the former are included magnificent shawls from Cashmir, Persia, and Nepaul, brilliant in colour, intricate in design, yet with every tint so harmoniously arranged and artistically contrasted that they may well long be dwelt upon with admiration and wonder. Here, too, are specimens of goldsmiths' work that would put to shame, for lightness and delicacy of execution, any of the vaunted jewelry of Europe—gems that must excite the astonishment and curiosity of many beholders.

From China the textile tissues of silk, the embroidery, the elaborate and exquisite carvings in ivory, in wood, and in coral, the natural and artificial productions in infinite variety, have been liberally supplied.

Further on, we pause for a while before the shelves and walls adorned with the productions of Greece and the Levant; and it must certainly be admitted that the subjects of the Sultan, though in some respects avowedly far behind the rest of the world, are in other manufactures infinitely beyond them. Italy, Spain and Portugal demand no mean share of our attention, next arrested by Belgium as we pass by the precincts of the southern to those of the north ern States Flanders, as Tristram Shandy terms it, “the old prize-fighting stage” of Europe, at first sight seems to have presented articles that speak more of the doings of war than of commerce and peace; but her contributions and those of the northern continent of Europe are altogether eclipsed by the magnificence, richness, and variety of our neighbors the French.

The most beautiful porcelain of Sevres, the costliest tapestry of the Gobelins, the most marvelous carpets from the looms of Aubusson, Parisian cabinet-work, marqueterie, bronzes, and bijouterie, together with the velvets and silks of Lyons, unsurpassed in the world, are crowded here. Even the very fittings on which these treasures are displayed themselves merit more than a passing glance ere we proceed to criticise the more solid productions of Holland. Conspicuous among these we find a silvery-toned chime of bells, candelabra, vases, goblets remarkable for the taste with which they have been moulded and adorned; though in this hasty tour we must leave the minute consideration of them to enter the suite of spacious rooms fitted up with furniture from Vienna; sideboards, tables bookcases, fauteuils covered with a profusion of carving, so exquisitely wrought that it may be questioned whether Grinling Gibbon himself be

not here excelled—trophies of ponderous arms, foliage so light that it seems almost to float upon the air, heaps of autumnal fruit, bouquets of summer flowers, only needing their appropriate color to deceive the most practiced eye.

But stay. In close proximity to the vast octagonal hall inclosing the emblems of the industry of the Zollverein, her Majesty and the illustrious group in attendance upon her are offering the mute though eloquent tribute of their admiration to a colossal lion of bronze, a mighty emanation from the genius and foundry of Munich. Never before was the trueulent quadrupedal monarch represented so truthfully as here. Beneath the dusky hide, the giant bones here and there protrude, clothed though they be in other parts with a due proportion of brazen muscle and metallic sinew. The creature's head alone is a study. The half-furtive, half-ferocious expression of the eye and lip—the dauntless brow, with the shaggy mass of mane enveloping the cranium—the tremendous development of chest—the firm protraction of the mighty limbs—impart to the whole statue an air of reality and life that has rarely been approached before.

In immediate contiguity to this formidable monster is the representation of a young lady whose position not even the most courageous can envy. Evidently not deeply indebted to the milliner for her costume, or the saddler for her accoutrements, and mounted, *en cavalier*, upon a fiery steed, the dauntless damsel is preparing—not with a light whip to remove a fly from his arched neck, but—with comparative composure and determination, to transfix a tiger of no ordinary magnitude, whose intentions to breakfast upon her horse's shoulder are sufficiently apparent. It has never been our fate to witness a similar incident; it might therefore savor of presumption to criticise too minutely the daring effort either of the sculptor or of the dark equestrian. Most of our fair readers and riders, however determined their disposition or great the affection for their favorite, would, we opine, be inclined to abandon him to his fate if thus assailed, rather than enter upon so unequal a contest.

Russia has had assigned to her an extent of space proportionate to her territorial immensity and the performances of her sons indicate, on their part, indomitable perseverance, patience and ingenuity. Democratic America, in unnatural proximity to the possessions of the Czar, engages the beholder more from the utilitarian character than from the extraordinary beauty and taste displayed in her supplies, although she scarcely occupies her original superficial allotment.

It is stated that the Swiss have evinced the greatest amount of mechanical ingenuity and manual dexterity. There is a pen-holder from Geneva, of no more than ordinary dimensions, yet containing within its minute tubular concavity a train of watchwork, wound up by a little stud at the side, and showing not only the exact minute and hour, but the day of the week and month. A still more complicated piece of machinery is that contained in a musical-box in which an entire military band, admirably modelled and characterised by the most life-like movements, are seen performing numerous recent and difficult specimens of modern music. A golden pocket-book, adorned with exquisite miniature-paintings and landscapes, incloses, within a very narrow compass, a chronometer and a secret receptacle either for a treasured portrait or a cherished lock. The varieties, however, from the several Cantons are exceedingly numerous, and each beautiful of its kind. Many days might profitably be passed in studying these Helvetic works alone.

In the British portion of the edifice, are to be seen statues of every dimension; fountains even more imposing than those in Trafalgar square; models upon a grand scale of various public undertakings; an achromatic telescope elaborately mounted, with object glass twelve inches in diameter; an enormous dome cast in iron at Colebrook Dale; endless varieties of silken tissue of every hue and texture; dazzling arrays of the cutlery of Sheffield, from the heavy dragoon's trenchant-blade to the schoolboy's pocket-knife; a pair of resplendent shears, more than a cubit in length, with the bows and shank richly ornamented with a diversity of graceful patterns, all wrought out of the cold metal by the file alone, the blades being also elaborately chased by the graver's hand. The steam-engines, marine, bucolic, stationary and portable, the lathes, hydraulic presses, gas-generators, brewing machines, pumps, and agricultural implements, from their number and diversity, and the space that even a brief notice of them would occupy, we are compelled to pass without comment.

This great event will mark a new era in the history of mankind. One of the most immediate and probable of its effects is the cementation of the bonds of peace. In former times, or in another country, this remarkable demonstration could hardly have occurred. The ordinary difficulties and charges of traveling constituted of themselves, till lately, an insuperable impediment. The innumerable and impolitic restrictions, insecurity of property, and instability of government, would amount almost to a prohibition elsewhere even now. It will also be inter-

esting, in a philosophic point of view, to note the consequences upon the different ranks and denominations of men. The assemblage will be motely enough; their opinions, tenets, views, feelings, religions as varied as their complexions

and physiognomies, and characters. It will be hard, indeed, if some important end does not spring from the temporary yet peaceful collision into which they will be brought.

TRUE GREATNESS.

TRUE greatness is the offspring of real goodness. No man can be truly great without being really good. The one is inseparably connected with the other. As the moon is to the sun, so is greatness to goodness; each receives light and beauty from the other. That which is usually called greatness we think lightly of, because it is only an empty sound. It is generally associated with those good, but mis-used words, power, glory, and wealth. Princes, heroes, and capitalists, are its representatives; and the mean, the idle, and the sordid, are its worshipers. We do not deny that many belonging to these classes have possessed those elements of greatness which are beginning to be recognized and appreciated by society; but we may safely say, that the greater part of them have been strangers to them. How many who have sat on thrones, commanded armies, and possessed millions of money, have embodied in themselves every feature of vice and wickedness! Their deeds oppressed humanity, and their names are a blot on the page of history. Grecian, Roman, and even English history abounds with instances of the so-called great, whose lives were marked by the foulest crimes, and the filthiest conduct. They were a personification of evil, patterns of folly, vice, and crime; and their memories will be loathed by the latest posterity.

The standard by which men have usually been measured and pronounced great, is a false one, and we rejoice that it is rapidly coming into disuse. Men are beginning to be valued by their

mental and moral worth. The riches of the mind and the wealth of the heart are the principal elements in that greatness which we desire to see universal. The peasant in his cottage may possess more of true greatness than the monarch in his palace. Genius may inspire his mind, and virtue inflame his heart; nobility may be impressed on his brow, and beauty beam in his eye; the voice of praise may sound in his ear, and the pen of the historian record his works of faith, and labor of love; whilst his princely neighbor, whose only boast is of power, wealth and ancestry, is a plague-spot in creation. He can truly say, "I am creation's heir; the world—the world is mine!" This is not an imaginary picture; it is exemplified in the lives of many of our countrymen. It gives us peculiar pleasure to have to state, that there is also a large class of the noble and wealthy who are embodying in their lives the true and genuine principle of greatness. They value power and wealth only in proportion as it gives them the means of ministering to the happiness of the poor and the miserable. Royalty and nobility have condescended to associate with the peasant and the mechanic, and to patronize the humble efforts of the poor sons of Genius. These are delightful signs of the times, and they cannot be over-estimated; class-distinctions, titles and wealth, are all becoming insignificant, even in the eyes of those who are honored with them—in comparison with the noble dignity and excellence of religious virtue and intellect.

The Song of the Robin.

WRITTEN BY J. E. CARPENTER.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE LINLEY

1. O what sings the Robin, the bird of the poor, As he chirps and he flits round the
cot - ta - ger's door? As, gay and con-tent-ed, he ea - rols his lay, These,

This system contains two staves. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The bottom staff is in C major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The vocal line starts with eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords in the right hand and sixteenth-note patterns in the left hand. A dynamic marking 'p' is placed above the piano staff.

these are the words that his song seems to say: — I

This system continues the musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The bottom staff is in C major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The vocal line continues with eighth-note chords. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with eighth-note chords.

Rall.

In Tempo!

This system concludes the musical score. It features two staves. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and 6/8 time. The bottom staff is in C major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The vocal line ends with a melodic flourish. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking 'rall.' (rallentando) and a tempo instruction 'In Tempo!'.

THE SONG OF THE ROBIN.

en - vy no proud ones their eages of gold, My freedom's a jewel too prized to be sold, I'm

Ball.

humble, yet happy, tho' poor I am free! Then no gilded ea - ges, no prison for me. And

In Tempo.

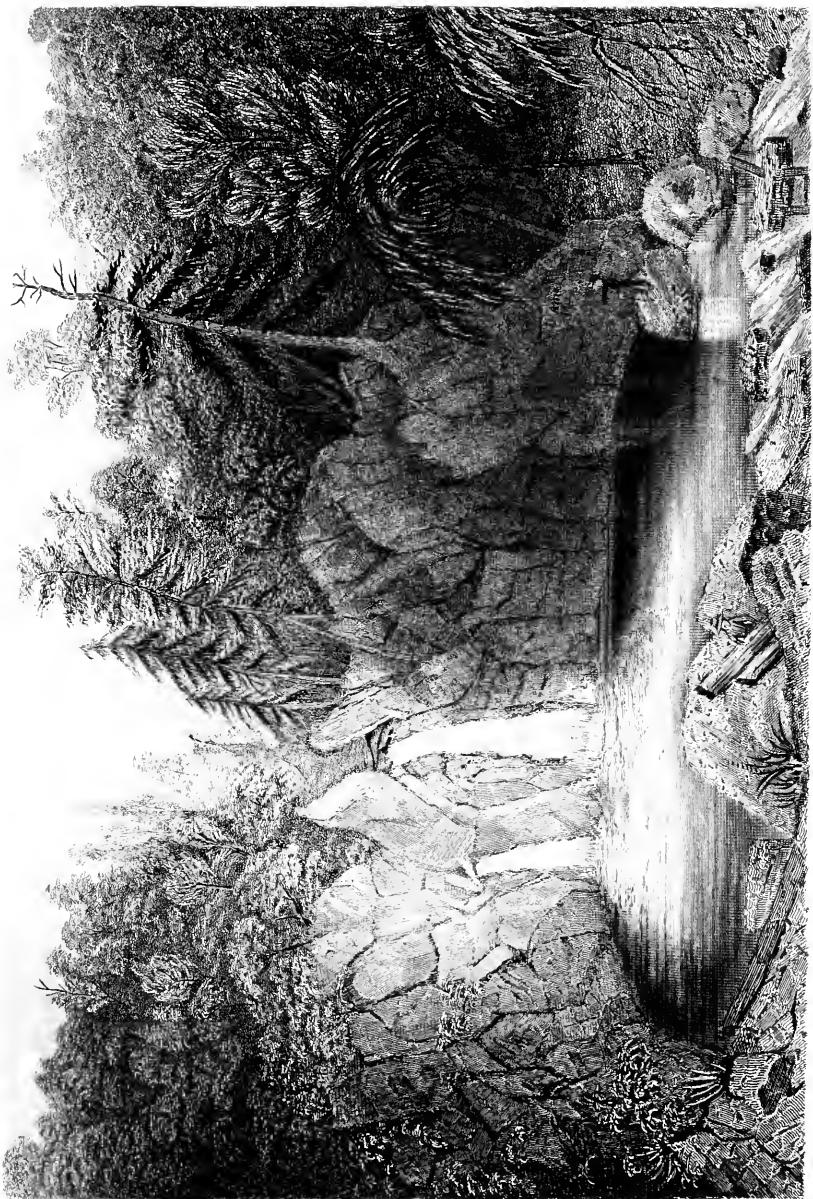
thus sings the Robin, the bird of the poor, As he ea - rols his song by the cotta-ger's door.

2.

The swallow in spring, builds his nest in the eaves,
But faithless his friendship, ere winter he leaves;
I'm true to my home, wheresoe'er it may be,
Then may not earth's proud ones take pattern by me?
I build not my nest on the tree-top or wall,
For the higher ambition, the lower the fall;
In winter and summer I'm always the same,
Not so with some bright-feathered birds I could name.
And thus sings the Robin, the bird of the poor,
As he carols his song by the cottager's door.

3.

Then should we not cherish the bird of our youth,
If not for his beauty, still more for his truth;
For his lessons of meekness and constancy blend
With feelings still dearer of home and content.
Then spurn not the humble : the Robin may teach
A moral to minds that no sermon can reach;
They bid us to cling, while hope points from above,
To the scenes of our youth, and the friends that we love
Oh ! long may the Robin, the bird of the poor,
Still earol his song by the cottager's door!



THE PURITANS JUDGED BY THEIR WRITINGS.

BY PROF. PORTER, YALE COLLEGE.

As history is ordinarily written, it is too often a laudatory declamation, setting forth the objects of its praise in high-sounding periods, and blackening the opposing party by as unqualified a condemnation. As we pass from the pens of the recorder for one party to the advocate of the other, we are embarrassed by our alternating confidence and distrust. Too often do we leave the question at issue entirely undecided, and perhaps adopt the principle never afterwards to give credit to any historian, whatsoever be his theme. It is true, the skillful student of the past can penetrate successfully through this over-lying mass of embarrassing materials, and can bring up from beneath the whole the simple truth. His practised eye can detect the stroke of the painter's pencil by which this beauty is heightened and that defect is concealed. He can distinguish between the extravagance of the desperate and determined adulator, and the warm-hearted fervor of the honest chronicler. Where testimony is contradictory, and strenuous and artful attempts are made to illuminate that which is dark, and to darken the bright, he may satisfy himself that he has indeed settled down upon the truth.

But the great mass of reading men, even of men well-informed, are not practised students of historic records. They have neither the requisite interest in the points at issue, nor have they the opportunities, the time or the patience, which are required for an independent weighing of opposing evidence. However honest may be their intentions, and however sincere their desire to know the simple truth, they are left almost entirely at the disposal of partisan historians and of partisan reviewers.

That historian who would gain a victory for truth by means which a noble mind need not scorn to employ, and a victory also which will be an enduring triumph, should present to his readers the men of past days, as they were when they lived, and suffer them to vindicate their own fame, and achieve their own victories over all those men who are honest enough to love the truth.

To apply these principles to the history of that

greatest strife of modern times, which shook all England, we need not refer to Neal and Calamy on the one side, and compare them with Clarendon and South on the other;—but opening the writings of the men who figured at the head of the contending parties, we fearlessly place Hooker and Cartwright, the one against the other. Let us set Milton and Baxter and Howe over against Hall and Taylor and South. We would not ask to record from the testimony of any of these men a single historic fact, but we would gather from the truths for which each contended, and the spirit which breathes in their writings, our final estimate of the claims of either to our highest regard. From themselves would we learn, which of the two had more of the truth in their understandings and more of its spirit in their hearts, and also which of the two parties deserve most highly the esteem of the present generation.

Let the characteristic merits and excellencies of each be compared, as they are here displayed, and let the claims of each to our highest favor be fairly adjusted. The best men on each side possessed their characteristic and peculiar excellencies, and they were attached to their own views, for what they deemed to be sufficient reasons and sound principles. These excellencies of character, these aims and principles, may and ought to be weighed in the balance against each other. It can be decided, which be of higher worth, the steadfast uprightness with which the one sought for the simple truth, and planted themselves firmly upon whatever they deemed to be an enduring principle, or the steadfast aim of the other, to bring matters of doctrine and discipline only so near the truth as might "stand with godly and christian wisdom;"—which bespeaks the nobler mind, to believe that such wisdom was to be exemplified by yielding to the inflexible decree of the occupant of the throne, or to cherish the strong confidence, that truth, by her innate energy, and with aid from heaven, could, if boldly supported, force her way in face of the arbitrary Henry, the splendid but despotic Elizabeth, and the vain-glorious James. It can be decided who are most to be honored for this

same "godly and christian wisdom," the men who against sight and hope committed their cause to Him who reigns in righteousness, and whose throne is girt about with truth, or they who deemed it the part of wise men to yield to the strong current of temporal authority, and to give place for a time to "spiritual wickedness in high places."

The wisdom of the Puritan leaders, in their practical judgments, of what they might yield, with a safe and even an enlightened conscience, is a point, in regard to which their opponents find it easiest to claim the preëminence for themselves. The impression is widely diffused, that they were certainly *deluded* men, even if we allow them to have been honest. With the homage of unfeigned admiration, have we read the address of the celebrated Hooker to the non-conformists of his day, contained in the Preface to his work upon Ecclesiastical Polity. We have asked ourselves again and again (with quite as much honest reverence for Hooker's wisdom and worth, as those who feel bound in conscience to become Episcopilians because Hooker and Taylor were great men),—Can it be that the man who, in these few pages, has given us such an amount of practical wisdom, condensed as it is in the most forcible maxims, could have erred in his judgment as to which course was that demanded by christian wisdom? We have easily answered the question of our own asking, by laying out of view the high and philosophic eloquence of the advocate, and looking at Hooker's argument. Side by side with his powerful sophistry—we call it sophistry, as it is the application of the wisest maxims to false hypotheses—we have placed the brief and simple argument of some quaint Puritan divine, and have felt that the latter, though of a homelier, was yet of a *wiser* mind. Hooker is not the first nor the last instance of a man of scholastic habits and much abstract wisdom, who has yet been greatly in fault in his judgment of practical questions. "I must acknowledge," says Coleridge, "with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little over-credited for his judgment."

We find it not at all difficult to decide who displayed the firmest heroism. They certainly will bear off the palm, whose sinews were as steel, and whose hearts were as iron in the contests with those who, though bold for the monarch whom they honored and the church they loved, yet because they relied on aid that was seen, could neither write nor battle as they did who had no reliance but in their own good cause and unseen God.

In loftiness of imagination, they stand surpassed

by none, and in the highest flights of enthusiastic ardor,—flights in which some indeed soared so high as to break the very pinions on which they were borne upward. What though Butler has attempted to present to the world the fervid workings of their ardent enthusiasm as the rank and fermenting mass of crazed and Quixotic fancies? What if Scott, though aiming to be more fair, has yet failed to be moved as a poet should have been, by the high ardor of their fervid spirit and the solemn fixedness of that faith which torture and death only provoked to a more steadfast sternness? We venture still to assert, that no class of men deserve more to be admired for the noble ideality of their aims and the sublime enthusiasm of their disinterested souls, than the non-conforming divines and warriors of the seventeenth century. Their boldness and their ardor led them into excess, but into such excess as can be charged to great natures alone. Its fire is the very stuff of which poetry is made, and impersonated as it was in the verse and the more poetic prose of Milton, it challenges a parallel to itself in the history of the world. What if our "amateur divines," and fastidious critics, blush for their Puritan parentage and descent, because they did not dwell in the haunts of the Muses and sip at the shallow springs which flow from the fountains of Helicon? We tell them what they ought to have felt for themselves, that the Puritans did not write, because they *acted* poems. Shame on the men, who are not "strongly attracted by the moral purity and greatness, and that sanctity of civil and religious duty, with which the tyranny of Charles the First was struggled against."

"Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject
Those unconforming ; whom one rigorous day
Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey
To poverty and grief, and disrespect,
And some to want—as if by tempest wrecked
On a wild coast ; how destitute ! did they
Feel not that conscience never can betray,
That peace of mind is virtue's sure effect ?
Their altars they forego, their homes ; they quit
Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,
And cast the future upon Providence ;
As men the dictate of whose inward sense
Outweighs the world ; whom self-deceiving wit
Lures not from what they deem the cause of God."

We wish also that with respect to the faults of the two parties, a comparison might be instituted, and that the question might be decided whether the party opposed to the Puritans were not as deeply tinctured with those very faults which are charged to the Puritans alone, and for which they are so generally cast out to reproach. Were they excessively scrupulous? Did they

attach an undue importance to matters of trivial consequence? Doubtless they did. But let it be remembered, that the times were times of excessive scrupulosity, and that the two opposing parties in polities and religion ought alike to receive this charge from those men of the present day who seem to understand the motives and conduct of neither. They were scrupulous for the same reason that the courtier is so nice in matters of etiquette, and the duellist so precise in applying the law of honor, because they deemed it of importance to uphold or withstand great principles even in things which otherwise had been but trifles indeed. The Puritans are laughed at for their scruples about the square cap and the surplice. It is forgotten, that they did not regard the cap and the surplice as in themselves of consequence, but in the times in which they lived, and knowing well the influence of such things over the people, they refused them, as relics of popery; and it is for no man to condemn them, who cannot go back into those times, and understand whether they were trifles *then* or not. When conformity was pressed upon them, on their allegiance to their sovereign and the rulers of the church, they resisted upon *another principle*, which concerned no less a matter than the freedom which should be claimed by a man and a Christian. They scrupled about "the habits" as Hampden did about the ship money, and upon the same principles which roused the spirit of our fathers against the stamp act. Let it be allowed, that they were too scrupulous in withholding conformity in regard to trifles. Elizabeth and Whitgift were equally so in enforcing conformity in matters so trivial, with this difference, that if the queen, with the arch-bishop, led the way by making such terrible demonstrations of her over nice fancy, it was hardly to be expected but that her subjects should be strenuous even in small matters, to assert to themselves the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But the Puritans were certainly more narrow-minded than the defenders of the church. So far from this,—as these men appear to us in their writings, they were possessed of a larger liberality in their views, and a loftier elevation in their sentiments, than were their opponents. Both, it is true, erred in a too narrow and forced interpretation of the Scriptures, especially in relation to the points at issue in their controversy. The Puritans may in this respect have erred more frequently and more fantastically than the writers of the other party. But we count it the error of the nobler sort, to interpret the prophets and the apostles a little too strictly, than first to exalt the fathers to an authority almost divine, and

then to subject them to a constrained interpretation. An inherent vitiosity in the principles of the defenders of the church, and a tame cringing to usurped authority, under the fair aspect of the reverence and honor due to God's vicegerents, could not but be seen in the contracting influence which it exerted over the noblest minds. No dignity or beauty of style, no general elevation of philosophic eloquence, can secure even the noblest men who defended the church against the non-conformists, from the charge of being essentially narrow in their principles and illiberal in their feelings towards those who differed from them. This gives a dark shade to the otherwise luminous pages of the noble Hooker. This gives to the wonderful Taylor the appearance of doting superstition, in what he says of the fathers and the church, which the golden tissue of his lengthened periods and the sweet music of his heavenly aspirations can never wipe away. Who can contrast the fervent affection and the deep reverence with which some of the non conformist writers speak of their dear mother the church of England, and the general respect with which her character and fame is treated by them all, with the excommunicatory fury with which the gentle Taylor always speaks of the non-conformists, and the biting sarcasm with which they are transfixed by the witty South, and not decide at once who possessed the nobler and more liberal souls?

We are not careful to assert the claims of the Puritans to the highest literary merit. As we have already intimated, they had a higher calling than that of merely literary cultivation. They furnished the materials for literature in their own fervid souls and in the stern conflicts which they sustained. They could not stay to mould and make them permanent, by polished care, and elaborate workman-hip. And yet to their claims to literary merit, but recently, the greatest injustice has been done by the body of English critics. We admit that a greater number of writers of an inferior grade, belonging to the Puritan party, have survived till the present time, than can be named upon the other side. Writers of every grade were probably ten or a hundred fold more numerous from among the Puritans than from among their opponents in the excitements of the passing contests. Many of them are homely and fantastical enough, in point of language and of thought, and so doubtless, with a few splendid exceptions, were the mass of the devotional and controversial writers upon the opposite side.

There are also splendid names in literature from among the Puritans. There is Milton, and Vane, and Andrew Marvel, and Baxter, and Bates, and Bunyan, and Howe. There may be

those who profess to be critical in matters of this nature, who are so entranced with the substantial strength of the judicious Hooker, that they can find no merit in the surpassing sublimity of the noble Howe. There may be others who, while they delight in the brilliant acuteness of the witty South, have no high meed of praise to render to the fiery directness and the unrivalled simplicity

of one Richard Baxter, or who wander with delight through the endless mazes of Taylor's accumulated richness, but who have neither eye nor ear nor soul, to be moved by the surprising imagery of Bunyan. There may be such critics. We wish them sounder principles and a more catholic taste.

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

BY MARGARET JUNKIN.

The fervid summer day drew near its close,
And on the eastern slopes of Olivet
Cool shadows deepened, while the sunshine lay
Still bright upon its summit. Faint and slow,
With weary step and garments travel-stained,
Trod Jesus, followed by his lowly train,
The streets of olive-shaded Bethany.

He had been often there. When all the day,
From the first gleam of morning on the heights
Of Mount Moriah, till the western hills
Were dim with twilight, he had stood and taught
Within the temple-porches,—he would go,
When all had left him for their homes, and seek
Rest for *his* homeless head in Bethany.
And when returned from far Gennesaret,
Or through the Gallilean villages
That had received him not,—most sorrowful
And sad of brow,—how often had he there
Experienced such welcome as revived
His sinking spirit, quick to every touch
Of sympathetic love! For never yet
Breathed there humanities so exquisite,
Or sympathies so yearning, or a depth
Of tenderness so fathomless, as throbbed
Within the Saviour's perfect, human soul!

And, most remembered visit—he had come
In answer to the sisters' sweet appeal,
And at the sepulchre of Lazarus
Their tears had flowed together. Holy tears!
The strongest cement that hath ever joined
Heart unto heart in sacred union, such
As fiery trials fail to disunite,

Or freezing circumstance of time and change
In vain would snap,—or oversweeping waves
Of intervening anguish ebb and leave
Indissoluble still,—are the sweet tears
Shed with us in our sorrows! And if dear
Had been the Saviour's friendship to their souls
In their calm happiness, how more intense
Their sense of his affection when they saw
Him weeping for them! Not such touching proof
Was the high exercise of Godhead's power,
That bade their brother from the grave come
forth,
And turned their grief to sudden ecstasy,
As these few, blessed tears.

And now, once more,
Christ and the twelve seek rest at Bethany.
Never had Martha opened yet her door
To him so joyfully; for Lazarus,
Who, when he last had come, lay a swathed
corpse,
Was now the first to greet him, with a smile
So angel-like on his adoring lips,
That to the sister's fond belief he seemed
Too holy for the old, familiar love
They lavished once upon him.

Martha flew
To testify her eager gratitude
By busy ministrations to the worn
And wearied Saviour. She was not content
Only to lave his brow and bathe his feet,
And bring reviving wine and simple food,
As Mary did, and then like Mary sit

Absorbed,—unwilling that an earthly care
Should rob her of instruction so divine;
But with a nature lesser spiritualized,
And with mistaken yet most earnest zeal,
She sought to gratify with sick repast
His outward sense whose meat and drink it was
To do his Father's will.

With restless hand
And rapid step and a flushed countenance,
She urged the preparations,—passing oft
In her quick movements to and fro, where sat
The loving Mary with her radiant faee,
In its meek reverencee so beautiful,
Lifted to Jesus, and her lips apart
In rapt attention, and her sweet, soft eyes,
Softer and sweeter for their haze of tears.

Chafed by her self-imposed and burdening care,
And by the mute reproach of Mary's brow,
So calmly earnest,—and the confident thought,
That only thus could honor due be shown
To such a guest,—she broke with sudden heat

Upon his teachings:—“Master, car'st thou not
My sister leaveth me to serve alone?
Bid her that she do help me!”

The rude word

Startled the listening Mary from her tranee;
The raised lids fell, and the light veil of mist
That dimmed the azure eyes, became a shower
Of falling tears.—And had she then indeed,
While her own soul had fed on angels' food,
Been too unmindful of the Master's need?
But when she heard his meekly milk rebuke—
His “*Martha—Martha*”—breathed in tones of
such

Impressive iteration,—when she felt
His hand laid gently on her low-bowed head
And caught his dear approval,—“Mary hath
Chosen that better part which never shall
Be taken from her,”—all her doubts removed;
Her tears grew bright beneath the bursting flood
Of full, soul-sunlight, and the promise stood,
A rainbow in the heaven of her eye!

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY REV. HENRY M. FIELD.

I LOVE to spend the hour of twilight among tombs. The interval between day and night is like the period of transition between life and death. Our thoughts glide insensibly from one into the other.

The shadows of evening deepen as we enter under the arches of the old Abbey of Westminster. Now I am among the dead. My own footfall on the pavements startles me like a sound from the sepulchre. I steal along the aisles with a cautious step, lest I should wake the sleepers underneath. Here are England's dead. Here lie Kings and Queens, all silent in their royal House of Death, with their hands folded on their breasts. What tales of history come back, as I pause before the tombs, and hear the guide say, “Elizabeth?” “Mary, Queen of Scots.” What are they all now? Dust, dust, that would be offensive to the sense, but for the crumbling stone which covers them.

The coronetless race of dukes, and earls and knights, that are entombed here, I pass by. But now come different names,—Isaac Newton and John Milton. The tombstones of Fox and Pitt and Sheridan are imbedded in the pavement of the church, so that we literally walk over the graves of these men whose renown once filled the earth. The epitaphs are generally in a strain of fulsome eulogy. But there are a few which are simple and beautiful:—“O rare Ben Johnson.”* “Warren Hastings—*Mens aqua in arduis*.” The monument of Shakspeare is a statue of the poet, resting his head on his right hand, and pointing with his left to a scroll, which bears his own lines:—

“The cloud-capt tower, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.”

*Notes of a Late Traveler.

THE WO-PROPHET OF JERUSALEM.

A SACRED SKETCH.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

"A VOICE from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds, a voice against Jerusalem and the holy house, a voice against the bridegrooms and the brides, and a voice against the whole people."

Through all the lanes of Jerusalem, by day and by night, unceasingly, went out that wild and fearful denunciation. With an awful and prophetic sound it struck upon the hearts of the inhabitants. Peace and prosperity reigned throughout the city; yet did that terrible cry ring through its extent—ring, ring, ring, at every gate, in every narrow street, from every side—even as in the bright afternoon the dark shadow prognosticates the coming of night!

The denunciator was a man singular of aspect and of tone. His uncovered hair was long and stiff and black, streaked with white, hanging in disorder over his broad pale brows, shaggy and lowering. His eyes were dark and sunken, and so unnaturally bright and so wildly melancholy that none met their glance without a shudder; his cheeks were sallow and hollow; his form was short and gaunt. Ever and ever for months and years his deep, unearthly voice rang out, filled with that terrible burden.

He went not into any house—he spoke not to any living creature. They took him and cruelly scourged him—they lashed him till the white bones gleamed out from the bloody flesh!—he had but one reply to their torture of the whip—

"Wo—wo to Jerusalem!"

Some gave food to the fanatic; and his burning eyes filled them with terror as they did so; but he gave them no thanks—he took the meat from their extended hands and turned from them, screaming with his wild lips—

"Wo—wo to Jerusalem!"

Some beat him and stoned him and spit upon him—but he gave back no reproaches; still the same mournful, thrilling, unearthly cry of—

"Wo—wo to Jerusalem!"

And while he still uttered his melancholy prophecy, the wo did indeed come upon the holy

city. Even while they scoffed at him and bruised him, their hearts were made to quake and tremble beneath the gleam of the fiery sword burning in the heavens above—to shudder at the red eyes of the comet looking down upon their doom—to turn faint-hearted at the silent opening of the great gate of the Temple.

Ay! the desolation and the wo came upon them!—in horrors and terrors it came upon them. The air was wild with the moans and groans, the shrieks and the wailing of sufferers—it was dark and polluted with the effluvia of festering corses—sharp with the rattle and clash of arms. It was a desolation such as never before came upon a city—a wo so long protracted and so full of agonies! Famished men strove to lift their swords, and failing for want of strength, fell upon them and died; and the last sound in their ears was—

"Wo—wo—wo!"

Rising above the howl of ravenous dogs, that startling cry would reach the ear of the hapless maiden perishing for want of food, and as her dim eyes closed in death, that sound would recall her wandering soul to a thought of the happiness and the pride that was hers when first that lament chilled her blood, as she leaned her young hand on the bosom of a lover now rotting by the city walls. In the silent midnight, with the windows darkened to conceal to those without the light in the beautiful apartment, a mother would take the dagger, all the gems in the handle of which would not buy her a meal, and without a quiver of the shrunken hand, once so delicate and soft, plunge it in the throat of the infant wailing in her arms. Then, as she laid the flesh of her own flesh on the golden dish and tore it with her maddened teeth, the scream of the man filled with this divine fury smote upon her reckless ear—

"Wo—wo to Jerusalem!"

And after the warning voice was stilled, the desolation went on towards the completion. It came upon the daughters of Jerusalem and upon

her sons—it came upon the streets and the palaces and the gardens—it came upon the Temple!

IT CAME UPON THE TEMPLE! and ah! what a ruin was that—what a wo was that! What a mighty affliction! What a scene was that when the Temple was destroyed! Fire-surfing, shuddering waves of fire, rolling and seething—up, around, above, about, over, the magnificent building! Fire over the cloisters—around the pillars—over the glittering golden front—within the sanctuary—above the tiles!—fire! fire!—red, angry, darting, fierce, irresistible fire!—tongues of fire licking up the shining melted gold—hands of fire tearing down the polished marble—streams of fire flowing over the roof—tigers of fire springing up to the pinnacle!—a hill of fire—an ocean of fire—an ocean of fire and blood!

What a clamor was that! what a lamentation—what a tumult—what a dire distress—what an overthrow!

That was indeed the madness of tumult. Where ever before upon earth mingled such a sea of sounds? The shouts of the Roman myriads—the wailing, the shrieking of the despairing populace—the sharp groans of the wounded—the awful curses of anger—the terrible outcry of all passions—the moans of all suffering—the clangor of arms—the crash of falling walls—the fearful shrieks of the hundreds perishing in the flames!—all these sounds, and innumerable many more, mingled and blest with the one awful, surging,

maddening roar of the conflagration! The mountains near about echoed back the loud confusion of sounds, like deep, denouncing thunders! The air was rent to pieces! up, up from the fated city rolled the wild clamor to the skies, groaning to the God of Heaven its burden of—

Wo! wo! wo to Jerusalem!

The forebodings which shadowed the solemn minds of the prophets had become reality; the destiny of the holy city, foretold and forefelt, was fulfilled. When Christ mourned for Jerusalem, there was a mournful radiance over all its streets and palaces, a glitter over all its fountains, the beautiful dome was hovering in a golden cloud about it, ready to swoop from its crimson and purple-pillared resting-place, to dwell for ever in the holy city and the temple. But none of the million hearts below yearned for it or beckoned it down from its high abode of sunset magnificence, and it flew away for ever from that spot, through the falling of the twilight gloom. It flew away for ever, and went to the lonely mountains, the dark caverns, the fearful arenas, the torturing stakes, the damp prisons where Christians suffered and triumphed. It sweetened the rays stealing up from secret caves; it beautified each solemn meeting of the faithful with its radiance. Its rich song gladdened men's hearts to rapture as they knelt in prayer—soothed the widow's sorrow and the maiden's tears, and led a persecuted band to glory. Beautiful and blessed dome!

EVENING NEAR A GREAT CITY.

In a sweet summer's eve, when the sun was declining,
I stray'd forth alone through the grass-cover'd fields;
Though my spirit was sad, yet it felt no repining;
'Twas only the musing which solitude yields.

Overcome by the spell that was breathing through nature,
I calmly sat down t' inhale its repose;
At my side grew an oak of magnificent stature,
And round me there bloom'd the wild thorn and the rose.

What a picture of peace in the quiet feeding cattle!
How soft and subdued is the song of the lark!
Scarce a word can be heard of the boys' wearied prattle,
As homeward they wend ere the falling of dark.

But far off to the east, with its smoke-cloud o'erhanging,
The city has stretch'd, as if silent in death;
Surely there is a lesson that needs no haranguing—
It weighs on the soul till it stifles the breath,

There the thousands of men from all countries assemble,
To toil for a pittance, to grasp after gain:
Life is urged to a speed that may well make us tremble—
The hotbed of passion, and sorrow, and pain.

Ah! 'tis easy for those who are villa-lodged magnates
To talk of the beauty and wealth of the town;
But 'tis there the deep cesspool of misery stagnates,
And all the worst seeds of corruption are grown.

If we knew the sad tale of the spirits who languish,
While toiling like slaves in you close huddled cells,
It would wring from the heart an expression of anguish—
Great towns are a curse; they are prisons and hells.

Lord! have mercy on man; he is wretchedly dying;
Send light from above; let him breathe thy free grace;
Christian, run to the bed where thy brother is lying,
What joy might be feel in thy loving embrace!

"MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES."

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

As I glanced over the paper of the day, my eye fell upon the paragraph, "Died, deeply regretted, Mrs. ——, the wife of the Honorable

Death happeneth to all; and the announcement of the death of one numbered among our dearer friends seldom stirs the deeper fountains of feeling. Strange and sorrowful is it, too, to find that the ties of friendship are so slight, that we feel so little when the rude hand of death disperses them. A passing sigh, a transient sadness, is the costliest tribute paid to those who have been truly loved, to whom our souls were once bound; and the burst of a deeper feeling would bring the charge of a sickly sentiment, or of an ostentatious display, to which a plain, practical business man would not be apt to expose himself.

Why, then, did such a deep emotion oppress and almost overpower me as I read the announcement above—the slight notice of the passing away of one scarcely known for the last twenty years—of one who had never recognized any other relation than that of a passing acquaintanceship between us? Yet well might I ponder an event which recalled the memory of her who had exerted, albeit however unconsciously, an influence all-powerful upon my character and upon my destiny. Did she, who had now passed away from earth, ever suspect how much she had been to me? Could she have known what hours of bitter agony, what months of conflict and suffering, what years of toil and trial she had inflicted upon me?

Did she ever imagine how many were the obligations she had laid upon me? Could she estimate the deep debt of gratitude I owed one, whose influence had raised me above the grossness of sense, the pursuits of the mere worldling, or, perchance, from a deeper degradation, into the purer atmosphere of refinement, of taste, of intellectual enjoyment, until I attained the higher elevation of the Christian hope and faith?

No; she who had now entered another sphere, surely, while she sojourned here, had never known that her influence had moulded my character and decided my destiny. She had never, in all rea-

son, dreamed that she influenced my lot for weal or woe. How could she have even imagined all she had been to me, all she had wrought for me? Her orbit had crossed my path; but her sphere was distinct, apart, separate from mine. Her love had blessed another man; she had shed the light of her virtue around his dwelling; her children had been taken to his arms. Not mine had been the privilege of witnessing the constant flow of all the graces in her daily life—not mine the sad blessedness of ministering to her in her hours of languor, of disease, of decay, of supporting her in the last parting agony.

By all the presumption of common usage, by all the meaning of common observation, I had no rights, no claims—I was nothing to her; and she, what was she to me? what was her death to me—to me, to whom she had been dead for these twenty years? It did not affect me personally; if it darkened my hours, it cast no shadow over my dwelling; it did not affect my business, my prospects; it did not change the employments of an hour. It was only one of the many voices, faint, unheeded, proclaiming the great law, Death hath passed upon all, for all have sinned. And yet I had an interest in her; and there were the ties which bound me to her—strong though invisible; and of the many who wept and bewailed her, I, perhaps, loved her most of all. Yet my obligations to her arose not from what she was to me, but from what she was in herself; and I must say what I was, before I can tell all that she became to me, and what she made me.

I had never known the refinements, the luxuries of life; and to attain an education, and a legal profession, I had foregone its necessities. I was finishing my law course in the office of Judge S——, a man of high standing and legal attainment. I recall myself as I then was, with a strong will, an energetic purpose, a full consciousness of mental power, a proud self-reliance, and a determination to force myself to that favorable spot upon the strand of fortune where the tide should be sure to find me, and taking me up, lead me onward to fame, and wealth, and honor. Those who, having passed their earlier days in

bondage, and penury, and ignorance, after placed in circumstances favorable to their intellectual progress, often make a rapid improvement. Many such there are. Strong-minded, able men they become; but, perhaps, at their first outset in their new life, they are as remarkable for their self-conceit as for their progress: their knowledge does not seem to be woven into the warp and woof of their minds; it rather seems to hang about them, than to be incorporated into or to be a part of them; there is an incongruity in the whole character, and thus it was with me. I was ill at ease, not at home even with myself—proud, boisterous fond of disputation, contemptuous of all those whom I fancied deemed themselves my superiors; yet timid, shy, bashful, trembling, before those I despised.

Painfully conscious of my ignorance of the conventionalities of polished life, I dreaded the drawing-room, and eagerly escaped the proffered civilities which would draw me within its precincts.

It was, therefore, an accident which first brought me within the family circle of Judge S——. Once brought under the influence of Mrs. S——, it was not possible to escape the charm and fascination of her manner. I had never before met a woman so highly polished. I have never since known many who have equalled her in grace, dignity, and amenity of manners. To much knowledge of the world she united a fine and cultivated mind; and that perfect good breeding which made all at ease around her, was the result of a long intercourse with the polished and refined, united to a tact which enabled her to penetrate, by intuition, the tastes and characters, to adapt herself to those she addressed; while the purest benevolence, guided by high principle, led her to seek to promote their happiness.

I am surely voluntarily laying open the wounds long since healed; yet I find the spot tender; it shrinks from the touch; and I am dwelling upon the virtues of the mother the longer, that I dread to recall all the attractions of the daughter.

When I first met Bessie S——, I saw only a fine, pale, delicate girl, gentle and retiring. I had heard much of her beauty, and the first impression disappointed me. I thought her deficient in animation, and lacking in energy. I preferred more bloom; and in the exceeding simplicity of her dress I missed the gay colors I deemed so appropriate and becoming to youth and beauty. Gradually I was awakened to the full perception of her loveliness, for she was exceedingly lovely. It was not the rich glow which health, rude and high, gives. Her beauty did not make you think of the rich, spicy fra-

grance of the pink; neither was it the sweet, dewy breath of the rose.

She was beautiful—but she was even more elegant than beautiful—the highest charms of refinement were imparted to the rarest style of female loveliness. She was as tall, as queenly, as pure, as polished, as the white lily; and her tastes and character were all in accordance with her style of manner and of beauty. Even her dress indicated the prevailing tone of her mind, and her chosen colors were all subdued, delicate—the faintest rose, the pale straw—while the rich dark braids of her magnificent hair contrasted with her pure pale brow, and the long dark lashes veiled her deep blue eyes.

She had been educated as well as accomplished. Her mind had been stimulated, and her powers cultivated. She loved to read, although she played and played well; and she could converse as well as sing—and over all was the surpassing charm of the highest feminine grace and refinement. I found that I loved her! A deeper feeling than that which arose from my conscious deficiencies sent the blood to my cheeks, and stilled the pulsations of my heart.

Gradually I had been becoming more at ease in the mother's parlor, her father's society, and less so in the daughter's presence. I had never been so happy. I was in a pleasant dream, and she was still with me—a softer atmosphere enveloped me, and life lay in brighter colors before me. A light word or little jest awoke me. I knew that I loved her, and I knew that she did not love me. And could she ever love me? Not as I then was—but as I might be; and I did what few men have ever done—I sat down to an estimate of myself, my prospects, my character, and the probability of winning the heart and of securing the hand of the woman I chose.

I knew my capacity. I neither underrated nor overrated my powers and my attainments, and I knew that before me there lay every prospect of the attainment of wealth and honor. I had received such tokens of the good-will of the goddess of fortune, fickle as she may be called, that I believed that I might rely, if I did not presume, upon them; and I knew that I could soon offer Miss —— all the elegancies to which she had been accustomed. Would she marry me? Could she ever so like as to gladly accept me? I did not in any hour ever imagine that she could love me as I loved her. Such a deep, absorbing passion would be a violence—a variance to the gentle, quiet propriety of her nature. But could she like me so much as to prefer me to all others—to be happy with me, and make the happiness of my life?

I looked at myself—I had despised and neglected all the minor proprieties of life, regarding all attention to dress and appearances as only worthy of the coxcomb; loosely and slovenly dressed—lips and teeth stained by the use of the national weed—clothes ill-chosen, ill-made, ill-fitting—with dull and dusty boot, and browned and ungloved hand; and I smiled at the incongruity, as I thought, of such an apparition claiming the elegant Bessie S——, and of right drawing her small French-gloved hand under his arm. I felt that I must be a different man, before I sought her hand. I know better now than I did then, how much the discordance of habit and feeling, in the minor points, affects the happiness of domestic life—how deeply the want of that refinement is felt, which is only appreciated by those who possess it. But I then knew that I was deficient in taste, in refinement, in general cultivation. I knew that I was awkward, uncouth; that I had neither the air nor bearing of a gentleman. I had gloried in this deficiency; now I regretted it.

I did not fear to argue before any judge, to address any jury, to harangue any crowd; but I was nervous, uneasy, timid, blundering, in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table. I knew that I needed the cultivation of general and of good society. I knew that there could be no sudden metamorphosis; a dancing-master might make me a fop—he could not transform me into a gentleman.

I had shunned society, haughtily repelling the civilities of the *aristocrats* around me. I had condemned many of its usages as inconsistent with the great law of equality. I had argued loud and fiercely for the abolition of all distinctions, save those of mind; because I argued that all crime resulted from ignorance. I did not intend to be recreant to my principles, but I assuredly changed my habits—I sought the circles I had shunned.

My passion had awakened feelings, and brought me more into unison with the world of taste and imagination. It had imparted to me a new sense of beauty, and I soon found an increasing pleasure and a higher enjoyment in the cultivation of these tastes and faculties, which I at first sought only as assimilating to Miss S——.

And I did improve. I was conscious of a change. I knew that I was a different man. I knew that new sources of pleasure, new fields of enjoyment, opened to me. I thought there was more of unison between myself and Miss S——. I read her favorite authors, and ventured to recommend mine to her. I spent many pleasant hours with the mother and the daughter. I could

not leave my business, but it soon after drew me to large cities, and I gladly accepted any opportunity of mingling in society, and of profiting by a general intercourse with those who give the tone to manners.

I had all a lover's fears; but I specially, too, had a lover's hopes. Her very position, her high respectability, her own dignity and sense of propriety, prevented her from having many dandlers; and, as admired as she was, I yet had no cause for definite fears or personal jealousy. Still, I did not venture to propose—not yet. Her evident unconsciousness of my passion disheartened me—intimidated me—and my reason told me it would be unwise to make a declaration which might destroy all my hopes; while I was striving each day to become more acceptable to her. Was she utterly unconscious of all my devotedness, of all my deep, absorbing passion? She seemed so courteous, gentle, dignified—always just what a lady should be—I almost cursed, at times, that gentle reserve with which she entrenched herself, and which formed a magic circle, repelling each vain intruder. Yet I would not that she should have departed from it. I worshiped her as a goddess enshrined. Had she come down from her altar to listen to me, the loss of reverence might have diminished the love. There was much reverence mingled with my love—there always is in a first passion. At this period I lived two lives—one a dreary life of sentiment, of romantic passion, of feeling, of imagination; the other a life true and real, of hard study, unremitting toil, of the eager pursuit of wealth, of honor, of profit. But the coloring of the one state fell upon the other; and the hours of business, dingy and dusty, were tinged with hues of the rose—the sun-light of hope and fancy.

She married another. She had never refused me: I had never presumed to offer myself. The shock was great; my very reason reeled and tottered under it. There were times when my feelings seemed paralyzed, and all peace of thought lost. Then I suffered as I hope few others have done; but the very certainty which brought despair, enforced a desperate calmness. Time brought its alleviation. The previous discipline to which I had subjected myself aided me now. I felt that all motive for exertion was taken from me. Immersed in business, I forced myself to meet all its claims. I found, too, a benefit resulting from the years of toil and probation to which I had subjected myself, although the great ultimate object had failed. I had acquired patience, self-control; and I now subdued and hushed feelings which once would have maddened me.

The storm past: if my fairest hope was blight-

ed, it had not uprooted all else. I had acquired tastes, feelings, and habits, which were still sources of enjoyment. For awhile I sought society, and flew from myself; but I had associated too much with one highly cultivated and truly refined, to turn to the low, the coarse, and the mere trifling. The tastes which I had sought to develop, that I might assimilate to *her*, I now cherished, that I might find in them a compensation for her loss. It was not until many years after that I was aware of the great and abiding influence she had exerted over me.

And it was then, as I was led to think of the influence which one child of clay—imperfect, fallible—can exert over another; of the effort which I had made to assimilate to one who sought no assimilation, that I was led to feel the beauty of that character, spotless and perfect, presented for our model, and the tenderness of the Son of God, who ever presents the love which he hath borne to his people, as among the highest motives by which they are urged to imitate his character. In an hour of solitary musing, my eye fell upon the exhortation of the apostle:

“Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any promise; think on these things.”

I was struck with this enumeration of the graces of the Christian. I felt that in all my efforts for moral attainment I had been guided by no higher motive than a desire for the love of one like myself—unholy and imperfect. Then came upon my soul the higher obligation resting upon those who are required to be perfect even as God is perfect; who are to make Christ their model of character, their example for life; and I learned that I was not to live for myself, my own pleasure or gratification, but for Him who, having once died, ever liveth to intercede for his people.

Many years passed before I married. I did not soon forget Bessie S—. I met her frequently the first year of her married life. I saw her a happy wife—a mother, with children as lovely as herself. I saw her as health declined, and beauty faded, still fair, but pale and care-worn,

and, I thought, somewhat sad. My deep passion was softened to a tender commiserating regard—to the pity which we ever feel for the decay of the beautiful. In my deepest hour of trial, I keenly felt bitterness towards her. I had never asked her love. I charged her with no caprice or deceit. If the conscious instinct of the woman had shown her her power, she had shrunk from any display; she had avoided all triumph. Had she really intended me an injury, she still had but wrought me good: my love had purified and refined my character—my disappointment had strengthened and elevated it.

I did not marry until I could meet her who had first stirred the deep pulses of my heart without one tremor!—until I could offer her whom I now wooed a heart which was all her own.

As I roused me from my long musing, and glanced at the fair woman whom I call wife, I thought she, too, might forgive my earlier passion. The very qualities which awoke my first perceptions of female excellence, guided me in my after choice. The refinement, purity, and principle I loved in Bessie S., I still sought and found in my wife; while the remembrance of all that I had suffered from an unrequited affection deepened my tenderness for her whose blushes betrayed the love which I sought to win, before I asked it.

Then, as I rose from my chair and kissed the fair, smooth brow of my wife, I exclaimed, “Who shall find a virtuous woman? Her price is far above rubies.”

Yes, still is her influence felt. Whether she return or repel his love, the character of the woman who awakens that love in the heart of a man still affects that of the lover, for good or for evil, for weal or for woe, for time and for eternity.

A man's hopes may be crushed, his affection rejected; but the very consciousness that he has loved one well worthy of a man's true love, is at once ennobling and exalting. He can bear the disappointment, in the high feeling that he has thus rendered a true homage to excellence and to virtue; while he who loves an unworthy, or vain, or trifling woman, either sinks to the level of the chosen, or wearis his life with a vain effort to elevate her.

THE TREASURES AND PLEASURES OF GEOLOGY.*

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

THE brilliant discoveries which have rendered the last half century so remarkable a period in the world's history, are not only valuable as elements of social progress, but as sources of the most exalted pleasure. Chemistry, which had for hundreds of years been rudeiy cradled in the mysterious processes of the alchemist, toward the close of the last century began to assume a higher character than that of a miracle-working gold seeker, and the relations of various substances, and the laws which govern them, came to be investigated with the eye of a new philosophy and the incentive of a truer principle. Watt and Black, Lavoisier and Gay Lussac, Hales, Franklin, and Priestley, and their contemporaries, in their several departments, developed laws unknown to science, and left for their successors the bases, and, in some cases, the perfected platforms upon which they could labor with still greater success. Lord Bacon observes that the discoveries and inventions of the alchemists "are well represented in the fable of the old man who left an estate to his children, buried, as he said, in his vineyard, which, therefore, they fell to dig and search for with great diligence; whereby, though they found no gold in substance, yet they received an abundant vintage for their labor. So assuredly has the search and stir to make gold produced a great number of fruitful experiments."

GEOLOGY, of the economic sciences the last which enlisted the earnest attention of learned inquirers, has perhaps suffered for the want of some such stimulus. Had the search for gold been made in the sands of the streams, or the fissures of the rocks, or the depths of ravines, no matter how impracticably stubborn in refusing to yield the auriferous prize, or had the search been made with a philosophical spirit in those regions where gold finds its proper repositories, Geology would not have waited until the close of the

eighteenth century for its first distinct recognition among the sciences, or for its superior claims as a practical science of the highest value. Had even the fruitless and disastrous searches for coal, in regions where coal cannot be obtained except by reaching a possible carboniferous antipode, been made with a philosophical eye, facts might have been accumulated of an important character, as a substratum, at least, upon which the richer alluvium of the expanding stream might have been deposited. But no such aids and no such influences took their sponsorial places at the altar of geological science.

Toward the close of the last century, Werner in Saxony, and Hutton in Scotland, seized the trifling materials which had been slowly drifted along, and the Saxon Professor, with a partial field of observation in his own district, boldly and eloquently uttered his doctrines of the earth, and gave the first great impetus to inquiry into the physical structure of the globe. Hutton, residing in another district of a very marked character, perfectly irreconcilable with the generalizing theories of the Wernerian school, founded upon the fields of his own observation an opposing system—Werner advocating the Neptunian or aqueous, and Hutton the Vulcanian or igneous theory. Other philosophers entered the field, and the discussions arising from these speculations required, in a province which is eminently one of actual observation, the discovery of *facts*, which, to apply the words of Bacon, "they fell to dig and search for with great diligence; and so assuredly the search and stir to make [theories] produced a great number of fruitful experiments."

At the present time Geology enlists the profoundest study of some of the master minds of the age. It is but as yesterday that Cuvier deciphered the hieroglyphs of the Paris basin, and would have read as rapidly and accurately the "Foot-Prints" in the Old Red Sandstone of Stromness, or Cromarty, or Balnudery, as Champollion when he deciphered the history of an Egyptian Apis or prince in the iconography and paleography of a subterranean hecatomb. To-day, an Agassiz takes the shattered frag-

* The Old Red Sandstone; or, New Walks in an Old Field. By Hugh Miller. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 1851, cloth, 12 mo, pp. 260. The Foot-Prints of the Creator; or, The Asterolepis of Stromness. By Hugh Miller, author of "The Old Red Sandstone." Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 1850, cloth, 12 mo, pp. 337.

ments of a fossil from the Old Red Sandstone, and assigns them their place in the scale of organisms, almost as readily as he would the tibia or the femur of a skeleton of one of the existing species of animals. Buckland, Murchison, Lyell, Bakewell, Silliman, and many others, are witnesses of the treasures not less than the exalted pleasures of Geology.

Observers and students in this field are becoming more numerous, and were their number multiplied a hundred-fold, they would be too few. The exploration of this country is as yet but just begun, while British America, Spanish and Southern America have been scarcely touched. Even in England and Scotland there is yet room for extended and laborious, and to be well repaid research. Partial explorations have been made in Europe, while Africa, Asia, and New Holland are yet fields comparatively unknown to the geologist. The treasures which the next twenty-five years will reveal will but partially exhaust the amount of pleasure to be enjoyed by the practical explorer and student.

Pollok has beautifully said :

" Abundant, and diversified above
All number, were the sources of delight ;
As infinite as were the lips that drank ;
And to the pure, all innocent and pure ;
The simplest still to wisest men the best.
One made acquaintance with plants and flowers,
And happy grew in telling all their names.
One classed the quadrupeds ; a third the fowls ;
Another found in minerals his joy.
And I have seen a man, a worthy man,
In happy mood conversing with a fly ;
And as he through his glass, made by himself,
Beheld its wondrous eye and plumage fine,
From leaping scarce he kept for perfect joy."

The geologist, as he trudges along with his basket, his hammers, and chisels, cracking the nodule or breaking off the angles of a stone lodged in the fence of some busy farmer, may appear to be engaged in a strange and unmeaning employment. But such an accidental blow may reveal to the eye a new organism, unmonographed in the archives of science, and unknown to our present existences. That specimen may be a key to a new class of facts—may supply a link in creation, or may, with its stony tongue, still speak, after the lapse of an unknown period, of the infinite mind of the Creator. Just so near as we humbly and reverently approach the Divine presence, with the confidence and the eye of faith, so clearer do we read His perfections, and His goodness, whether in the starry radiance of the azure sky, the dealings of Providence in his moral government, or whether we descend to the remotest periods of the past of our earth, and from under

the superimposed and luminous folios of a thousand generations of extinct sentient beings, carve out with hammer and chisel the still distinct and instructive lessons gleamed from the "Foot-Prints" of the Moray or Cromarty Friths.

We know that infidelity, driven from its seat which it had usurped among the stars, like Lucifer cast down from heaven, has sought to lodge itself in the chair of the Geologist. But as the pretended philosophy of a progressive development from an electrized atom of mud turns over its stony volumes, and finds that it is confronted with the undeniable pastexistence of beings of a high development, from which, as Mr. Miller observes, a "theory of degradation" may with equal plausibility be framed, it will find that its lodgment is but a temporary season for possible repentance before it is consigned to that "central fire" of which it is its own witness : in the words of Pollok :—

" Perplexed exceedingly why shells were found
Upon the mountain tops; but wondering not
Why shells more found at all—more wondrous still ??"

" Geology, of all the sciences," says Miller, (Old Red Sand-stone, p. 31,) " addresses itself most powerfully to the imagination, and hence one main cause of the interest which it excites. Ere setting ourselves minutely to examine the peculiarities of these creatures, it would be perhaps well that the reader should attempt realizing the *place* of their existence, and relatively the *time*—not, of course, with regard to dates and eras, for the geologist has none to reckon by, but with respect to formations. They were the denizens of the same portions of the globe which we ourselves inhabit, regarded not as a tract of country, but as a piece of ocean, crossed by the same geographical lines of latitude and longitude. Their present place of sepulture in some localities, had there been no denudation, would have been raised high over the tops of our loftiest hills—at least a hundred feet over the conglomerates which form the summit of Morvheim, and more than a thousand feet over the snow-capped Ben Wyvis. Geology has still greater wonders. I have seen belemnites of the Oolite—comparatively a modern formation—which had been dug out of the sides of the Himalaya Mountains, seventeen thousand feet over the level of the sea. But let us strive to carry our minds back, not to the place of sepulture of these creatures, high in the rocks—though that I shall afterwards attempt minutely to describe—but to the place in which they lived long ere the saurian [lizard] fishes of Burdie House had begun to exist, or the corallines of the mountain limestone had spread out their multitudinous

arms in a sea gradually shallowing, and out of which the land had already partially emerged."

While Geology inspires in this eminent degree the "pleasures of imagination," men who have been "perplexed exceedingly," with some of the facts of the science, have made incontinent drafts upon imagination, in order to fill out the blanks in their theoretical systems. The development of man from a monad to a bull-frog, and from the bull-frog to the monkey, and from the monkey to the man, through the several links of the ascending scale, may be a pretty theory for a mind that can be content to trace back its origin to such a parentage; but sure it is to our apprehension, that the lion's mane has been well shaken from the successor of one species, by the author of the two volumes which suggest these passing thoughts.

Of these works, and of the author and his personal narrative, much might be said, but it is not our design to "review," in the short compass of a magazine article, so fruitful and bold a theme as that presented by Mr. Miller, the proper discussion of which would require a technicality unwelcome to the general reader. But to the author too much of praise cannot be given, for the great value of his discoveries in the geological field, nor of admiration for the contribution he has made to the department of theologies. The purity and elegance of style, and the beauty and felicity of illustration, have commanded the high encomiums of Sir David Brewster and of Professor Agassiz, not less than of the best thinkers and critics of this country and of Europe; and these two works will survive as among the most remarkable contributions to natural science of the present fruitful period.

The personal history of the author is the first, and an instructive chapter in the "Old Red Sandstone." Mr. Miller was the son of a seafaring man, who was lost at sea when Hugh was five years of age; and when old enough to earn his subsistence, he was sent to work in a stone quarry. Year after year he toiled at this laborious occupation; but, with a habit of observation, and that superiority of spirit, which leads the true man to make even the humblest occupation the opportunity for intellectual improvement and noble enjoyment, he turned his attention to the fossils and curious markings in the sandstone it was his fortune to dig, and upon which he has now engraved his own name not less lastingly than have the *Asterolepis* or the *Pterichthys Milleri*, of the formation which he has so truthfully brought to light. Having no guide, no instructor, and no books, he says, "I had to grope my way as I best might, and find out all its wonders for myself. But so slow was the process, and so much was I

a seeker in the dark, that the facts contained in these few sentences were the patient gatherings of years." The records of science scarce show another example of such perseverance on the part of a mere lad, in exploring an entire new field, under such circumstances. After ten years explorations, he discovered a fact unknown to science, that this sandstone "was richly fossiliferous; and ten more passed before he could assign them their exact place in the scale. His labors have been well repaid, and the patient, persevering, observing boy of the stone quarry, is now known not less honorably as one of the most accurate of scientific writers and the most eminent geologists of the day, than he is for his acute and convincing reasoning, and his masterly advocacy of the truth, not only of the Mosaic record, but of the Gospel. Look up, O toiling laborers! and learn that you may achieve if you will!

We cannot close our notice of this rich addition to the literature of science and theology, better than by quoting the words of our author, in the conclusion of Chapter V. of the "Old Red Sandstone."

"We cannot catechise our stony ichthyolites as the necromantic lady of the Arabian Nights did the colored fish of the lake which had once been a city, when she touched their dead bodies with her wand, and they straightway raised their heads and replied to her queries. We would have many a question to ask them if we could—questions never to be solved. But even the contemplation of their remains is a powerful stimulant to thought. The wonders of Geology exercise every faculty of the mind—reason, memory, imagination; and though we cannot put our fossils to the question, it is something to be so aroused as to be made to put questions to one's self. I have referred to the consistency of style which attained among these ancient fishes—the unity of character which marked every scale, plate, and fin of every various family, and which distinguished it from the rest; and who can doubt that the same shades of variety existed in their habits and their instincts? We speak of the infinity of Deity—of his inexhaustible variety of mind; but we speak of it until the idea becomes a piece of mere common-place in our mouths. It is well to be brought to feel, if not to conceive of it—to be made to know that we ourselves are barren-minded, and that in Him "all fullness dwelleth." Succeeding creations, each with its myriads of existences, do not expand Him. He never repeats Himself. The curtain drops, at his command, over one scene of existence full of wisdom and beauty; it rises again, and all is glorious, wise, and beau-

tiful as before; and all is new. Who can sum up the amount of wisdom whose record He has written in the rocks—wisdom exhibited in the succeeding creations of earth, ere man was, but which was exhibited surely not in vain? May we not say with Milton:—

“Think not, though men were none,
That heaven could want spectators, God want praise;
Millions of spiritual creatures walked the earth,
And these with ceaseless praise his works beheld.”

It is well to return on the record, and to read in its unequivocal characters the lessons which it was intended to teach. Infidelity has often misinterpreted its meaning, but not the less on that account has it been inscribed for purposes alike wise and benevolent. Is it nothing to be taught, with a demonstrative evidence which the metaphysician cannot supply, that races are not eternal—that every family had its beginning, and that whole creations have come to an end?”

RAGE FOR UNEARNED WEALTH.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

THE desire of obtaining wealth by a single stroke, with little or no exertion beyond the effort of asking the ideal goddess Fortune to give it, is so prevalent among the great bulk of mankind, that it may be termed perfectly natural. But to indulge in what is perfectly natural may also be to indulge in what is as perfectly foolish, and, therefore, in this, as in the thousand other cases in which men blindly mistake their wishes for their wants, the realization of the desire, startling as the assertion may seem, proves nothing else but a curse in the majority of instances. Unearned wealth rarely confers the happiness men imagine it must necessarily do; its gathering together has called forth no energies of mind or of body, and its spending affords as little corresponding pleasure. Frequently does it induce in its foolishly envied possessor a most offensive pride, a hard heart, a squandering hand, a cankered indolence, a miserably effete life, in which mental and physical gifts are degradingly prostrated. An individual may indeed say—and frequently does—that were he blessed with a bountiful gift of unearned wealth, he would dedicate his whole life to do good with it; he would cause it to minister not merely to his own gratification, but make it a dispenser of happiness to the brotherhood of man. Alas! the experience of the world testifies to the fallacy of this genial theory, for the reality is, that nothing is more common than that the man who, when poor, and living on the scanty earnings of his industry, was noted for being a cheerful benefactor of his race, so far as his very limited means allowed him, and who was ever kind and

warm-hearted, experiences, as soon as the curse of unearned wealth has fallen upon him, a woful change indeed. He becomes, as it were, by the magic stroke of a malevolent enchanter's wand, intensely selfish, stony-hearted, deaf to all claims on his benevolence, and even on his justice, and of course, in a corresponding ratio, grows supremely unhappy. The reason is, the man's nature has undergone a complete and fearful change: a moral leprosy of the most deadly nature has infected his very soul. Analogous to this, is the well-known fact, that unfeigned, devoted patriots have very frequently proved cruel tyrants, when once possessed of unlimited power themselves.

Seldom does the acquirer of unearned money spend it properly; rarely does he afterwards achieve deeds worth recording. Weariedly does he drag through his allotted length of days, begrimed by many, scorned by some, pitied by the tolerant, despised (perhaps) by himself. Oh! dark and fearful is the curse of unearned money, yet few there be who will believe this, and those few are for the most part the very beings who have experienced it. They know but too well how preferable was the time when they jingled the few hardly earned shillings in their pockets, and dined with infinite relish on a crust of bread and cheese under a hedge, to that in which they joylessly sat down to a splendid banquet under the gorgeous roof of their own palatial residence, bought with unearned money! Sweet is it to earn money by the sweat of brow and brain, and a happy privilege is it to spend the same in a worthy way; but bitter is unearned money after

the intoxication of its first possession has passed away; pleasureless is its expenditure, and mephitic and paralyzing the influence it exerts.

When once the feverish, corroding passion of obtaining unearned wealth has won a powerful ascendancy, the subject is ready to embrace with uncalculating ardor the wildest and most absurd schemes which temptingly hold forth hopes of speedy aggrandizement. In fact, the more impracticable they are on the very face of them, the more evident their reckless perversion of truth, the grosser their dazzling lies, and the more palpable the veil under which they seek to hide their real object (that of fleecing the weak dupes who invest their little capital in them)—so much the more eagerly, blindly, madly, do people seem to support them!—Any well-devised speculation, promising speedy, or, in other words, unearned riches, is pretty sure to “take.” No matter how often the transparent bubble has burst; how many thousands of wretches have been reduced through it from happiness and comfortable circumstances to the depths of misery and despair; how frequent soever the warnings given of the almost invariable result of yielding to the influence of the greedy whirlpool—all is vain for preventing a constant succession of fresh victims, each as confident and full of baseless hope as the predecessor whose disappointment has so lately gleamed as a beacon-light, seen, but unregarded. Surely it must indeed be true that

“The pleasure is as great
Of being cheated, as to cheat!”

Of all speculations of this description, those entitled *lotteries* are the oldest, and still perhaps the most popular. Even at this day, many young men, who once had well regulated minds, who never would have dreamed of any wild or reprehensible scheme of unearned aggrandizement, had not the alluring poison of lottery prospectuses been insidiously poured upon them, prove none the less thoughtless, none the less eager to embrace the propositions of the needy adventurers across the seas, none the less extravagantly hopeful against hope itself, and, finally, none the less do they experience the disastrous consequences invariably attendant on embarkation in such schemes. Every purchaser of a ticket is *sure* he shall win a wondrous prize—he demonstrates that assumed certainty to his own perfect satisfaction by abstruse calculations of singular ingenuity and foresight; and he will count the faithful friend who exposes to him the reality in prospect, as an uncharitable enemy. The number of giddy fools who thus annually rush into the Fowler’s snare is far more than the public may be

prepared to believe. Yet speak to the dupes themselves, and what credit do they give your warning voice? You are a malevolent being—a cloud before their sun! Unearned wealth is already within their reach, and you would prevent them grasping it! The prizes blazoned forth in capitals upon paper alone fill their imagination, to the exclusion of every other object, and to the complete annihilation of the most obvious promptings of common sense.

The present El Dorado is California. The excitement concerning it is subdued, perhaps, in tone, but undiminished in reality. During the past two years, thousands and tens of thousands of adventurers, in haste to get rich, have left their little certainties in different lands, for the gigantic uncertainties of California. Many, of whom much better might have been expected, have done this, stimulated by the marvelous stories which unknown and irresponsible newspaper correspondents have sent of the doings at the “diggings.” How many thousands are at this moment on their way from our own shores, it is impossible to estimate. But we know that all, as they go, enthusiastically sing—

“So now the Golden Age is come,
The Golden Country lies before us :
We leave the plough, we quit the loom,
And merrily we sing in chorus—
“The Golden Country lies before us.”

Great numbers inevitably perish, through the fearful dangers of sea and land, ere the Golden Country is reached; and, when there, the survivors discover that no man can possibly stand a regular day’s work at gold-seeking, unless he possesses herculean strength, and has been trained to manual labor. They find that they must constantly work in the stream—their lower limbs and arms perished with the intensely cold water, whilst their backs are blistered with the sun. They find that the three grand necessities of life—food, clothes, and shelter—are Utopian impossibilities at the “diggings.” They find that mortal diseases are rife from the swamps, and that rattlesnakes are far more plentiful than penny-loaves. They find that subtle Indians are continually making raids in industrious search of white men’s scalps. They find that their own comrades plunder them, in preference to working themselves. They find that their very nature is changed; and that, like Ishmael, their hand is against every man, and every man’s hand is against them. They find that if, by dint of incessant toil and extraordinary success, they have scraped together a bagful of the precious ore, they must pillow their heads upon it at night, and doze, rather than sleep, with a bowie knife be-

tween their teeth, and a "revolver" in each hand, lest their throats should be mysteriously divided. They find that they are perishing for lack of food, and would exchange a handful of gold for a crust of bread. Then it is that they sing again; but not the old song. Now they chant—

"Amid red rock and desert sand,
The Golden Country lies before us,
Famine and hunger hand in hand,
Behind us death, the Judgment o'er us—
The Golden Country gleams before us."

The best lottery is the sphere of life in which Providence has placed us, and in which we have only to deposit steady industry and cheerful faith, and may rest certain of drawing ultimately an honorable well-earned prize. The true El Dorado is our own land; the only profitable "diggings" the fields of our infancy; the only jewel of happiness lieth not imbedded in tropical streams, but in our own breasts, and its setting is not gold but contentment.

THE FEAR OF BEING AN OLD MAID.

BY MRS. E. B. HALL.

WHEN I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Everybody pinched my red cheeks, and I waddled about with my doll in my plump arms, finding fun in everything, and fully believing that my doll was as sensible as myself; and perhaps she was, almost. But, though I had a natural antipathy to a spelling-book, and no fondness for spending a long summer's afternoon in poking a needle in and out of a bit of calico; though I considered patchwork all foolishness, and gussets as utter superfluities; though I was called a simpleton for asking my mother why she cut cloth up and then sewed it together again, still, I was fond of picking up ideas after my own fashion. When the wise people around me supposed I was thinking of nothing but my play, my two little ears were open to every word spoken in my hearing. And many was the word impressed on my memory, which the speaker forgot next moment. The talk around me was my real education, as it is of all children, send them to what school you may.

When I was ten years old, I had one sister aged fifteen, and another seventeen; and, as usual with girls of that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like and some quite unlike them in character. One afternoon, as I was tending my doll Ophelia, who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls, which, I may almost say, decided my fate for life.

The first words that caught my attention came

from an animated, romantic girl of sixteen, scolding because the heroine of a novel she had just read was left unmarried at the end of the story! What surprise was expressed at this catastrophe! what indignation!

One of my sisters did not seem to sympathize with this burst of disapprobation, and then came the pithy question, "What would you be willing to die an old maid?" Mary said very quietly, "Yes;" and sister Ellen added, "So would I!"

Then such looks of amazement and incredulity. "You can't mean what you say," cried one. "If I did not know you too well to think you a hypocrite,—" said another. "Why, it was meant that all women should be married!" exclaimed a third. "Then why are they not all married?" asked Mary, with her usual simplicity.

Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her back, her stiff kid arms sticking out, and her roup quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosyllables, "Old Maid." In how many different tones of contempt, dread, and depreciation, did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices! What anecdotes came forth about the cross old maids, and fidgetty old maids, and ugly, and dressy, and learned, and pious, and flirting, and mischief-making old maids. Never did a bevy of regular fifty-year-old spinster utter so much scandal in one afternoon as was poured forth by these blooming young creatures. Two or three friends of my mother, whom

I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new personages. "Miss Z. was so ugly, she never could have had an offer!" "Miss Y. dressed so shabbily, and wore green spectacles, to look literary." And "Miss X. was for ever talking about Sunday-school and society meetings," and so on.

You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very closely the face of Miss Z., a face that I had always loved before; but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y.'s drab-colored bonnet and shawl, perceived that they were old-fashioned and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., beside whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile and delighted with her conversation—how uninteresting she had become! They were *old maids*!

It must be observed that my sisters—right good, sensible, domestic girls they were—had no part in this bewilderment of my young ideas. They were in the minority; so I took it for granted they were in the wrong. Besides, what children are ever as much influenced by what is uttered in the familiar voices of their own family, as by words of comparative strangers? Take care of what you say at a friend's house, with the young folks catching up every random sentiment you drop. Many a judicious mother's morning exhortation has been blown to the moon by some light dinner guest, who did not after all mean to give his real opinion, or whose opinion was not worth having.

And now, I assure you, my education went on rapidly. It is perfectly marvelous, in how many ways, and by what different sorts of people, a young girl is taught that it is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Fools never show their folly more than in their hackneyed jests upon this topic; but what shall we say of the wise folks, who sin almost as often in the same way? What shall we say of the refinement of him who is gentlemanly in thought and expression on all subjects but this?—of the humanity and chivalry of him who assails the defenceless?—of the justice of him who taxes a class with the faults of individuals, and wounds with that meanest of weapons,—a sneer?—or of the christianity of him who indirectly censures and ridicules one of the arrangements of Providence?

I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week. I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralized it by an idle

jest in some moment of levity, and the jest drove out the truth from my young heart. At eighteen I lived only for the ignoble purpose—I cannot bear to say—of getting married; but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread celibacy worse than death? I dare say I betrayed it everywhere. I dare say I was duly laughed at.

At last, quaking on the verge of six-and-twenty, I had an offer—a most absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense probably, except on one point. I knew that he was "rather wild," as the gentle phrase goes. In short, I neither loved nor respected him; but I was willing to marry him, because then I should be Mrs. Somebody, and should *not* be an old maid.

My parents said "No," positively. Of course I thought them unreasonable and cruel, and made myself very miserable. Still, it was something to have had "an offer" of any kind, and my lips were not hermetically sealed. I had several confidants, who took care that all my acquaintance should know the comfortable fact that I had refused Mr. S.

I went on with increasing uneasiness a few years longer, not seeking how to be useful or trying to find out for what good purpose I was made. Neither was I looking for a companion who could sympathize with my better aspirations and elevate my whole character, for I had no right views of marriage. I was simply gazing about in anxious suspense upon every unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one who would lift me out of that dismal Valley of Humiliation into which I felt myself descending. Had I met Apollyon himself there, with the question on his lips, I believe I should have said "Yes."

At thirty-six I wore more pink ribands than ever, was seen everywhere that a respectable woman could go, wondered why girls went into company so young, found that I was growing sharp-faced and sharp-spoken, and was becoming old-maidish in the worse sense of the word, because I was becoming an old maid against my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.

My sisters, be it remembered, were older than I. They too were single. But they had lived more domestic lives than I, had read fewer works of fiction, had been cultivating their own natures, and seeking to make everybody around them happy. And everybody revered them, and loved to look upon their open pleasant countenances—I mean everybody worth pleasing—and they were very happy.

At last our good parents died, and left each

of us a little independence. Within a year I was married.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.

I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common. He wishes to live in the country, which I hate. I like the thermometer at 75 deg., which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of school, which I hate. I like music, and want to go to concerts, which he hates. He likes roast pork, which I hate, and I like minced veal, which he hates. There is but one thing which we both like, and that is what we cannot both have, though we are always trying for it,—the last word.

I have had bad luck as a mother, for two such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable boys never tormented a feeble woman since boys began. I wish I had called them both Cain. At this moment they have just quarreled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his coltlike heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the baby Zenobia, in my lap,

who never sleeps more than a half an hour at a time, and cries all the time she is awake, has been roused by their din to scream in chorus.

I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I never kept even a chambermaid more than three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back bewildered on the long phantasmagora of faces flitting stormily through my kitchen, as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of thunderbolts and hurricanes in the Gulf of Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out of the room yesterday, flirting her duster and muttering, "Real old maid, after all!" just because I showed her a table on which I could write "slut," with my finger, in the dust.

I never see my plump, happy sisters, and then glance in the mirror at my own cadaverous, long doleful visage, without wishing myself an old maid. I do it every day of my life.

Yet half of my sex marry as I did;—not for love, but fear!—for fear of dying old maids.

They have their reward. And they whose idle tongues create this mischievous fear, and thus make so much domestic misery, have their responsibility.

THE VOICE OF THE SEA.

BY I. CRAIG.

What are the bright waves saying,
As they dance along the sand,
With a murmur like mingled voices
Breathed from a far off strand?
Woo they the passing breezes,
That o'er them softly stray?
With their murmuring, lulling music,
What do the bright waves say?

They tell of the sea-girt islands,
Like gems on its heaving breast,
Where the flow of the rippling waters
Soothes the waking wind to rest—
Of the waves when softly creeping
O'er sands of dazzling white,
Where pearls are unheeded glistening,
In the cold and calm moonlight.

What are the billows saying,
As they foam, and rush, and roar,
With a sound like the bursting thunder,
To dash on the rocky shore?
While they the tempest howling,
As they rock beneath its sway?
With their harsh and thund'ring voices,
What do the billows say?

They speak of the storm-worn barrier—
Of the dark and dismal caves,
Where the loud waves meet the echoes,
And the wild wind wilder raves—
Of the hurricane madly sweeping
O'er ocean swelling dark,
And striking down with his rushing wing
The pride of the struggling bark,

Of its thousand voices, mocking
And drowning the words of prayer—
While they mingle the shriek of anguish
With the curse of wild despair.
But it speaks of Him, who setteth
To the mighty deep its bound,
And who, with a zone of waters,
Hath girdled the earth around.

Go, when the tempest swelleth,
When the billows rush and roar:
Bid them yield to thee, their monarch,
Then bow, and His might adore.
They speak in their calm, quiet beauty,
Of Him whom the waves obey'd—
Whose voice hush'd the winds to silence,
When trembling disciples pray'd.

HALF-WAY PEOPLE.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

It is an old proverb, that "extremes are dangerous." Every village schoolboy can at least repeat, that "all overlies are vice;" and from one generation to another men have commended the virtue of moderation. Doubtless all this is the language of experience; the world has had many warnings against ultras, written in strange characters and hard to be forgotten. History has prolonged, ages have renewed them, with much cost but little profit to the nations, and tradition has compressed their memories into those old saws and maxims that form the short-hand philosophy of the people. No marvel that the *via media* was so earnestly recommended to the attention of mankind, by most of their numerous instructors, many an age since and before the Latin sages named it. If there be little to be learned or hoped for, it has also less of peril and endurance than those far-leading paths that wind away through shine and shadow to goals which travelers little dream of on their entrance.

Many pass their days in this path of security, but few there be that find it for themselves; some are born to it; nature weighs the components of their characters like a conscientious shopkeeper, determined to give neither too little nor too much, and turns them out of the scales nice weight for the world, and no more. They never do anything extraordinary, but live and die respectable people in their station, and are for the most part tolerably prosperous. Others are fenced in by their fortunes, that rise like a wall on either hand to keep their doings moderate, till they learn to hope and wish and think, in moderation too. There are some that choose the middle path for action, from a dread of the perils they might meet beyond in slippery places, to which their dreams go out continually, and they would follow them if they could but venture. These are men of untried plans and schemes, who give suggestions to more daring minds, but are never remarkable, and rarely satisfied. Fear is the ballast of such barks; a mighty comptroller, and one to which society owes both grudge and gratitude; but there are lives over which it exercises a more ungracious influence. In every age and land, among all ranks, how many varieties

of character may there be found whose failures in the concerns of this world, and some that stretch into the next, are traceable to the cowardly habit of going only half-way. Farther on there is invariably a lion in one shape or other, some barrier they cannot pass, some step too wide for them to take, be it ever so requisite; and before that always paltry and often imaginary danger, their own interests, honor, or duty, and frequent the harvest of other lives, are abandoned.

Reader, if your stars have ever been so unfriendly as to connect you in any fashion with a character of this description, the pleasures of memory are not likely to consist in a recurrence to the subject; but hoping better things, it may be instructive to study the motions of half-way goers in general. Public and private history abounds with them, and they always cut a shabby figure, though appearance is their standing idol.

A half-way friend is the most brittle reed that ever humanity leaned on; other friendships may be broken by quarrels, estranged by absence, or weighed in the balance of adversity and found wanting, but his remains a perpetual deficiency. Give him your confidence, and expect his in return, there will be something he won't believe, and something he will keep back, though ten chances to one but that point is necessary to the proper understanding of the whole; depend upon him for an obligation, and it may be forthcoming, but at some difficulty, half-way in the business, his services will make a final pause, and neither persuasion nor necessity will ever induce them to advance farther. In danger or dispute he takes just half your part, thereby at once embroiling himself, and giving advantage to the enemy. In defence of his friend he goes far enough for listeners to say, "what efforts at whitewashing!" but suppresses the acquitting evidence, on account of some paltry self-committal which it might involve.

There is a ludicrous instance of this kind of friendship recorded of Sir Richard Steele, the celebrated colleague of Addison, in *Tattler* and *Spectator* times. He had shown much friendship to the unhappy Savage, the poet, but after a

variety of services, and some duration of intimacy, it at length stuck fast, some say, on the point of introducing him to the Secretary of State, with whom Steele was on friendly terms; others, on that of obliging him with a trifling loan; but certain it is, that the refusal so far exasperated that luckless poet—whose nature, partaking somewhat of his name, was still more vulgarized by the lower vices of civilization—that he pursued him round and round his own apartment with a drawn sword; such weapons being assigned to gentlemen by the barbarism of the reigning fashion: and the consequences might have been tragical, had not the cries of Sir Richard brought all within hearing to his rescue. The conduct of Charles the First towards the Earl of Strafford is a fatal example of half-part-taking friendships. It is said to have caused the last regret of that ill-starred and worse guided monarch. Yet how many royal friends have acted exactly similar!

Among the trials consequent on the insurrection of Robert Emmet, in 1803, was that of a Dublin gentleman, the only witness against whom was a common informer, unfortunately corroborated by strong circumstantial evidence. His intimate friend, a Quaker merchant, appeared in his favor; but, to the surprise of all who heard him, though evidently most anxious to do all in his power for the prisoner, his testimony was so wavering and defective, that the jury refused to credit it, and his friend was convicted. Many years after, when the near approach of death gave things, perhaps on both sides of the grave, a truer aspect, the merchant revealed a fact that had long hung on his conscience and memory, namely, that there were at the period of the trial letters in his possession, which, if read in court, must have exculpated the accused; but as they would also have unfolded his unsuccessful courtship of a lady, in the language of his sect, belonging to the vain world, neither his vanity nor his religious reputation would permit him to disclose them.

Let all ladies who have hearts to lose or break—and there are different opinions regarding their numbers—beware of half-way lovers. If there be no hindrance in the case, no obstacle to be surmounted, no years to wait or toil through; but funds, kindred, and the world's approbation all convenient, their affections may rise to the easy standard, and appear perfect, after the fashion of untried things; but few courses are so clear, and any impediment is sufficient to bar their progress. Swains of this pattern never advance beyond their own ease, interest or vanity, (in some one of the last mentioned they are always particularly strong.) and there lies their *ne-*

plus ultra. The moralist cannot mark their doings with the black brand of vice; but, justly considered, they are scarce less degrading in their selfish security, which pauses at no sacrifice but its own

Swift could address some of his best verses, and most of his confidential letters, to Stella, whom he called the consolation of his life, when her days were numbered; but because the world considered that the admired dean should find a higher match, he offered up the woman's years piecemeal to its opinion, and the world pronounced a just verdict on his cringing vanity, by deserting his latter days, and stigmatizing his memory. Well was the censure merited! Poems and French letters about love and destiny were written to Vanessa also, but never an intimation of his private marriage with her rival, the public and gentlemanly acknowledgment of which would have saved his biography some sad and shameful pages; but that single step to the right was not taken, and the consequences, as well as the odes and epistles, remain on record, to make posterity regret that affection should have been so far misplaced, and genius so miserably employed. There are and have been Swifts, possessed of neither the talents nor the celebrity that failed to make the Dean respectable, but never a whit less paltry in their doings. The world's bondmen! The serfs of circumstances, whose inclinations shrink from opposition, and tremble to miss advantage, without resolution enough to strive boldly with the one or make barter with the other.

Lord Chesterfield's behavior to Dr. Johnson was a curious sample of the half-way friend. The plan of Johnson's Dictionary was presented to his lordship, and received with his wonted grace; but he quietly allowed the author to strive through seven years of labor and difficulties, till his work was on the eve of publication, and had been spoken of at court. Then the master of etiquette awoke, and published no less than two articles in *The World*—then at the head of periodical literature—filled with his and the age's compliments to the great lexicographer. "After making great professions, he had for many years taken no notice of me; but when my Dictionary was coming out, he fell a scribbling in *The World* about it," was the characteristic observation of Johnson; and one passage in the letter he addressed to Lord Chesterfield on the subject is worthy to outlast all the nobleman's epistles of small advice. "The notice which you have been pleased to take of my talents, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impinge it; till I am known, and do not want it."

There are half-way enemies, too,—creatures who keep the grudge, and show it under every possible pretext; generally preferring times of calamity for that purpose, but never daring to come to open opposition, on account of something that might be said or lost. Such an enemy was the mother of Christian the Seventh of Denmark, to his unlucky English queen, Matilda, when, after a long course of petty annoyance and surveillance of her daughter-in law—neither the wisest

nor most fortunate of ladies—she hurried to her son's chamber in tears, at the conclusion of a royal ball, and told him it was his painful but imperative duty, for the honor of the Danish crown, to sign a warrant for the queen's immediate arrest. That warrant was put in force before the last of the festive lights were extinguished in the palace. Swords have hung by hairs, ay, and descended, in more kingly mansions than that of Dionysius.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

BY SARAH E. ANNAN.

O where is the Spirit Land?
I hear of that land, I dream of that land,
Of the beautiful ones—the shining band—
That bask in His glory there—
Of the blood-washed throng in their robes of
white,
With beautiful harps, and their crowns of light,
Glittering with jewels rare.

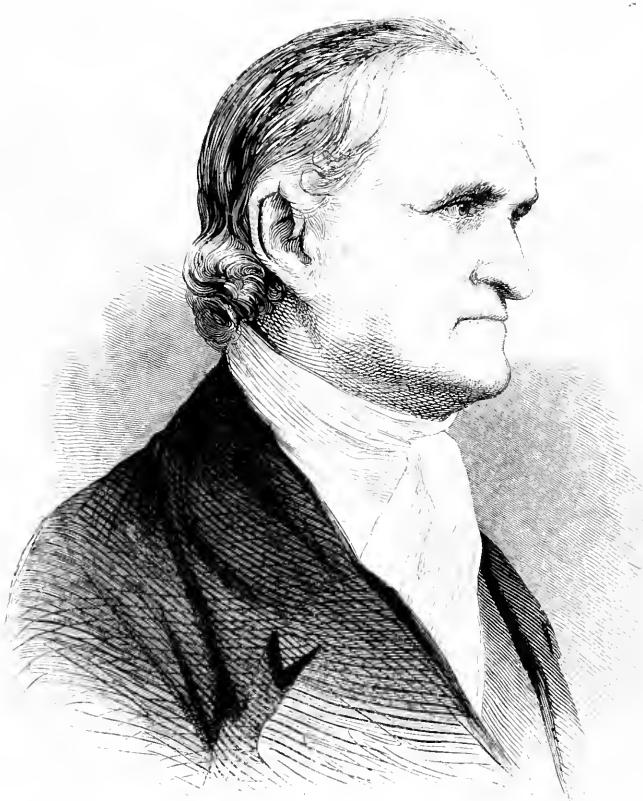
O where is the Spirit Land?
The nightless land, where flowers never die,
But eternally bloom 'neath a sunless sky,
And drink of the crystal stream—
The river that flows from the great white throne
Of God, and the Lamb that sitteth thereon;
From where rays of glory beam.

A loved one is in that land.
“My daughter, I go to the Spirit Land;
The valley is dark, but a winged band
Is waiting to bear me home.
An angel is near—’tis my youngest born—
The night is dark, but it soon will be morn—
Jesus—Saviour—I come.”

“Dear mother, where is that land?”
She answered me not—and I thought that now,
As I lay back a curl from her marble brow,
She peacefully, sweetly slept,
I kissed her cheek—twas as cold as the breath
Of winter’s king—then I knew ’twas death,
And I laid me down and wept.

Then, where is the Spirit Land?
Oh, I long and long to follow her there—
To the land more bright, and the sky more fair,
And join in the angel choir,
Mong the heaven-born ones as they float around;
While the arches again and again resound
With notes of the angel lyre.

O where is the Spirit Land?
Would that angel wings were given to me,
Then I, in robes of immortality,
Would fly to the happy land.
But I know that when death’s cold waves roll
o'er,
I'll be borne to that *Land*, that happy shore,
By a bright and shining band.



REV SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.

THE RIGHT SIDE FOR THE BRIDE.

(WITH A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.)

BY SAMUEL HANSON COX, D.D.

In the ceremony of marriage, how should the parties stand, as related to each other. Ought the bride to occupy the right side of the groom, or the left?

This question, though confessedly not of the most important class, is still considerable. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well, says the proverb; and a higher authority publishes the universal canon, *Let all things be done decently and in order*. Indeed, some clerical scholars, and in theology chieftains, err sometimes, by that studied contempt for little things, which is the result of no wisdom, and which may become itself great, by the evils it occasions. If there be a right, in reference to the question, it may argue no part of our wit or our virtue to be superior to its investigation and observance.

Marriage is an ordinance of God. It was made for the first man and the first woman. Its origin was paradise. It is neither a human, nor a civil, nor a modern institution, simply and alone. Its jurisdiction is over all the species; its duration, all time; its due honor, the welfare and the criterion of society.

But to the question.—Our position is, that the bride ought, in all cases of honorable marriage, to stand, by his promotive act, on the right side of her husband, in the ceremonial scene of their nuptials.

Arguments for the left side we have never seen. Those that would sometimes claim or seem to be such, are the following.

1. "The left side is nearer the heart?" If this nonsense were worth refuting, we could say, he is nearer her heart when she stands at his right side; and if this consideration does not neutralize the plea, making it as broad as it is long, it does more—since it is so important that he should have the first place of all creatures in her affections. But the adage is only nonsense.

2. "He can reach her better on the left?" This objection is practically nothing, or rather it is positively false. It is not natural or forward to put the right hand toward the left, as it is to ex-

tend it in the rectitude of its own direction. This, too, is scenically better. He does, and appears to do, all the reaching. He takes her hand, and he holds it; and this is symmetrically seen, and ever prominent, in the spectacle. Experience demonstrates the case, the nature, and even the elegance, with which a well-bred person, in the action of his marriage vows, before God, can take the hand of his loved lady, in a way of the most delicate and refined propriety, as it regards her sufferance, and retain it indicatively, till the solemnity is consummated.

3. "He is her head." Is he? And therefore be ought to be meanly jealous of his rights, and prompt to remind her and others of them, in the very solemnization of their glad espousals; and therefore he should degrade her from the glory of a wife's dignity, by consigning her to the left side of him!—and therefore it is worthy of his magnanimity, on the superb occasion, to eclipse his lovely bride, and put her into a state of occultation, that himself may be conspicuous as *the head of a woman* and the lustrous orb of the picture! The left side is the wrong side.

4. "But it is usage." Not always. Custom varies all over the world. Opinions vary, as led by caprice, mistaken fashion, taste, ignorance, indifference, irreligion, or—no one can tell what.

5. "But Victoria stood on the left of Prince Albert!" Did she? Well! there may be many a right thing which the Queen of England never did, and never knew, and never considered.

One consideration there is, which, with us, is both paramount and conclusive. We will state it somewhat at large. Let queens and princes clear the way for it. It is the grand honor o marriage, the best and richest illustration both o its nature and its dignity, that the parties in the scene are, in the Holy Scriptures, beautifully viewed as the types of Christ and the church *He that hath the bride is the bridegroom*. The church is called *the bride, the Lamb's wife*. The parallel obtains throughout the inspired volume. It is now an allusion, now a metaphor, now an

allegory, always a comparison. In Ephesians 5 : 22—33, it is extensively treated. It is implied in the scenery of eternal judgment, Matt 25 : 31 —46, collated with 1—13, and 22 : 1—14. Rev. 19 : 7—9. The Book of Canticles, could it only be translated perfectly, would appear to be a poetical epithalamium, referring ultimately to the Lord of glory and the church of his love in their eternal espousals; itself incomparably appropriate, rich, instructive, and delightful.

But how marked, in the picturesque of every scene, is the position of the bride! The right hand is auspicious, as the place of honor, of promotion, of conspicuity, and of delight. And she is stationed, in glory and attraction pre-eminent, on his right hand—the moral centre of the scene, the radiation of his similitude, the reflection of his glory. And is his dignity lessened, or his headship obscured, as the consequence? Is his majesty impaired, or his worship, or the honor of his name, or the love of his subjects? Does his bride abuse his favor, or usurp his prerogatives? We can see nothing but propriety and order and loveliness, in such a substantial pageant of celestial grandeur and significance.

Where marriage is duly honored, the sex is duly honored. Where woman is duly honored, human nature is duly honored; that is, man is elevated, society is improved, virtue is illustrious, and religion predominates.

The forty-fifth Psalm is *a song of loves*, composed, it is thought, on occasion of the marriage of Solomon with an Egyptian princess. But *a greater than Solomon*, or than the daughter of Pharaoh, is there. It refers not obscurely to the second Adam, and the Eve of his eternal companionship, in the paradise of God; to them as the worthy and the eternal archetypes of the married relation. The theme is rapturous, and inspires the poetry of the devout Psalmist. *My heart*, he says, *is inditing a good matter. I speak of the things which I have made touching the king. My tongue is the pen of a ready writer.* Then the marriage is descriptively solemnized. The king in his glory appears not alone, but his incomparable consort with him. And her position is defined in the scene; it is said, with emphasis and poetry, in the graphic picture—*On his right hand did stand the queen, in gold of Ophir.* She could not mistake her place in the group of glory.

The right hand, with all the oriental nations, was the place also of good omens, and the symbol of prosperity. Of this—to omit many others—we have an example in the book of Luke, 1 : 11. The father of the holy harbinger of Christ was officiating in the sanctuary of the temple as the priest of God, when there appeared to him an

angel of the Lord, standing on the right side of the altar of incense. If his mission had been to denounce the judgments of God, instead of heralding his mercy and salvation, he would have appeared on the left side of the altar. Zacharias therefore offended against the typical significance of the scene in his unbelieving fear, and was rebuked by the heavenly messenger. *I am Gabriel, that stand in the presence of God, and am sent to speak to thee, and to show thee these glad tidings.* And he sentenced him to be dumb till they were accomplished.

The scene of marriage is one of joy and gladness, as well as of solemnity and worship. Hence all sinister or left-handed associations should be withdrawn from it; and those of dextrous and happy implication should alone replace them. And every way we argue, as the bridegroom is the head and the master of the occasion, that his bride should be by him promoted to the place of honor, of prosperous indication and happy associations—unless he is ashamed of her, or jealous for his headship particularly, or forgetful of the grand symbolic import of marriage, or careless of all elegant and religious proprieties, or incapable of sentiment and moral beauty, or, finally, one of those democratic or autoocratic simpletons, who will do wrong in order to show their own independence, and “do some things as well as others,” or be “as free as some folks.”

Other arguments, of a subordinate character, might be easily adduced. With respect to politeness and fashion, however, we have something to say. These will often govern the world when all nobler authorities are powerless. In a far secondary place, we suppose them only corroborative, however, of our position here; that is, in their proper or their best elements of influence.

For four hundred years after—and, indeed even earlier than—the Norman Conquest, and in their consequences to this day, the urbanity and the court manners of Europe were regulated, directly or indirectly, by the spirit and the laws of chivalry. It is but lately, indeed, that it has generally—not yet totally—ceased to be fashionable for a well-bred gentleman to wear a sword, as a part of his ornamental dress for a drawing-room, a royal levee, or other social occasions of display. But who ever dreamed of the incongruity, not to say the indignity, standing or walking with a lady, to place her and his sword together on the left side? When, however, she is positioned in the living *tableau*, where she ought to be, on his right, and his sword on the left, they are both comparatively safe and at ease, secure from accidents and awkwardnesses of a peculiar but ineffable description. Should he

also have occasion to draw the gleaming weapon, it acts or flames in front of the lady, to her innocuous, as the armor of her proper champion, for sallies of defensive or offensive demonstration, at once her avenger and her shield. Gentlemen of the army and the navy wear swords professionally; and to all these, the propriety of the sword on one side, the lady on the other, and the man of fidelity and honor between them, is quite obvious, although "the age chivalry is gone."

When a lady stands or walks with her lord on his right, her left hand properly supports her dependence, while her right is at ease and free for motion, gesture, and action of any sort; while his right arm sustains the grateful inebitant in a way of facile preference and nature.

Again, in all the world the usage of sentiment

has made the dexter side preferable for honor, politeness, and address. Our native language attests its superiority. It is the *right* side; and rectitude in idea alone could have suggested the epithet, now universal in our Anglo-Saxon tongue, as well as indelible, "express, and admirable." The other is the *left*—because we pretermitt or leave it; implying inferiority, dereliction, oblivion: more suited to one left, neglected or forgotten, *sine spe*, than to the state of a chosen bride in the scenery of her espousals, by the side of her beloved, in the crisis of her joys, and while honorably typifying the *glorious church* of Christ as she shall be *presented to himself*, with the gratulation of angelie witnesses, in the heaven of heavens.

THE MINSTRELSY OF NATURE.

The minstrelsy of nature's ever heard:

In the moist bosom of the quickening Spring,
When snow-drops burst, and th' awakening bird,
From winter's torpor on rejoicing wing
Mounts heavenward singing; in the liquid gush
Of crystal fountains bubbling from the side
Of some green hill; in the tempestuous rush
Of solemn night-winds eddying far and wide;
Through the sombre forests and through alleys
green,
Where the green lizard leaps or feeds unseen.

The minstrelsy of nature,—it is known

In mellow summer, where the rills rejoice
Amid the woodland—and the turtle's tone
Its music mingles with the bulbul's voice;
By the quick rustling of the forest leaves,
And full of early blossoms—by the swing
Of populous branches when the tempests rave,
Disheveling their tints; and by the spring
And finny leap of fish in the cool wave,
And echo, answering from her inland cave.

The minstrelsy of nature,—it is found,
And heard in Autumn where the woodlands
shed

Their venerable foliage on the ground,
Like the thin grey locks off some old man's
head;
By the road-side, and by the river's bank,
Where the red robin sings, and swallows fly
Across the water-brooks; where nettles rank
Are fading in the sunbeams, and where lie
The moth, and grasshopper; 'tis heard, and things
A sense of gladness o'er all earthly things.

The minstrelsy of nature—it is brought

By winter to our hearths; and in the deep
And stillly midnight, when our eyes have sought
A refuge from all care, and balmy sleep
Locks in forgetfulness our weary eyes,
It comes upon the wreck-presaging storm,
And shakes our homesteads; and along the skies
Peals in deep thunder, making heaven's cheek
warm
And flushed with lightning; and the pelting hail,
Hurl'd earthward, reels like chaff beneath the
flail.

There is no part of God's vast universe

Untenanted, and therefore no part free
Of harmony; the very stars rehearse
Their Maker's glory, and rejoice to be
His oracles: herb, blossom, wood and dell,
Rocks, rivers, mountains, ocean, and the dim
Interminable aether, chant and swell,
And blend their myriad tones into one hymn
And tone of homage, heard for evermore,
Ascending without pause from sea and shore.

And from the human heart, the fount and throne,
And temple of God's worship, oft a sigh,
A deep low murmur, like a captive's moan,
In sorrow will arise, and to the sky
Appeal for what the cold world may not know;
Its name is prayer, and when it is sincere,
In gloom or gladness, joyfulness or wo,
When speaking through the lip or through the
tear.
Whatever shapes it takes, it has a spell
To exalt or to subdue, wher'er we dwell.

THE CHRISTIAN CATACOMBS OF ROME.

BY A RETURNED TRAVELER.

CHRISTIANITY is the same from the beginning to the end. The oracles of our heavenly Father, as spoken by the mouth of the anointed Saviour, have still the same voice which they bore before the cross was set up on Calvary. The divine principles which reveal the will of the omnipotent and immaculate God, and which are preserved in his word, know no change nor shadow of turning; but the visible Christian church, since its foundation until to-day, has assumed many diverse forms, according to circumstances and the conviction of its members. At first she was lowly in form, humble, peaceful, and meek, seeking the secluded mountain-side and the quiet waters by which to worship. From poverty did God's anointed Son come forth, and he preached salvation to the poor. Poor and humble were the Galilean fishermen who spread abroad the glorious gospel of love; and it was the poor and needy that first heard and received the glad tidings with joy. As time rolled on, however, and the rich and powerful attached themselves to Christianity, the stately cathedral displaced the humble cell, and a splendid ritual became the service of the visible church. No city in the world is more fruitful of historical associations than Rome; and no part of her history is more instructive or interesting than that of the Christian church. Like her polytheism, which emanated from the subterranean temple of Consus, the Roman church arose from the dark and gloomy catacombs; and as the former saw its crowning glories in the temple of Jupiter Olympus, so did the latter behold her greatness in the St Peter's of Buonarotti. There is no more instructive employment for the reflection of man, than to observe the development of any system, even from that of a grain of seed to that of a grand leading idea; the spirit and nature of man and the ways of Providence are illustrated in both.

The great increase which took place in the magnificence of ancient Rome, during the latter times of the republic, naturally led to the formation of quarries in the immediate neighborhood. In this respect, the city of the Caesars resembles many others, as Paris, Naples, Syraeuse, and Alexandria, all more or less surrounded or under-

mined by tortuous excavations. The size and shape of these differ according to the firmness of the substratum: at Naples they are large and lofty, but at Rome, from the crumbling nature of the soil, narrow and low. These subterranean works attracted general notice during the time of Augustus, when their extent rendered them dangerous. They first obtained celebrity as the scene of the domestic tragedy referred to by Cicero in his oration for Cluentius. The riches of Asinius, a young Roman citizen, had excited the avarice of Oppianicus, who employed an accomplice to personate Asinius, and to execute a will in his name. The pretended Asinius having bequeathed the property to Oppianicus, and obtained the signatures of some strangers, the true Asinius was inveigled to the gardens of the Esquiline, and precipitated into one of the sand-pits. It was in these caverns that Nero was advised to conceal himself, when terrified by the sentence of an enraged senate; on which occasion he made answer to his freedman Phaon, that he would not go under ground while living. The sand obtained from the Esquiline pits was used for making cement; it was recommended for this purpose by the architect Vitruvius, as preferable to all other.

The custom of digging sand from these crypts or galleries being established, the whole subsoil on one side of Rome was in course of time perforated by a network of excavations, spreading ultimately to a distance of fifteen miles. In the mean time the original quarries, exhausted of their stores, were appropriated to other uses. We must bear in mind that at this date—that is, about the close of the Republic—the Romans were accustomed to *burn* their dead, excepting a few families of distinction, who preferred burying them, and the lowest orders of the people, who were not able to procure the honors of a funeral pile. Certain classes of persons, as those who had made away with themselves, or had perished by the hand of the law, were forbidden to receive the rites of interment. The prohibition was also extended to such as had been struck by lightning; a circumstance seized upon by Tertullian, as illustrative of the Christian's salvation

from hell, "He who has been touched by heavenly fire is safe from being consumed by any other flame." For these persons the pits left by the sand-diggers on the Esquiline hill afforded a convenient burial-place; and their bodies were thrown in to putrefy, much to the annoyance of the inhabitants of that part of Rome.

It was probably to the sand-diggers on the Esquiline hill, and to the poor men who had been employed in scooping out the cavernous catacombs, that the gospel was first preached at Rome; and it was likely, from their knowledge of its tortuosities, that the persecuted of the faith were made acquainted with this city of refuge. For many years did the faithful find a precarious refuge under ground, from the persecutions of which the malignity of the heathen mob or the malice of the heathen rulers subjected them; and for many generations did they lay the bodies of their dead in this subterranean dwelling-place of the living.

The fact that the catacombs were employed as a refuge from persecution, rests upon good evidence, notwithstanding objections founded upon the narrowness of the passages, the difficulty of supporting life, and the risk of discovery incurred by seeking concealment in an asylum so well known to the Pagans. They have been an object of great interest to the Christian traveler for many years, and abound with monuments and memorials of the faith and virtues of the early disciples of Christ. They have been also the scene of the actual martyrdom of some noble witnesses to the truth. Nystus, Bishop of Rome, together with Quartus, one of his clergy, suffered below ground in the time of Cyprian. Stephen, also Bishop of Rome, was traced by heathen soldiers to his subterranean chapel: on the conclusion of divine service, he was thrust back into his episcopal chair, and beheaded. The letters of Christians then living refer to such scenes with a simplicity that dispels all idea of exaggeration: while their expectation of sharing the same fate affords a vivid picture of those dreadful times.

An authentic history of Stephen during his long residence in the catacombs, would be surpassed in interest by few narratives in the ecclesiastical archives. Some incidents have been handed down to us. From time to time he was consulted by his clergy, who resorted to him for advice and exhortation. On one occasion, a layman named Hippolytus, himself a refugee, sought the bishop's cell, to receive instruction regarding a circumstance that preyed upon his mind. Paulina, his heathen sister, together with her husband Adrian, were in the habit of sending provisions by their two children to Hippolytus and his

companions. The unconverted state of these relations by whom his bodily life was supported, weighed heavily upon him, and by the advice of Stephen a plan was laid for detaining the children, so that the parents were forced to seek them in the cavern. Every argument was used by Stephen and Hippolytus to induce their benefactors to embrace the faith, and, though for the time ineffectual, the desired end was at length accomplished. Tradition adds that they all suffered martyrdom, and were buried in the catacombs.

A visit in former years to these touching scenes of ancient piety and faith, left an impression of the grandeur of our religion, which neither the pomp of cathedrals, nor the array of the priesthood that now occupy Rome, ever conveyed. Walking through the long corridors, the walls are seen covered with inscriptions, some plain and striking, but mostly obscure or effaced. These inscriptions are of singular interest to the antiquarian and to the historiographer, and are of no mean importance in the discussion of the form of the early churches. They show us in rude but unmistakeable characters the meek and humble spirit of the primitive Christians during trial, and in their conflicts with power; and they gradually appear as monuments of the progressive epochs of the church at Rome. The early Christians had toleration under several of the Roman emperors; for, notwithstanding the many charges that were brought against them by the Pagan writers, they were never yet accused of anything more serious than of worshiping Christ, and of warring against the idolatry of the polytheists. Between the Pagans and Christians there was an uncompromising difference, which the advocates of Christianity did not shrink, in the face of the greatest terrors, from exposing. Carrying in their hand the life they valued so cheaply, the martyrs lavishly exchanged it for the treasures of eternal glory; but besides this, in itself an abundant recompence, they bought over the hearts of men. With such a price they seduced the world into imitation of their virtues: the same violence that took heaven by force, prevailed over earth and vanquished hell. Nothing could have been devised better adapted to display the power of the new faith, than submitting its professors to martyrdom: not proof against the generous enthusiasm of his victim, the executioner often caught the flame; gazed upon the dangerous spectacle of the power of true religion, till his heart burned within him; and, fairly overwhelmed by the trial of faith and hope, hastened to undergo the death which his hands had inflicted on another. It was perhaps the frequent experience of this which led many of the Pagan

officers to avoid capital punishment, and to employ the more efficacious method of bribes and entreaties.

Among the earliest sufferers in Rome after the completion of the inspired canon, was Ignatius, who was devoured by beasts in the Coliseum, A.D. 107. Of his martyrdom we have a short narrative, expressed in language sufficiently inelegant and obscure to stamp it as the work of uneducated persons; and professing to be the production of the martyr's personal friends. In addition to these "Acts," we have the epistles of Ignatius written to seven churches while on his way to Rome; in this respect he imitated his apostolic friend, who had departed this life a few years earlier. These epistles have happily come down to us uncorrupted. From these "acts" and epistles we learn all that is known of the last days of Ignatius. While the Emperor Trajan was passing through Antioch, on his way to Armenia, he observed that a portion of his subjects rendered him imperfect homage, so that the lustre of his recent victories seemed to suffer some diminution. His indignation being roused, he issued an edict commanding the Christians to sacrifice to the gods, under pain of instant death. Ignatius, fearing for the church over which he was bishop, presented himself before Trajan, and after a short conversation too well known to need repetition, was sentenced to death. He was placed under the care of soldiers, to be conducted to Rome; during the journey he contrived to visit Polycarp, his fellow-disciple in the school of St. John. He also wrote to the church of Rome, requesting them to make no attempt to save his life.

Among the most elaborately finished productions of Ambrose, is the story of Theodora, a young woman of remarkable beauty, who had attracted the notice of the governor of Antioch. Vainly was she urged to renounce Christianity; threats of torture failed to shake her constancy; and when finally told that she must either sacrifice, or be publicly disgraced, she calmly answered, "The will alone is what God regards." Being at length condemned by the reluctant governor, she was led to the place of confinement, where she offered up a prayer for deliverance. A ferocious-looking soldier forcing his way through the crowd, immediately entered the cell: "Shut your ears," exclaims Ambrose at this juncture, "Christ's faithful witness suffers; nay, but listen once more, for deliverance is at hand." That wolf's clothing disposes a sheep; the man of arms is a soldier of the cross, bent on saving his fellow-believer at the cost of his own life. He quiets her apprehensions, and proposes to exchange dresses with her, so that

she may pass out in his stead. "Take the dress which hides your sex, and give me that which makes me a martyr; believe that for Christ's sake you wear this heathen habit. Be this," he continues, putting upon her his armor, "be this your breast-plate of righteousness, this your shield of faith, and this your helmet of salvation. But, above all, as you go out, hide your face, and let no thought of my fate cause you to turn your head; if tempted to look back, remember Lot's wife." Theodora escaped in safety, leaving the generous Didymus within. The next who entered discovered the change of the prisoner; but, unable to explain the mystery, attributed it to a miracle. The circumstance was soon reported to the governor, and Didymus sentenced to execution. But Theodora, hearing of his apprehension, ran to the place of punishment, and hastened to dispute with him the crown of martyrdom. "I will not be guilty of your death," she exclaimed: "I consented that you should preserve my honor, but not my life. If you deprive me of the crown of martyrdom, you will have deceived me." Two contended, both triumphed: the crown was not divided, but conferred on each.

The fame of the catacombs as a repository of martyrs' ashes early spread throughout Christendom, and attracted to Rome many admirers of relics. Among these was Aurelius Clemens Prudentius, a native of Saragossa, who, about A.D. 380, traveled from Spain to Rome, for the express purpose of visiting the catacombs; and whose enthusiasm, kindled by the countless sepulchres of the martyr church, found expression in a collection of hymns, entitled "Peristaphanon," or, "Concerning the Crowns." He was the first writer who attempted to reduce to a pleasing form the incidents of martyrdom. The history of the ancient bishops of Rome is intimately connected with that of the catacombs, in which not a few were martyred, and all, till the middle of the fifth century, were buried. From the time of Leo I, who in 462 was interred in the vestibule of the sacristy of St. Peter's, we may date the decline of the subterranean cemeteries. During the troubles which followed, the knowledge of their entrances was lost, and only a few short passages of easy access remained open, which were still embellished with the ornaments suggested by a debased taste. The earliest accusations brought against the Christians were leveled principally at their obstinate adherence to their religion, and refusal to sacrifice to idols. Pliny described them as meeting together to worship Christ, to sing hymns, and to partake of a social meal; their morals were represented as pure, their opinions as simply opposed to the religion of the state.

I've a Home in the Valley.

WRITTEN BY J. E. CARPENTER.

COMPOSED BY STEPHEN GLOVER.

1. Come to the valley—the mountain may be The joy of the hunter, the home of the
2. Come to the valley—the mountain has not The many fair blossoms that grow round my

free; There's peace in the valley, there's calm and re-pose, Un-known on the hills where the
ect; The rivulet gushing—yet si-lent-ly still, Me-an-d'ring in peace by the

stormy wind blows;
foot of the hill;

All that's lovely and blessed in cre-a-tion is
Oh! come while the val-ley is frag-rant and

s.v.a.....

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I'VE A HOME IN THE VALLEY.

there, There the bright flowers are flinging their sweets to the air, 'Tis the fairy-like home of the green, And the dis - tance a - round adds its charms to the scene. The mountain's too bleak for a

Ritard. A Tempo.

bird and the bee, I've a ect in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a flow - ret like thee, I've a home in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a

Ritard. A Tempo.

cot in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a cot in the val - ley, come share it with home in the val - ley, come share it with me! I've a home in the val - ley, come share it with

me!

f

ff

S U B M I S S I O N T O P R O V I D E N C E .

B Y R E V . J A C O B A B B O T T .

WE little realize how few of the circumstances of life on which our welfare and happiness depend are within our control. Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps. We should be willing now to submit to this direction. Be active, energetic, patient, persevering, and circumspect in all your plans and efforts. Leave nothing undone which it is in your power to do, to insure success. But when you have done all, calmly and quietly leave the event in his hands who most certainly will decide, whether you have the heart to acquiesce in his decision or not. Allow yourself to feel no solicitude and no anxiety. In circumstances of *danger*, or where you imagine there is danger, remember that restlessness and anxious concern are *insubmission*. You are upon the water in a dark and stormy night,—and you harass yourself and those around you by the indulgence and expression of your fears. You watch the skies,—you make ceaseless and utterly useless inquiries,—you listen to the moaning of the wind, and wish you had not embarked,—and in a word you allow your soul to work itself into a commotion which forms, within, the image and counterpart of the sea of surges which is roaring without, around you. Is this the spirit of submission? Is this a readiness to acquiesce in the Divine will concerning you? Can a Christian who has given himself to the Lord, to be disposed of soul and body, for time and for eternity by him, can a Christian thus allow his heart to rebel against the mighty hand that is over him, and call himself a Christian still?

Whenever anything occurs in the dealings of Divine Providence, whether it be losses, dangers, or difficulties, we must say to the rising feeling within, Hush, be still. We must calm the anxiety, dismiss the care, and throw the whole soul into an attitude of quiet repose, by bringing home fully to our minds the reflection that the pressure which we feel is the pressure of the mighty hand from above, against which it is most vain as well as wicked to struggle.

So in case of any impending calamity or danger, the hand may exert itself to avert it, but the heart must be still. A reverse of fortune is in-

volving you in difficulties and embarrassments which hedge you up, day by day, more and more closely, and from which there is every day less and less hope of extrication. Or death is coming to sunder some of the dearest ties which entwine your heart: all efforts to relieve and save are vain, and you see the sufferer, whom you love, pining slowly away and sinking gradually and hopelessly towards the grave. In either of these cases you are not indeed to relax your exertions. What little lays in your power, you must faithfully do. But the activity of your movement without must not have a counterpart in restlessness and inquietness of spirit within. Here all must be calm, peaceful, resigned. We must feel that such questions are to be decided by a different voice from ours. This willingness to leave the responsibility where it properly belongs, will take off from your soul one half its burden, and make the other half easily borne.

Some persons say that such a doctrine as this is very easy to preach but very hard to practise; but this is a mistake. It is easy and delightful to practise. It is the contrary is hard. It is the spirit of insubmission and resistance which is hard. It is the kicking against the pricks which is hard. Whoever learns the lesson of submission to the will of God learns the secret of comfort and happiness. He enjoys everything good more, and suffers everything evil less, than another. In fact, there is a kind of pleasure in receiving a cup of trial and sorrow from the hand of one whom you love and adore, when you come thoroughly to feel that he has the right to do with you just as he pleases, and that he will only please to do what is right. Many souls in this frame of mind have welcomed disappointment and sorrow. They open their doors to trouble, and bid it come in, since it is sent from God.

The celebrated words of Kirk White are not mere poetry; they express feelings to which many hearts can respond:

"Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies."

The restless and the bad :
 But I recline
 Beneath thy shrine,
 And round my brow, resign'd, thy peaceful cypress twine
 Though Fancy flies away
 Before thy hollow tread,
 Yet Meditation, in her cell,
 Hears, with faint eye, the lingering knell,
 That tells her hopes are dead ;
 And though the tear
 By chance appear,
 Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.
 Come, Disappointment, come !
 Though from Hope's summit hurl'd,
 Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
 For thou severe wert sent from heaven
 To wean me from the world :
 To turn my eye
 From vanity,
 And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die
 * * * * *
 Come, Disappointment, come !
 Thou art not stern to me ;
 Sad Monitress ! I own thy sway,
 A votary sad in early day,
 I bend my knee to thee.
 From sun to sun
 My race will run,
 I only bow, and say, My God, thy will be done !

This submission, however, which makes us willing to receive calmly and patiently whatever Divine Providence sends, does not prevent our feeling it. Some persons seem to confound resignation with insensibility, or at least they imagine that great grief shows want of resignation. But I suppose that resignation, after all, does not tend so much to diminish the *depth* as to change the *character* of sorrow. When we lose a friend, for example, by death or some unhappy alienation, we may *feel the loss* more or less, according to the circumstances of the case, without being resigned to it at all. On the other hand, there may be the most entire and happy acquiescence in the Divine will, under the pressure of a sorrow which entirely overwhelms the soul. We must not, therefore, infer, when we see a wife overwhelmed with grief at the loss of a husband, or a mother for a son,—we must not infer from the depth of the sufferer's anguish that she is not

resigned. She may be perfectly so. Resignation does not turn grief into gladness. It does not weaken sensibility, or stop tears. It takes away the repining, the restlessness, and the bitterness of grief,—but leaves the melting tenderness of the soul the same as before. Resignation does not destroy suffering—it makes us willing to bear suffering. It takes away *resistance* to sorrow from the mind, not the sorrow itself. But in doing so it changes the whole character of the sorrow, not by diminishing its intensity, but by destroying its sting. It remains as great as before, but it ceases to be suffering.

Let us all acquiesce cordially and happily in the control of the mighty hand which is over us. That hand, most certainly is over us, and struggle as much as we may, we can never resist its power. We are now *where* we are, and *what* we are, not because ten years ago we planned and designed it, but because God has brought us on to our present position, in a way we knew not of. And where and what we shall be ten years hence, depends upon God's designs for us, not upon our own schemes and plans for ourselves. He will decide whether we are soon to be swallowed up in the vortices of sorrow and death which are whirling around us, or whether we shall float on a little longer. A thousand years hence we shall be where and what he pleases,—enjoying such means of happiness as he may prepare for us, or suffering the pains which his righteous retribution may provide for spirits which cannot bear his gentle sway. Let us learn soon the lesson, "Thy will be done." He who can say this always, everywhere, and under all circumstances, is safe and happy, let what will befall him. His soul is enveloped in a protection which no sharp arrow can pierce. He cannot be hurt ; he cannot be wounded. His experience in life will admit of one change,—from *joyful* happiness in *glad* hours, to sad happiness in sorrow and tears. Whatever the change is, it will be peace and happiness still. Let us all learn then to say, "Thy will be done."

"AND GOD SAID LET THERE BE LIGHT."

"Let there be light"! Swift as the wings of thought,
 Forth rushed the angels at Jehovah's voice,
 To bid the earth, the sea, the stars rejoice,
 And gild creation o'er;—yet light was not ;—
 Not in the caves of earth, and the dark sea,

Heaving, its billows groaned "tis not in me."
 Where, Light, thy dwelling?—Lo ! the golden doors
 Of Heaven are opened : Darkness, turn and flee !
 Back, angels, speed thy to thy celestial shores ;
 See, from the throne of God the stream of glory pours !

DIES IRAE.

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH VERSE.

BY REV. OLIVER A. TAYLOR.

The celebrated Latin hymn, beginning with *Dies Irae*, is known to all scholars. My object, in the following version of it, has been, in connection with the spirit, to retain, as far as possible, the exact rhythm of the original, so that both the one and the other could be sung to the same tune. Of course, like all poetry transferred from one language into another, it must be regarded as an imitation rather than a translation.

It was my primary intention also to give a critical history of the hymn itself; and I early began to make collections for this purpose, but since the Rev. Dr. Williams has gone so far into it, (though a volume might be written in continuance of the same,) I have concluded to omit it. It may be simply remarked, that it is supposed to have been written by Thomas de Celano, a Minorite monk, and a native of Italy, about A.D. 1250. Many versions have been made of it, into almost all languages. Of those in English, several may be seen in Williams's work. The last version into English that has met my eye, and probably the most successful one, preserving, like my own, the double rhyme, and beginning with, "Day shall dawn that has no morn," was first published in the Newark Advertiser, and is said to have been made by Dr. Abraham Coles, of that city. My own version, here published, was made several years since, and before I had seen any rendering of it into English verse, preserving the exact features of the original. In the first stanza, I have preferred to drop the heathen idea that the Sybils were capable of truly prophesying. Those who wish to retain it, may read the second line, "Sybils sung, and David's lyre." There are several various readings of parts of the hymn, of which no notice is taken; and one of the first stanza, dropping the idea respecting the Sybils and introducing that of the standard of the cross waving in triumph over the world, as the Saviour comes to judgment. This last may be expressed with a tolerable degree of exactness, thus:—

"Lo the day, that day of ire,
Burning with devouring fire,
Waves the banner of Messiah."

The closing stanza of the hymn, as will be seen is peculiar. In the original, the two closing lines are made to contain a prayer for the dead, thus:—

"Pie Jesu Domine,
Dona eis requiem."

I have so far varied from it as to have nothing shocking to the feelings of a Protestant Christian. Indeed, this is the only place in which there comes out anything peculiar to the Roman form of Christianity. All the rest of the hymn is of the purest doctrinal character, and has faith in Christ for its fundamental principle; thus showing that even in the dark ages there were those who had the light of life in great, if not in all, its purity. Those who wish to enter more at large into the subject of this hymn, may consult "Anthologie christlicher Gesänge aus der alten und mittlern Zeit, von August Jacob Rambach, 3 Bds. Altona in Leipzig, 1817," vol. 1, p. 32 seq.; and especially, Dr. William R. Williams's Misc., 2d ed., N. Y., 1850, p. 78.

DIES IRAE.

Lo, the day! that day of ire,
Sung by Zion's hallowed lyre,
Burning with devouring fire!

O! the terrors vast arising,
Of the Judge all scrutinizing,
On a cloud the world surprising.

Hear the trumpet loudly swelling,
Through earth's dark sepulchral dwelling,
Man before the throne compelling.

Death agast, and wide creation,
See the dead of every nation,
Rise in Judgment-expectation.

Forth is brought the Book of Ages,
Flashing direly with presages,
All things blazoned on its pages!

Jesus on his throne of wonder,
Every veil is rent asunder,
Round him rolling vengeful thunder.

Ah me! shrink those, righteous being!
Heaven and earth prepare for fleeing!
Can I bear the eye all-seeing?

Yet, enthroned in sapphire-blazes,
Awful King, thy grace amazes,
Save me for its endless praises !

By thee once, in death extended,
Was a ruined world befriended !
On thee hang my hopes suspended.

For me thou didst bless the manger,
Bear the cross and brave its danger;
O! remember still the stranger !

Let compassion, kindly yearning,
The demands of justice spurning,
Blot the leaves against me burning ?

Hear the pleas thy suppliant urges,
Trembling on destruction's verges—
'Neath him rolling fiery surges.

Must I from thy face be driven,
When vile Mary was forgiven,
And the thief assured of Heaven ?

Justly may thy vengeance lower ;
Yet in mercy show thy power,
Let not endless flames devour !

In the last adjudication,
Grant my guilty soul a station
With the children of salvation.

From thy joys celestial never,
With the vile, my spirit sever,
In thy wrath to burn forever.

Joined with myriads now before thee,
Would thy guilty worm adore thee,
Hear his trembling voice implore thee !

Day of grief and wo surprising,
When to judgment all are rising,
Then,—in mercy veiled, each feature,—
Spare, O spare the guilty creature ;
With thee, Lord and Saviour blessed !
Let him find eternal rest.

AMEN.

TWO STORIES FOR THE FIRESIDE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It was a cold winter night : the snow had been falling since daybreak, and the valley in which we dwell, was knee-deep. Throughout the day, we saw the white flakes sifted down upon the woods and fields : the bushes, at first so stiff and erect, began to droop and bend ; the outstretched arms of the pines were loaded down ; and in one place, where the wind seemed to have chosen its highway in passing through the valley, the snow was drifted over the fences and the stone walls. Now and then a sleigh dashed by, with its bells jingling sharply and merrily, and one or two foot passengers, plodded down the road, but for the most part the villagers, like sensible people, kept in-doors.

We sat around our great fireplace, and the hickory logs on the hearth burned, and simmered, and puffed out their sappy steam, like a miniature train of cars filled with salamanders. Year after year we draw our chairs around that hospitable hearth, and hope too for years to come. Somehow or other, on winter nights one always feels kindly and charitably disposed. He feels that all men are his brethren, and all women his sisters; and

certainly this last fact, cannot but make the most cynical rejoice. When the fire blazes, and the sparks crackle up the chimney, we think of the thousands in towns and cities, sitting around their own firesides, in social friendship and mirth : nor only those within doors, but we sympathize deeply with those without. We see in thought, the solitary night passenger toiling wearily along the highway, stamping his feet, and beating his arms to keep himself warm : the roads are almost impassable with snow, and the bleak wind blows over the common, until he is nearly frozen : he passes by old barns where the cattle are warmly housed : the farmer is there with his lantern : cottage windows by the roadside are ruddy and bright, and a long streak of light streams out into the darkness : how cheerful and happy they must be within !—if he was only at home now !—but he will be soon : he turns up the well-known pathway ; a light is held to the window, and in a moment wife and children are in his arms !—There is nothing like a winter night, for kindness and charity : If you ever want a favor done, and cannot catch your man after dinner,

take him by his fireside when the nights are dark and cold. He can refuse you nothing then.

But to return to ourselves: Uncle Tim sat in his old arm chair holding little Bess in his lap.—Reader, I wish you had the honor of Uncle Tim's acquaintance. I know you would like him. Everybody does. He is, I should guess, about sixty-five, and a hale, hearty old bachelor. His hair, what there is left of it, is white as snow, and his head is bald on top, like the fine old gentleman's on the stage, who always insists on paying everybody's debts. Portly, for he is accustomed to good dinners,—healthy, for he is accustomed to exercise,—jolly, for he is fond of mirth, and always kind-hearted, he is the pride of the village, and the god father of half the little urchins in it. When he dies (this is in confidence) I shall come in for something handsome. My post obits are as good as gold. Bess, his favorite, and our youngest, is a merry little maid of four or five; such a one as Coleridge thought of, when he wrote about

"A fairy thing with red round cheeks."

Kate and Ruth, a pair of beautiful girls, about sixteen and eighteen years of age, sat on Uncle Tim's left hand, knitting mittens for the coming charity fair; mother next, and I brought up the end of the wing in the corner. Bess held a little sea shell in her hand, which she had been playing with for the last half hour, teasing Uncle Tim the while to tell her a story, which he promised to do by-and-by. Taking the shell from the child, who by this time had grown tired of it, and was playing with a china lamb, her new year's present, I examined it minutely. It was hard, dark, and scaly on the outside, with knobs, and jagged horns like the crooked legs of an immense spider, but its portal was more beautiful than the rose tints of a summer morning. I held it to my ear, and it murmured sadly and solemnly like a distant sea. I thought of what it had encountered in the depths of ocean;—of the world of waters rolling over it, dark and green, flecked with white sailed ships;—of great monsters swimming around and above it;—of leagues of drifting sea weeds, and forests of coral with long white arms;—of old armaments gone to wreck, with cargoes of rich merchandise;—and of the tempest which tore it from its hold of the rocks, and washed it up on the sand. Perhaps it had been picked up, by a cabin boy, on his first voyage, as a present for his old mother, who prayed for his welfare, night and morning, with tears. Perhaps by some old "salt," for the children of his old sweetheart, who married a landsman, after the tidings came that he was lost in his China trip. Perhaps,—but there was no end to my speculations, until I

was startled by a shout from Uncle Tim: "What ails the boy? Is he trying to be poetical, of dreaming with his eyes open? Dick, you villain, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing," said I: "I was only thinking of Savage Landor's fine lines on a sea shell. Do you remember them, Uncle?"

"Can't say I do, Dick: suppose you repeat them for the benefit of the company."

"Listen.

"But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
From the Sun's palace porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
Its polished lip to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs, as the ocean murmurs there,"

"Not bad, Dick," said my uncle, "not bad though you mouth it too much. I have often listened to the murmurs of the sea shell myself, but never thought of accounting for them in that way; but since you have started it, let me follow with another quotation."

"Certainly," answered I, "but you had better send for the book; your memory is leaving you very fast: you have already forgotten to give me that check for fifty dollars, which you promised me only yesterday."

"Never mind the fifty now; this passage is worth a thousand. You may find it in "The Excursion," if I am not mistaken:

"I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth lipped shell,
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intently, and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy, for, murmuring from within
Were head sonorous cadences, whereby,
To his belief, the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea,—
Even such a shell the Universe itself
Is to the ear of Faith; and there are times,
I doubt not, when to you it doth impart
Authentic tidings of invisible things—
Of ebb and flow, and ever during power,
And central peace subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation."

"By the by, Dick," continued my uncle, after we had expressed our admiration of this noble passage—"what did you ever do with the fairy poem that you began some five or six years ago? I remember that you were much elated with it at the time, though I told you you would never finish it, if you lived to be seventy: Was I right?"

"Certainly," answered I again, thinking of the check mentioned above: "Of course you were right: you always are: I did *not* finish it, and

what is still better, never intend to. There is not, to my knowledge, a line of it in existence.—A fairy poem after “The Midsummer Night’s Dream,” and “The Culprit Fay,” not to mention Tom Hood’s “Plea for the Midsummer Fairies,”! It would be absurd to think of it. But I’ll tell you what, I’ll turn it into a story, and tell it this evening if you like. It isn’t eight o’clock yet.”

“Oh do tell us a story,” said Bess kissing me : “Do tell us a story,” said Ruth, and so said all.

“Thank you,” said I.—And after one or two deprecatory hemis, I began:—

A FAIRY STORY ABOUT SEA SHELLS.

“It is generally the custom of story tellers, to give some account—too often a very long one—of the ancestors of their hero and heroine; and frequently their valets and chambermaids are traced back to roots of their genealogical trees, in a way that would do credit to the oldest heralds; but as my hero and heroine are fairies, and as I really know nothing of their relatives, never having seen one in all my life, I must beg to decline so doing—Indeed I am fearful that I could hardly prove to the satisfaction of the skeptical, that fairies ever existed at all ; but as I am not talking at present to such uncomfortable people, but on the contrary to a ring of devout believers, I will not moot that point, but take it for granted, as many wiser folks have done before me, and get on to the beginning of my story, which I shall not reach at this rate, by the dog-days. Thus then for a beginning.—Once upon a time,—no matter when, a few paltry ages are of no great consequence, but—once upon a time there was a great deal of trouble in fairy land, caused, as you have all rightly surmised, by a lady.—And why not pray ? Why should not the fairies, if they like, get into difficulties with the fair sex ? They might hunt up, if they felt so inclined, a thousand precedents for their folly, among the wisest and greatest personages in history, sacred and profane. Did not—to begin at the beginning—did not our blessed old grandmother Eve lose us the entail of Paradise by an over-fondness for apples, or pears? which, I believe, has never been satisfactorily settled. Did not the Sons of God see the daughters of men that they were fair ? Did not the daughters of Noah teach him how to drink wine ? (What a verdant old gentleman he must have been, to be sure ; not a bit like Uncle Tim !) Did not Samson lose his long locks, upon which he prided himself, by going to sleep in the lap of Delilah, who, I make no doubt, was a very nice young lady ? Did not King David love, and King Solomon adore their seven hundred and some odd charmers ? Did not Mark Antony, and

even the cold-blooded Cæsar confess, the personal attractions of Cleopatra—

“The laughing Queen who caught the world’s great hands ?”

and lastly, to come to modern times, within our own recollection, did not Uncle Tim, being a hale old bachelor of sixty-five, pay very marked attentions to a young lady, (who wasn’t a niece,) at a fashionable watering place : not to mention,—but I won’t pursue this subject any farther, for you must all be satisfied by this time, that the fairies had no reason to be ashamed of their predilection for the fair. If they had had any, in this instance, however, it would have availed them nothing ; for the lady in question, not only relied upon her personal beauty, which was amazing, not to say overwhelming, but upon certain philtres which she was in the habit of administering to them in wine. Nor did she stop here ; but as soon as she grew tired of their company, and had new offers,—and she was as successful, and capricious as most beauties, (our dear Kate for instance !) than she changed them into anything that she had a mind to, animate, or inanimate.—Indeed she was a great Sorceress ; say some Circe, the Grecian witch herself, others one of the Sirens ; but as both Circe, and the Sirens, were of the usual height and she only the miniature of a woman, I am inclined to doubt it, especially as I never knew any lady willing to lower herself in the eyes of gentlemen, which the fairies undoubtedly were. At any rate, as I said before, she was a great Enchantress, and Fairy-Land was half depopulated by her means. I have forgotten to mention that, among other attractions, she was very fond of the sea. Indeed she was hardly ever out of it, while the fairies, until she bewitched them, were hardly ever in it ; “It may be a joke,” said they, “and we have no doubt it is ; but we are dry jokers,” and dry they certainly were, if the flasks of wine, which they drained for her, were to be taken into consideration.

It was her custom to float up and down the smooth bays and horns of water, which skirted the edge of the Kingdom of Oberon ; sometimes by day in the sunshine ; sometimes by night under the mystical moon ; singing melodious and enchanted songs, which seemed to imprison the reason of all who listened to them. Ulysses himself, had he been there, could not have refused to follow her. She not only sung her victims into her clutches, metaphorically speaking, but beckoned them on with hands whiter than snow-flakes, and sometimes sent little galleys filled with nymphs to bear them into her presence ; once there, her manner changed, and she greeted them with an

air of maiden reserve, which, united with her surpassing beauty, so enamored them that they were willing to die for her, as most of them did at last. She then waved her wand, and her barge, into which they had entered, sank slowly through the parting waves, while the nymphs sang until they reached the bottom of the sea. Once there, they gave themselves up to a life of dissipation, of which those above knew nothing: sometimes, when she felt sure of her victim, she permitted him to visit his old friends on terra firma, and he spread glorious tidings of the fine life they led below. People who have been bit never like to confess it. To be sure there was some talk of perdition in the sequel; but she ruined them in such a queenly way, that everybody was anxious to embrace an opportunity of being ruined. Most of the fairies thought of nothing else. I am sorry to say I know one or two mortals in the same predicament. As there are always two or more parties to every bargain, this course of things was sure to displease somebody. In this instance the formidable somebody consisted of all the ladies in fairy-land; for I did not deem it necessary to tell you that the gentlemen alone were fascinated by the Siren. Ladies never charm each other. If you doubt the truth of this axiom, ask your mistress her opinion of your pretty cousin, to whom she is (barely) civil, at your repeated desire. "If things go on at this rate, what are we to do for lovers?" was the natural inquiry of the forsaken fair ones. "She pretty forsooth! well, there is no accounting for tastes:—but that minx, and vixen, (they were losing their tempers,) that witch, that ugly old hag, (they had lost their tempers,) is turning the heads of half the world. What shall we do? what shall we do?" This was the cry all day long, and at night, among other ladies similarly engaged, Queen Titania,—to whom I do not mean to introduce you—put the same question to King Oberon, as she gave him a lecture behind the curtains of their tent in the white lily.

It was discovered, when the returns of the census came to be taken, that the male population of fairy-land had diminished more than half, while there was a superabundance of the female, most of whom were unmarried; and not being willing to allow the gentlemen to commit bigamy, and not being able to get them upon any other terms, they must irrevocably become old maids a thing not to be thought of for a moment. What to do, nobody knew; but one night, which you all know is day among the fairies, King Oberon and Puck resolved to see what they could accomplish. As they designed their expedition to be kept a

secret, they set out from court in the disguise and train of a troop of mountebanks and conjurors, who had been delighting that part of the country for some time, and left it after the manager and one or two of his principal "stars" had pocketed a large amount in the way of complimentary benefits. They were disguised as clowns: Puck chalked his face with the leaves of a daisy, and King Oberon with a lily, always a royal flower, and stained it with the juice of a whortleberry. Their caps were made of inverted morning-glories, and bells of silver dew jingled at the corners of their lappets. A pair of merrier Tom Fools were never seen, not even at Astley's in its best days. They both bore in their bosoms a magic herb, lately discovered, the least leaf of which, it was said, dropped into wine, was sufficient to overpower a giant. By this they hoped to overcome the Siren, and release their subjects, the bewitched and imprisoned fairies. As they had started from court at early twilight, they reached their place of destination as the moon was rising. With strict injunctions of secrecy, they bade their companions adieu, and turning a back summer-set from their wagons, left them on the borders of the sea. It was a clear and beautiful night in June; such a night as novelists describe when they picture lovers walking in old manorial parks, pouring out the springtide of their affections, as they always do, in novels. The moon had lifted her horns above the threshold of the horizon, and a line of light ran from a point beneath her silver feet, and, widening to the feet of the fairies, made a pathway fit for the angels. The stars were out in the deep blue sky in clusters, and as clear and bright as if the atmosphere had been full of frost. The land wind blew out to sea, laden with odors from a forest of magnolia; the sea wind came over the land softly and freshly, like a benediction; and all the while the white lips of the surf kissed the grey old rocks, and murmured its eternal affection and loveliness. As they stood upon the beach, entranced by the beauty of the scene, a simple strain of melody came floating over the waves. It was so soft and low at first, that it seemed but the creation of fancy,—the voices of their thoughts wedded to the music of dreams.

The singers drew near the shore, riding from wave to wave in a bark no bigger than the shell of a nautilus. It was by no means, however, like the nautilus in shape, but was modeled after the old Roman galley, with a high prow and stern. Its outside was painted sea-green, its inside was silvered over with streaks of purple and pearl. A row of oars rose and fell on either side, and the water trickled down their broad blades like dew.

Its mast was a little reed, and the sail the silken leaf of some sea-plant; and where a figure should have been carved on the prow, a single pearl was inlaid, and glittered like a star. Oberon recognized in the rowers many of his subjects, who had been led away by enchantment; but they were too fallen to recognize him in turn: the life of a galley slave was more noble in their eyes than that of a king. Upon a golden deck, at the stern, in the midst of her nymphs, the Queen reclined, and waved her searf to the gentlemen on shore. A more fascinating lady was hardly ever beheld; a smaller certainly never. You may imagine her size, when I tell you that the boat in which she sat, with her suite of nymphs and at least twenty rowers, was no bigger than this shell which I hold in my hand. She lolled upon a couch of sea flowers, while two of her nymphs were busy braiding her hair. Her robe was silver and emerald, woven of mist with a woof of moonbeams, and a girdle of pearls encircled her waist. Her features were surpassingly beautiful and languishing; but if I were to talk an hour, I could not do them justice, so I must leave them to your fertile imaginations; and while you are about it, you may as well have the goodness to suppose that she has reached the shore, and lavished her blandishments on Puck and Oberon, who have entered the galley, with the understanding that they are to see her home after a short sail, always in these matters a stereotyped arrangement. This done, the rowers plied their oars with measured strokes, and the nymphs began their suspended songs, while the dolphins, never so charmed since the days of Arion, came up to the surface, and followed in their wake. On, and on they went; now lifted high on the crest of a wave, now sinking low in its hollow; rising and falling on the heavy-plunging billows; sometimes the moon passed behind a rack of clouds, and they drifted blindly in the dark; but when she emerged, the sea was lighted around them, and they sailed merrily on, followed by the listening dolphins. About a league from the shore, they found themselves in a vast whirlpool, which hollowed down to a point its centre, like an immense tunnel. It was one of the many portals to the world of Ocean, and through it they descended into the Siren's realm. She waved her wand when they reached its centre, and they slowly sank: the stormy waters parted around them for a moment, and closed above their heads. Though it was night, and somewhat cloudy, the sea was not dark, as one would have supposed, but rather resembled an agitated atmosphere of emerald. Its surface was whitened with foam, and the

moonlight fell around them like a shower of silver rain. They saw the smallest star above, and the roots of the continents below. Sometimes they found themselves entangled in rising islands of seaweed, which threatened to bear them to the surface; but at a sign from the Queen, the rowers leaped out upon its matted floor, and, lifting the boat upon their shoulders, bore it to an opening, through which they sank again. Sometimes a great monster floating above them, darkened the sea for leagues; and gleaming fish swam past, rubbing their sharp fins against the sides of the galley.

At last they reached the firm and solid land, and set out for the bower of the Siren. They had not gone far before they came to a mighty hollow, where the ancient Gods of the sea lay in the ruins of their majesty and dominion. There sat Neptune, with his long beard grown to his lap, and his three-forked trident shattered in his hands. Beside him, in the midst of the Nereides and uncrowned Naiades, Amphitrite, with a bosom of sea-foam, motionless as a statue. Old Triton clasped his horn to his heart, and the River Gods were pillow'd on their broken urns. With a few reflections on departed greatness, which I will not trouble you by repeating, the train passed on. The bottom of the sea stretched around them, with its hills and hollows covered with long grass, and gleaming with precious stones. Over these they passed, and through forests of sea-plants, whose long lank arms waved out on the varying currents; and over wastes of sand where shells were lying in thousands; and down steep rocks, and precipices, and over lawns of moss. Oberon and the Queen walked at the head of the train, and Puck, like an accomplished courtier, followed in their rear.

They reached the Siren's bower. It was covered with purple and rainbow blooms, and loaded down with precious fruit. Its floor was paved with silver sands, and studded with rose-tinted shells beautiful to behold; and the moon beams filled its alcoves, and touched its shades with the light of dreams.

Bidding them welcome, the Queen led them to a couch of moss, and clapped her hands, at which two slaves approached with salvers of fruit. While they were refreshing themselves after their night's adventure, another band of nymphs,—(that which accompanied them having departed)—entered the bower and began a strange and mystical dance. So light of foot were they, they seemed to be floating in the air; and when they touched the mosses they were unbent, and the sands took no print from their flying feet. Some

formed themselves into a ring, and whirled around until the eye grew giddy with watching their mazy movements; and others danced apart in groups of twos and threes, with languishing eyes and floating arms. By and by, another party entered, and a more grotesque set of fellows were never beheld, not even at Venice in Carnival time, when all the world are playing the fool. One could not tell whether they were what they seemed, or maskers. Here a crab turned a summerset with an eel; there a long legged beetle waltzed with an oyster; grotesque fish, with their freckled skins full of unsightly knobs and horns, linked their fins, and promenaded round, while turtles gravely jolted about on stilts; nor were monsters wanting,—men with heads of fish, and fish with heads of men, and some compounded of both, with an intermixture of weeds and shells. Oberon laughed heartily at their pranks, though he knew that they were all his own subjects, bewitched by the lady to whom he was paying his compliments, as sincere as most compliments no doubt; and Puck, not to lose his character of Fool, jumped from his couch, and began to caper in their midst. Taking one by the fin and another by the horn, he went through a series of evolutions that would have turned the brains (?) and made the fortune of all the dancing masters in Christendom. One moment he changed himself into a crab, the next into a fish, and anon into the Harlequin that he was at first. Nor did their merriment cease even here; at a given signal a band of singers and musicians entered, and ranged themselves before the King, as the chorus singers do at the Opera. Their instruments were all made of shells: some played upon wide mouthed trumpets and horns; some on kettle drums whose heads were made of bleached sea plants; and some on cymbals splintered from the inside of the pearl oyster: their songs were beautiful, but as everybody who reads poetry has read a thousand similar, I shall not repeat them here. I may mention however in passing, that one of the singers tried to excuse himself on the score of a cold (the *primo basso*, I fancy), and another on account of the orchestra not playing in tune; both of which excuses were voted down as being familiar for ages.

Some time had passed away in these amusements, with others too numerous to mention; till at last the Siren begged the honor of taking a glass of wine with the gentlemen, previous to retiring for the night. Of course they could not refuse, as this was an opportunity that they had long desired. Now they could test the virtue of their magic herbs, and, if they were what they had been represented by the simpler who gather-

ed them, release the transformed fairies. One of the slaves who served them with fruit (it was my Lord Fern Seed, the ex-prime minister of Oberon) entered with a golden salver, containing a flask of wine and three glasses. As he was about to hand it to the Queen, whose eyes sparkled in anticipation of another triumph, Puck darted from his couch, and, kneeling at her feet besought permission to serve her Highness, and his royal master, assuring her that the office of cupbearer was one to which he had been long accustomed, promising at the same time to show her a feat in legerdemain, to which those he had performed in the dance were not worthy of comparison. With the best grace that she could assume at so short a notice, she consented, and dismissed my Lord Fern Seed, who took himself off to the wine cellar, and soon forgot the slight she had put upon him, by finishing his interrupted game of cribbage with Pea Plant, his former valet. Puck, who had not been among the conjurors for nothing, doffed his cap, and springing into the air, contrived to descend into the mouth of the flask, where he powdered his herbs in the twinkling of an eye, and mixed them with the wine, which was harmless itself, as all good wine is. In another moment he was out, and at her feet, with the salver in his hand, dancing a hornpipe of his own invention. He made no doubt that her Highness was convinced in her own mind that he had really descended into the flask; but it was a mistake, easily understood by those who were conversant with the science of optical delusion. He himself, before he understood the trick, lost five hundred soumarkees by it, from which he had not yet fully recovered, unless he considered the pleasure it gave him to have deceived one of her Highness's known penetration: *that* was beyond all calculation. Then he filled a couple of glasses, and gave one to the Siren, and the other to King Oberon. They arose, pledged healths with many compliments, and drained their glasses. The King however drained his in a different way from the lady; for while she was drinking hers, he threw his over his shoulder, and snatched her wand. The effects of the herb were in a moment apparent. She fell back upon her couch in a deadly stupor, seowling at the successful mountebank. All was confusion and dismay on the part of the nymphs, who would have fled, but that the King, waving the wand, rooted them to the ground. They shed many pitiful tears, and promised to amend their course of life for the future, but all in vain. Oberon was inexorable. Puck meantime, who had been searching in all the nooks and corners, found the Siren's book of enchantment, and learned the only charm that could release the imprisoned

fairies. Taking the wand from King Oberon, who pressed him affectionately to his heart, he pronounced it, touching the monsters around, and in a moment they resumed their natural shapes. The crabs, eels, beetles, toads, and other strange things which amused the Siren in the dance, were the flower of all Fairy Land, and now they crowded around their rightful sovereign, eager to kiss his hand, and atone for their folly. What to do with the Siren and her nymphs no one knew, till King, who had been turning over the enchanted leaves, came upon a passage which warned them to beware of the sea shells. If once confined therein by the King of the Fairies, release was hopeless. How they wept at this intelligence;—how the fairies collected thousands of shells and imprisoned them;—how the King and his rejoicing subjects, a countless number, arose from the sea, and came to land;—how they met an army in search of them;—how the gentlemen begged the pardon of their old sweethearts, who never thought of discarding them for their sins;—how queen Titania fainted in the arms of her attendants at the recital of her lieges' late peril;—how much more, which you can imagine came to pass, I will inform you, but I am too dry at present to do so: but before I finish I

must beg you all not to doubt my story, as you can convince yourselves of the truth of a part of it by holding this shell to your ears: when you will hear one of the nymphs, or it may be the Siren herself, wailing in its depths. Mother, will you have the kindness to pass the shell that way, and Uncle Tim, will you have the kindness to pass the Madeira this; upon my honor I never was so dry in all my life."

"Dick," said my Uncle Tim, as I concluded, "you have made your story so long, that I have hardly time to tell mine; at any rate I must shorten it somewhat, as Bess is beginning to grow sleepy. Your story has one great fault; there is no conversation in it; how do you account for it?"

"Why," said I, "I was afraid I could hardly do it justice in that respect. You know everybody now-a-days, must use a sprinkling not to say a shower of boarding school French in their conversation; not having this requisite myself, and not supposing I could do without it, I banished dialogue *in toto*; but suppose you tell us your story and try your hand at an autograph."

"We'll wait till another time at least," said my uncle.

THE BIBLE CLASS.

BY MRS. ELIZA MERCEIN BARRY.

(On viewing a Daguerreotyped Bible Class, consisting of a group of twelve young ladies, between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, all of whom are professors of religion, and intimately connected.)

'Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
Upon this pictured shrine!
And feel 'tis well prophetic power
Cannot each fate divine.

Fair girls! not mine to raise the veil
Whose folds, in kindness, shroud
The joy, the grief of future years—
The sunshine and the cloud!

All now with girlhood's hopes are bright;
No baleful cloud hath spread
Its dark'ning shadow o'er the path,
These youthful feet must tread!

Yet not e'en I hope to flatter each
With skies all brilliance dares;
For woman's lot is suffering,
And woman's lot is theirs!

My heart is sad—but still one ray
Of brightness gilds the gloom;
'Tis from the Sun of Righteousness,
And lights beyond the tomb!

Each gentle heart in this sweet group
The Saviour's friendship knows,
And when deceived and wounded here,
In Him may find repose.

'Tis best! 'tis best! I know 'tis best,
That woman's tendril clasp
Should be unturned from earthly trust,
By adverse fortune's grasp—

Then Saviour! let these youthful ones
Enough of Marah know,
To keep them near the Living Fount,
Whence healing waters flow.

So though their currents in Life's stream
With severing flow may glide,
They'll blend again, and Heaven's calm sea
Find them still side by side.

DR. GUTZLAFF, THE MISSIONARY.

CHARLES GUTZLAFF, the famous missionary in China, is a short, stout man, with a deep red face, a large mouth, sleepy eyes, pointed inward and downward like those of a Chinaman, vehement gesticulations, and a voice more loud than melodious. He has acquired, in his features and expression, something like the expression of the people among whom he lives. His whole manners, also, as well as his face, indicate the genuine son of Jao and Chun, so that the Chinese, when they encounter him in the street, salute him as their countryman.

Charles Gutzlaff was born in 1803, at Pyritz, a village of Pomerania. His zeal as an apostle was first manifested some fifteen years ago. He married an Englishwoman, who was animated with the same aspiration as himself, and who accompanied him on his voyages as a missionary. His extensive acquaintance with the Chinese and kindred languages, even then, made a deep impression on Robert Morrison, the founder of the Evangelical Mission in China, whom he joined in 1831, at Macao, and caused his acquaintance to be much sought by the merchants. In 1832 and 1833, he was employed as an interpreter on board ships engaged in smuggling opium, but turned this occupation, which in itself was not of a very saintly character, to his religious ends, by the dissemination of tracts and Bibles. A missionary journey to Japan, which he undertook in 1837, was without any result. After Morrison's death, Gutzlaff was appointed Chinese Secretary to the British Consulate at Canton, and, in 1840, founded a Christian Union of Chinese for the propagation of the Gospel among their countrymen. His present journey through Europe has a similar purpose—the foundation of missionary societies for the spread of Christianity in China.

His literary labors have had an almost incredible extent and variety. He himself gives the following enumeration of his writings:—"In Dutch I have written, a "History of our Mission, and of Distinguished Missionaries," and an "Appeal for Support of the Missionary Work;" in German, "Sketches of the Minor Prophets;" in Latin, the "Life of our Saviour;" in English, "Sketches of Chinese History," "China Opened," "Life of Kanghe," together with a great number of articles on the "Religion, History, Philosophy, Literature, and Laws of the Chinese;" in Siamese, a "Translation of the New Testament," with the Psalms, and an "English-Siamese Dictionary," "English

Cambodian Dictionary," and "English-Laos Dictionary." These works I left to my successors to finish, but, with the exception of the "Siamese Dictionary," they have added nothing to them. In Cochin-Chinese, a "Complete Dictionary, Cochin-Chinese-English, and English-Cochin-Chinese;" this work is not yet printed. In Chinese, forty tracts, along with three editions of the "Life of our Saviour," a "Translation of the New Testament," the third edition of which I have carried through the press. Of the "Translations of the Old Testament," the Prophets, and the two first books of Moses, are completed. In this language I have also written the "Chinese Scientific Monthly Review," a "History of England," a "History of the Jews," a "Universal History and Geography," on "Commerce," a "Short Account of the British Empire and its Inhabitants," as well as a number of smaller articles. In Japanese, a "Translation of the New Testament," and of the first book of Moses, two tracts, and several scientific pamphlets. The only paper to which I now send communications is the "Hong Kong Gazette," the whole Chinese department of which I have undertaken. Till the year 1842, I wrote for the "Chinese Archives."

So vast a surface as these writings cover, requires a surprising facility of mind, and an indefatigable perseverance. When you see the man engaged in his missionary toils, you understand the whole at once. He arrives in a city, and hastens to the church which is prepared for his reception. After preaching for an hour with the greatest energy, he takes up his collection, and is gone. He speaks with such rapidity that it is hardly possible to follow him. Such rapidity is not favorable to excellence in the work. Of all his writings, only one work is known to me, that published in Munich, in 1847, under the title of "Gutzlaff's History of the Chinese Empire, from the Earliest Times to the Peace of Nankin." In our imperfect acquaintance with Chinese History, this compendium is not without value, but it displays no critical power, and is a mere external compilation, and poorly written. From it we learn as good as nothing of the peculiar customs and state of mental culture of the country. The whole resembles a Christian history of the world written in the eighteenth century, beginning with Adam and Eve, and leaving the Greeks and Romans out altogether, because they were without a Divine revelation.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

My earliest recollections are of a snug, modest-looking cottage, far away in the country, whose shady garden was full of the sweet breath of roses, and honeysuckle, and many other flowers. This house and this garden were, to my tiny apprehension, the sum and substance of all delight; and, truly, never was a scene more calculated to strike on the young soul in its bud of being, and to touch those mysterious chords yet unjarred by the world's rough hand. My father was an humble and unpretending country pastor, void of ambition, except as he could train the soul for heaven. Alike removed from envying the powerful or scorning the poor, he, with calm dignity of mien and tenderness of heart, pursued the duties of his sacred calling. It seems so far back, that I can scarcely say whether it be a recollection of this life or a dream of some other; but there we sit, on the evening of a summer's day, in our shady alcove, my father reading aloud, my mother at her work, little Edward and myself at their feet. We little ones are playing with some wild flowers, and form these into a variety of devices. Suddenly I break off, and look up in my father's face. He is not reading now. His eyes are resting on some object in the distance. His face wears a strange expression—a kind of faded, unearthly look. I did not know what this was then—I know it now. I am fascinated by this shadow on the beloved face, till I feel a strange pang at my heart, the first that has ever visited it. My father at last looks down, kindly pats my curly head, and says, "Why, how quiet we all are!" Upon this, I look at my mother, and see that her blue eyes are full of tears. She hurries into the house; my father follows; and I, finding my little brother fast asleep on his flowers, bury my face in my hands, and burst into a passion of weeping. I cannot tell why I wept, but a shadow had come into my gay, young heart; and, clasping little Edward in my arms, at last I sobbed myself to sleep also.

Yet another evening, and we sit in our humble parlor. We youngsters have had a merry day of it, for some little friends have been taking tea with us. The spirit of our exuberant glee has not yet died away, but we are quiet now, for it is the hour of prayer. Sally, our sole domestic, with her red arms, and red, good-humored face, tries to look demurely at us—which, in truth, she cannot accomplish—and, by various telegraphic nods

and shakes of the head, secures our good behavior. My mother plays on the piano, and we sing a hymn. We all join, in our way, Sally's rough voice setting off my mother's wonderfully. I wonder if the angels in heaven sing as sweetly as she. I believe, in my small mind, that my father thinks so, for sometimes he does not sing, but listens to her, and looks at her, in a kind of rapt, admiring way. The hymn over, we listen to a portion of the holy book—God's book—for that is the name by which we know it. Then my father prays, and we pray, in our simple manner, to the great Father above the blue sky. The religion of our dear home is neither morose nor sullen. All pleasant, simple delights are ours. Our merry laugh is not chidden, and we are easily taught to minister to others. Thus it follows that we, unmasked, give our weekly pence to the poor little boy whose father died last week, of whose desolate condition, and that of his mother, we hear our parents speak. We know very well, though none ever told us, that these same dear parents are ministering angels to the afflicted and distressed.

We do sometimes wonder where the money comes from that helps the poor; for when I, seized with an envious fit, ask why I cannot have gay apparel, like one of my little friends—why I must wear an old frock while she displays a new one—my father shakes his head, and says, "My dear Mary, I cannot afford finery for my children." Then a light breaks upon me, and I know that father is careful, and mother is careful, and that we must be careful too, that we may give to the poor. And now, after the lapse of some months, I observe again the old look on my father's face. He has a short cough, and seems tired with doing very little. His deep, dark eyes have a strange shadow about them, and there is a peculiar tenderness in his whole manner. Somehow, we children are more silent than we used to be. We do not feel so much inclined to be noisy and boisterous as heretofore. Days and weeks pass on. The shadow deepens on the beloved face. We are now told that our father is very ill, and urged to be quiet. In these days, we do much as we like—wander about the field at the back of our house, and through the shady garden, but the spirit of gladness has left our young hearts, and we go hither and thither with a strange weight resting on us. Fatigued, we sit beneath the aged

elm. The happy birds sing in its branches. Far off, the cattle are lowing in the meadows, and sheep bleating on the hillside. The busy hum of haymakers comes to us, but it does not make us merry as once it did.

Then come times of deeper gloom. We all tread on tiptoe. We just step within our father's room. His breath is very short and quick, and his eyes are bright—oh, how bright! He places his hand upon our heads, and, in trembling accents, commits us to our Heavenly Father. We hear him say he is tired, and will sleep. All is hushed. He closes his eyes. We watch long to see him wake, but he is now a pure seraph in the presence of his God; and, through life's pilgrimage, he is henceforth to be to those who love him a memory, a dream of other days, and yet a burning and shining light, whose rays penetrate not the less because they are mild and benign.

For some time after this event all seems a blank. There is a sale at our house. Our cherished things are going to be taken from us. Then I understand that we are poor. My mother has a little, but not enough for our support: so she is fain to accept an offer that has been made her by a distant relative, who keeps a boarding-school for young ladies in a distant country. My mother is to assist in the school. She does not much like the scheme. She is telling all to a sympathizing friend. She speaks rather in a shuddering way of her relative, whom she describes as overbearing and tyrannical. Henceforth I look on this lady as a kind of dragon, and my state of mind towards her is not such as to insure her regard. I cannot now speak of the tokens of affection we receive from our loving friends. Now the children call with nosegays of wild flowers. Now my little brother has a rabbit given him; I a canary. Now cakes and sweetmeats are thrust into our hands from humble donors, with tears and blessings. Now my mother receives anonymous gifts, from a fifty dollar bill down to a pair of knitted stockings to travel in, accompanied by an ill-spelt, ill-written blessing and prayer, "that the Almighty will set his two eyes on the party lady and her children, and make his honor's bed in Heaven, although he did not worshyp the blessed Vargin." My mother smiles through her tears, for she knows this is from old Judy, our Catholic neighbor, whom, in a fit of illness, she befriended, long ago. And so, after much loving leave-taking, we depart, and at length reach our destination.

And now we take a timid survey of our new abode. It is a gaunt brick building, large and stately, with "Miss —'s School for Young Ladies" inscribed on a brass plate on the door. I

hold my mother's hand, and feel that it trembles, as we are ushered into a stark, staring room, which, at this cool season of the year, is without fire. The door opens, and our relative appears. She imprints a fashionable kiss on my mother's pale cheek, and notices our presence by the words, "Fine children, but very countryfied, my dear cousin." We have tea in a small parlor, where is a fire, but I observe that my mother cannot eat; and, little Edward bursting into a fit of crying, with the words, "I do not like this house—I want to go home," we are all dissolved together, at which Miss — frowns mentally, ejaculating, "No spirit, no energy—a bad beginning, truly." I wonder, in my simple soul, what this energy means, of which my mother has been said to be deficient. It cannot be that she has done wrong in letting those tears flow, which have filled her eyes so often during the day, for I have often seen people weep at our house in the olden time, when they have been relating their troubles, when my father's gentle eye would grow more kind, his voice more soft. He would then speak another language, which now I know to be the language of promise, breathed by the great Eternal himself into the ear of his suffering ones.

I pass over some weeks, during which my mother has been duly installed into her office of teacher—rising early, to give lessons before breakfast; afterwards walking out with the young people; then teaching all through the livelong day, till evening brings some repose. She always puts us to bed herself, and this is not a very hurried operation, for we clasp her round the neck, call her "dear mamma," and tell her how much we love her. She will then listen to our simple devotions, and tear herself away. Then we hear her in a room adjoining, pouring forth her soul in song. She sings the old lays, but there is another tone mingling with them—one that affects the listener to tears; for, stealing out of bed and opening the door, I have met other listeners, whose gay, young faces showed that those saddened melodies had touched some mysterious chord, awaking it to sadness and tears.

My mother was greatly beloved by the young people. I soon found out that this fact was anything but pleasing in the eyes of the lady superior, who could not imagine how a person so devoid of energy, as she termed it, could possess so much influence. Nevertheless, this best of all influence—the influence of affection—was possessed in no common degree. With what zest and pleasure was every little office rendered—with what sweetmeats were we feasted—what bouquets were placed on my mother's table—what numerous presents of needle-work were made her

—how her wishes were anticipated—I know well, I know, too, how much my dear parent suffered in this house—how unequal her strength was to her labors—how the incessant small tyranny to which she was subjected ate out all the life of her spirit. Still she never complained; but I could hear her sometimes, in the silence of the night, weeping bitterly, and calling on her beloved dead, who, when on earth, had never allowed one shadow to cross her path which he could avert.

Thus four years were passed, during which my brother died. This second blow pierced me to the heart, but, strange to say, mauma bore it calmly. I wondered at her, till I noticed how very thin she had become—how very trembling and frightened with every little thing—and how attentive the young people were to her wishes. Then the old agony came over my heart, and I knew all.

About this time, a gentleman who had known and loved my father, dying, left my mother a legacy of five hundred dollars. This sum enabled her to take a house near our old home, and here, some two months after our return, she died, in the full assurance of faith. Our faithful old Sally was now married to an honest farmer, and from this good creature we received much kind attention.

* * * . * *

I pass over some years, in which I experienced

all the trials of a shabby-genteel life at a large school, where I was placed by the kindness of a distant friend. After trials and vicissitudes of no ordinary kind, I found myself, by the death of a distant relative, whose name I had never heard, entitled to what might be esteemed a large fortune. With this wealth, which to my young imagination seemed boundless, I retired to my native village, in the quiet shades to enjoy the peace for which I had long sighed.

A stranger hand writes that Mary — resided for some time in the retreat she had chosen, the idolized of the poor, the friend of the afflicted, more like an angel than aught belonging to this lower sphere, yet showing that she was of the earth, by the look of tender melancholy which haunted her cheek, and said how surely, "early grieves a lengthened shadow fling." She died in her youthful bloom, and the bitter sobs and lamentations of the poor testified to her worth. Her money still remains for them in perpetuity, but the meek, dove-like eyes are darkened, and gone the voice whose music made many glad. So have we seen a stream suddenly dried up whose presence was only known by the verdure on its margin, scarcely known, scarcely cared for, except by the humble floweret, but, when gone its absence was deplored by the sterility where once were bloom and freshness.

"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD."

BY J. D. STRONG.

Thou dread Almighty Power,
Who wrap'st Thyself in mystery,
And work'st unseen in every flower,
Unveil Thyself to me!

I see Thee in the morning dew,
I hear Thee in the evening wind,
Thy glory in the cloud I view,
And in the storm sublime.

I feel Thee at the solemn hour,
When stars their vigils keep—
When the Moon's soft twilight power
Rests on a world asleep.

The lurid flash of winged light
Writes Thy dread name on high

The cloud's deep voice proclaims Thy might—
Thy presence fills the sky.

The forest's deep and darkling shade
Is all instinct with Thee,
And every bright and sunny glade
Proclaims Thy mystery.

Where'er I am, whate'er behold,
I feel Thy wondrous power;
Thine unknown influence 'round my soul
Is present every hour.

Thou dread Almighty cause!
My spirit sighs for Thee;
Unfold Thy deep mysterious laws,
Reveal Thyself to me!

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOR EVER."

BEAUTY! what can be said of it? what is it? I look around, to see some object specially beautiful, on which to expend my panegyrics. There is the deep fathomless azure above me; there is the sea, the wild, open, careering ocean; there is that bright clear eye which ever lights my solitude; there is a fair girl, a beautiful boy; there are the stars looking down from heaven; there is beauty in the human countenance, beauty in looks, beauty in thoughts, beauty in actions. What shall I say? I am bewildered; beauty overwhelms me. I am dumb, who would emulate the oratory of an archangel. I am lost in the magnitude of my theme—in its supernal grandeur its surpassing loveliness, its overwhelming import.

Beauty is the spirit of nature peering faintly through the inspissated gloom of sin. Beauty is the shadow of God. Beauty is truth, a consistency between man and his maker. Beauty is the soul striving to make itself visible. Beauty is love's object always. Beauty is a nectar which intoxicates the soul. Beauty is the paradise of all time. Beauty is a congealed dream of heaven. Beauty is nature's memory of Eden. Beauty is the sculptured phantasm of innocence. Beauty is Fichté's "divine idea" dimly explaining itself. Beauty is an engraven word of God. Beauty is man's voucher of immortality. Beauty is visible music. Beauty, understood aright, is an idiosyncrasy of virtue. Beauty is the true meaning of poetry. But after all nothing is said; and a thinker, a sensitive mind, will extract more from the simple word itself than can be embodied in a hundred varnished phrases.

In all natural things can be discovered some faint trace of beauty. The Greeks called the word *cosmos* (the beautiful). There is beauty in the stars, pearls round the tiara of midnight; the stars, mysterious heaven-lights to serve the spirit's flight to paradise. Beauty sleeps on the calm dreary bosom of the ocean, or lives in the dance of its wild waves. It is fabled that Venus was born of the froth of the sea. The highest voice ever heard on this earth said withal, "Consider the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." A glance that into the deepest deep of beauty. The lilies of the field, dressed finer than earthly princes,

springing up there in the humble furrow-field; a beautiful eye looking out on you from the great inner sea of beauty! How could the rude earth make these, if her essence, rugged as she looks and is, were not inwardly beauty. There is beauty in a faded leaf or a pebble; in the song of the waterfall, or the whispering zephyr; beauty everywhere.

Beauty is a deep, unfathomable truth; it lies deeper than the eye can penetrate after it. Beauty is the deepest thing this earth can boast of, the most profound, the most mysterious. If men cannot comprehend its deep significance, its sweet, musical voice, its almost eternal meaning, yet will be found many that will sit enthralled by that inarticulate stream of melody which ever flows from a thing of beauty. Beauty, its perception, its feeling, to bathe and revel in beauty, is the most complete human delight of which man is capable; and though some have been marred in this pure faculty of enjoyment, by rough contact with a host of unhandsome beings and circumstances, yet sometimes a ray of beauty will pierce to their benighted heart, and send a thrill of joy through their whole being. The man will sometimes catch a faint glimpse of that divinity, and then again be lost in the vortex of utilitarianism.

Besides animal beauty, there is an immaterial, intellectual and moral beauty, which will often entrance. We find it in actions, circumstances, and expressions. "Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each and look at them once in the steep defile of Thermopylae; Arnold Winkelreid, in the high Alps, under the shadow of an avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears, to break the line for his comrades;"* Rousseau breathes out his soul while gazing in calm contemplation on the glory of the sun; the dying words of Mirabeau were, "Sprinkle me with perfumes, crown me with flowers, that I may thus enter upon eternal sleep." The epitaph of Keats, who lies buried beside the form of the wild, youthful, misjudged Shelly, in the beautiful Protestant cemetery outside the walls of ancient Rome, is according to his desire—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" of Dante, "*Hic claudor Dantes patriis extorris*

* Emerson.

aboris." But to dip fairly into the beauties of expression, poetry would prove a vain attempt now.

Many and varied are the attempts which have been made to philosophize upon beauty; but, for the most part, unsatisfactory and conflicting theories only have resulted. Alison and Jeffreys thought they had explained all by saying that beauty resides only in a man's mind, is, in fact, nothing at all but a sentiment; so that a thing is beautiful or not, just as it is thought to be so. But there is a beauty in form independent of every man's conceits and fancies. I can imagine a form which would captivate the whole world by its transcendent beauty. The Venus de Medicis, and some other of the productions of ancient sculptors, may be taken as approaches to this. There are countenances to be met with in the world even now, which no man living would dare to call other than beautiful. There are things and situations in this world of ours, which the most obtuse and crotchety of us could not forbear terming beautiful. Numerous objections strike me on first entering upon this theory; and, after all, only one ingredient or constituent of beauty is explained by it. It is well worthy of investigation, however, as recognizing some fixed principle by which our appreciations of the beautiful are governed.

There is something singularly fine and poetic, and also suggestive of much truth, in the ancient philosophy of beauty. It taught "that the soul of man embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own out of which it came into this; but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects but those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of the beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair." A somewhat similar idea is thus beautifully expressed by Tupper:—

Verily the fancy may be false, yet it hath met me in my musings,
(As expounding the pleasantness of pleasure, yet noways extenuating license),
That even those yearnings after beauty in wayward wanton youth,
When, guileless of ulterior ends, it craveth but to look upon the lovely,
Seem like struggles of the soul, dimly remembering pre-existence,
And feeling in its blindness for a long-lost God, to satisfy its longing.

The love of beauty is an instinct implanted in the soul. It craveth "but to look upon the lovely." They in whom this earnest love of the beautiful has been cultivated and developed, will

find in beauty more than a toy to be played with. It seems something more than mere tinsel and overcast ornament. It is the developed thought of God. It bears the impress of the Deity. Beauty is true *nature*—what nature would have been altogether, had not sin marred it. "Beauty should be the dowry of every man and woman as invariably as sensation; but it is rare." Why? Because what God had created the devil has mutilated. Beauty, in its universal sense, and applied not merely to things material, but to deeds and thoughts, is the connecting link between man and his Maker; it is that which typifies His supreme beauty and loveliness who created the earth once in purity.

All the most refined pleasures and enjoyments of human life may be summed up in these words, which are significant of ideas the grandest and most profound, yet withal the most undefinable and least understood in the vocabulary of humanity,—Truth, Beauty, and Love. These three we find singularly related and linked together; Love is the most beautiful of the affections, and the most truthful, truest to nature—it is never repented of. Beauty is everywhere loveable; love is essentially beautiful. Beauty cannot exist without truth: no truth but is beautiful. Beauty then is *Truth*, or rather its attribute; and in this is comprehended our philosophy of the beautiful. If it were not for the beauty of the creature, what true relationships could be found to its Creator? But in so far as it is beautiful mentally as well as physically, it truly and genuinely answers the purpose of its being. That which is beautiful agrees with the thought of God—God creates beauty only. Beauty is the shadow of God—anything that is not beautiful is a base counterfeit engrafted on that once fair creation by sin and Satan. Beauty is truth, for it is the sole manifestation of the God of truth. The just, the right, the good, is the beautiful; that is a fine remark of Emerson, that beauty ever steals in like air, and envelopes noble actions. There is an observation of Coleridge, too, which bears upon this point, carrying out the idea even to beauty of expression. It is, that whenever you find a sentence musically worded, of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning, too. Let us cultivate the beautiful, therefore, in its widest sense, and the love of it, that we may answer the end of life. To conclude in the words of one of the most earnest lovers of beauty:—

For love and beauty and delight
There is no death nor change; their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure
No light, being themselves obscure.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

BY REV. J. F. TUTTLE.

AMONG the many traditions of Morris County, (N. J.) are found some anecdotes worthy of preservation. Everything illustrating the character and habits of General Washington, especially his religious habits, is sought with avidity. The writer of this article supposes that the following fine anecdotes of Washington and his lady are published now for the first time. Hearing some intimations of such a tradition, much time and labor were devoted to authenticate and locate the incident in which Washington himself figures. From two sources, perfectly reliable, the writer learned that Washington was fond of singing Watts' Psalms, and that one Psalm—not specifying it—was a favorite with him. From a highly intelligent lady the more distinct information was gained, that an old lady, formerly a resident of Columbia, Morris County, was accustomed to relate this anecdote substantially as here given. It is incredible that a tradition so definite in its substance and localities, should have been manufactured. It wears, to say the least, a very plausible and truthful countenance.

A few miles west of Newark, is to be seen a fine range of high hills. From one particular spot, about one mile from the village of Springfield, is to be obtained one of the most charming views in our State. The eye wanders over neat villages and rich valleys, taking in the towns of Elizabethtown and Amboy, the cities of Newark and New York. The Passaic and Hackensack rivers, the Newark and New York bays, and the Narrows are so visible, that, with aid of a glass, a small boat may be seen at any point.

It is said that during the Revolutionary War a sentinel was usually stationed on this rock, especially while the army lay at Morristown.

The time when this anecdote occurred, is fixed by tradition, as connected with the last battle of Springfield, in 1780. The American cause wore a most unpromising aspect. The harvest was at hand, and the militiamen were constantly drawing off to gather in their grain, leaving the force of Washington inadequate to the emergency. There was a powder mill at Morristown, and the

enemy, under the supposition that there were large stores there, were making repeated attempts to reach that place. The loss of this place and the stores would not be measured by their value in money, so much as the effect it would have to dispirit our countrymen. The venerable reliefs of those times still bear witness to the panic which was beginning to seize on the minds of all classes. Some, disengaged by a protracted and distressing war, reproached Washington; some felt that the struggle was a hopeless one; and some, perhaps, were meditating a plan of reconciliation with the enemy. The currency was almost worthless; in one case a cow valued at thirty dollars, being barely sufficient to purchase a quart of wine, and in another, the price of a farm, taken in continental money, sunk to some ten dollars in silver. It was a dark day in the Jerseys.

At this time Washington spent much time at Morristown, and then, as ever, exhibited perfect calmness. There was something unearthly in the bearing of the man, something scarcely allied to the common infirmities of mankind. Whatever were their hopes and fears, the citizens and soldiers of this country admired him. To read the histories which have been written of Washington, we should suppose that because he was a great, a brave, a self-reliant and self-sustaining man, he was able to pursue a course so truly magnanimous in those perilous days.

The anecdote of Washington's being found frequently in prayer, is related by his chaplain, and is associated with Valley Forge; but this anecdote here related throws a most amiable light over his character, and shows him to have been a man of like passions and sympathies with ourselves. It proves that his calm and noble bearing was the offspring, not of mere human wisdom and bravery, but of reliance on God.

Tradition states that Washington frequently rode to the place west of Springfield, already described, for the purpose of reconnoitring the country below, and watching the movements of the enemy. About the time the last battle at

Springfield was fought, one morning he rode with some of his staff officers to this place, and after reconnoitring, he was observed to go to a retired place not far distant. He was there seen to kneel in a most reverent attitude, and to continue for some time in prayer. After rising from his knees, he seated himself on a rock, and seemed lost in thought. His whole appearance indicated the troubled feelings which were agitating him. At last he was heard to sing or repeat—tradition says he *sung*—the whole of the one hundred and second Psalm, second part, common metre, Watts' version. They are so appropriate to his condition and feeling, that had Watts been his bosom companion, he could not have better suited words to the occasion. Lest some may fail to recur to their Hymn Books, I will copy the Psalm entire.

1. Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
But answer lest I die;
Hast thou not built a throne of grace.
To hear when sinners cry?
2. My days are wasted like the smoke
Dissolving in the air;
My strength is dried; my heart is broke,
And sinking in despair.
3. My spirits flag like withering grass
Burnt with excessive heat;
In secret groans my minutes pass,
And I forget to eat.
4. As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her mean;
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I sit and grieve alone.
5. My soul is like a wilderness,
Where beasts of midnight howl:
Where the sad raven finds her place,
And where the screaming owl.
6. Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
Dwell in my troubled breast;
While sharp reproaches wound mine ears,
Nor give my spirits rest.
7. My cup is mingled with my woes,
And tears are my repast;
My daily bread like ashes grows
Ungovernable to my taste.
8. Sense can afford no real joy
To souls who feel thy frown;
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,
Thy hand hath cast me down.
9. My locks like withering leaves appear,
And life's declining light
Grows faint as evening shadows are,
That vanish into night.
10. But thou for ever art the same
O my eternal God!
Ages to come shall know thy name.
And spread thy works abroad.

11. Thou wilt arise and show thy face,
Nor will my Lord delay
Beyond the appointed hour of grace,
That long expected day.

12. He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
And by mysterious ways
Redeems the prisoners doomed to die,
And fills their tongues with praise.

By recurring to the history of the revolution, it will be found, that in 1780, Cornwallis was victorious at the South, and the treason of Arnold was laying its diabolical plans at the north. Taking these facts into account, the anecdote here recorded is one of the finest in the history of our own Washington. Let our children learn this Psalm, which was sung by the Father of his country in the hour of her darkest peril, and ever remember that at that hour, it was not human bravery which sustained him, but that his support and courage were drawn then, as at other times, from God.

ANECDOTE OF LADY WASHINGTON.

In conversing not long since with an aged lady of Morris County, I obtained an anecdote concerning Lady Washington, so entertaining and admirable, that it will form a good supplement to that about her noble husband.

There was residing in Morris County a Mrs. Troupe, the widow of a half-pay British captain. She was a frequent visitor at the house of a Mrs. T., and on one of these occasions, before she had passed the usual compliments, she exclaimed, "Well, what do you think, Mrs. T.? I have been to see Lady Washington!"

"Have you indeed!" said her friend. "Then tell me all about how you found her ladyship, how she appeared, and what she said."

"Well, I will honestly tell you," replied Mrs. Troupe, "that I never was so ashamed in all the days of my life. You see, Madame —, and Madame —, and Madame —, and myself thought we would visit Lady Washington, and as she was said to be so grand a lady, we thought we must put on our best bibs and bands. So we dressed ourselves in our most elegant ruffles and silks, and so were introduced to her ladyship. And don't you think we found her knitting, and with a speckled (check) apron on! She received us very graciously and easily, but after the compliments were over, she resumed her knitting. There we were without a stitch of work, and *setting in state*, but General Washington's lady, with her own hands, was knitting stockings for her husband and herself.

"And that was not all. In the course of the afternoon she took occasion to say, in a manner that we could not be offended at, that at this time it was very important that American ladies should be patterns of industry to their country-women, because the separation from the mother country will dry up the sources whence many of our comforts have been derived. We must become independent, by our determination to do without what we cannot make for ourselves. Whilst our husbands and brothers are examples of patriotism, we must be patterns of industry."

According to Mrs. Troupe's story, Lady Washington gave her visitors some excellent advice, the meanwhile adding force to her words by her actions. In all this she proved herself more worthy to occupy her distinguished position, than she could have done by all the graceful and elegant accomplishments even of Josephine. In the relations she occupied, her knitting work and check apron were queenly ornaments, and we may be proud to know that such a woman as Martha Washington set such an admirable example to her countrywomen!

A SUMMER EVENING.

The winds are whispering with the waters,
There is a soul of melody abroad;
The moon, with the fair stars her daughters,
Is joining in the gladsome laud.
Their murmured music softly swells
In spreading circles all around,
And merrily ring the village bells,
Filling the valley with waves of sound.

The hills are fused into the sky—
Each hill a fading cloudland seems;
How quietly the daises lie
On Nature's bosom—full of dreams?
A voice is heard among the trees,
Like passion's whisper—low and deep;
And in the long wild fields the breeze
Breathes softly as a child asleep:
The holy queen of even throws
A silver glory on the sod;
And all the universe o'erflows
With the deep tenderness of God.

Shall there be none to bless thee? oh, blessed summer even!
Shall there be none to bless thee? that givest to our sight
Earth walking in the borrowed robes of heaven,
Clothing her hills and valleys with delight.
Yea, there are those shall bless thee well,
Wherever they wander—through field or lane,
By the bourne side, or down the dell,
Or ankle deep in the wavy grain;
Wherever they wander, sweet night of June,
With warm hands clasped and wild hearts beating—

Beating softly to one sweet tune,
Shall they not give thee gladsome greeting?
A deeper beauty such shall view
On thy fair face, than others ken,
Love can create all things anew,
And give back Paradise to men.

Oh, blessed summer night!—would that my blessing
Could glad thee as the moonlight or the dew,
But only those fresh hearts in splendor dressing
All things—can give the glory that they view.
Psalms to thy beauty—could I ever make them?
Blessings would change to curses whilst I spake them;
The flowers of song would wither as they grew:
Only that joy of feeling and expression,
Becomes the dowry and the sweet possession
Of the unselfish, beautiful, and true.

God give them joy of thee, oh, blessed night!
God give them joy of thee, that through the years
A thousand sorrows quench not thy delight;
As rainbows seen through storms, as smiles through
tears.
Thy memory welling freshly up may be
Perennial in their hearts; then though no more
Thou canst have power to charm or comfort me,
Though drowning thy sweet songs, I hear the roar
Of mighty-voiced waters saying, "never more!"
And the whitherless wandering of the wayward sea
Drifts me away—yet courage, O, my soul!
Seek out a larger sphere wherein to think,
In self-destroying consonance, and sink
The sorrowing unit in the joyful whole.

M O T I V E S .

THERE can be but one infallible Judge of motives. None but its Maker can see into the secret springs, and clearly comprehend the motions, of the mind. Nevertheless, the "will for the deed" is an old understanding among mankind, in virtue of that inward life, whose world and workings they know to extend so far beyond the visible. It is, indeed, the privilege, and, in some sense, a necessity, of human reason, to inquire after, at least, obvious motives, since the smallest acquaintance with character or history cannot be formed without taking them into account. Thus, in the biographies of notable men, in the histories of nations, and in the gossip which constitutes the current history of most neighborhoods, and is relished alike by the denizens of court and hamlet, nobody is satisfied with knowing merely what was done, for the demand invariably follows of Why they did do it? That query is often necessary to legal, and always to moral, justice. It must be, so to speak, a most mechanical and surface life, whose daily doings the beholder can fully explain, independent of any reference to inward feelings, unuttered memories, or concealed hopes. How many deeds and whole courses of action, chameleon-like, utterly change their complexions, according to the light of attributed motives! Through that medium, the patriot of one party becomes the heartless and designing knave of another; and the fanatical revolutionists of their own generation turn to fearless reformers with the next. Many an act, on the details of which most historians are agreed, is held up by one to the world's praise, and by another to universal censure. Henri Quatre, says the first, conformed to Catholicism rather than continue a civil war in his kingdom; while a second remarks of the same monarch, that he sacrificed his faith for a crown. When Frederick William of Prussia was just at the hottest of that persecution of his celebrated son, for which, together with his love of tall soldiers, he is best known to the world, the grand dispute amongst his favorite guards at Potsdam was, whether the kicks, cuffs, and imprisonments, which the old king bestowed so liberally on his heir apparent, were intended to prevent young Fritz turning an infidel, or arose from his father's fears that he might be a greater man than himself! On no subject are mankind more apt to differ, probably because there are few on

which observation affords so much inferential, and so little direct evidence.

Approaching the innermost circles of private life, we find that the views entertained of motives exercise a still greater influence in determining our estimation of kindred, friends, or lovers.

There is a strange difference of opinion existing at times between the principals and the spectators of these particular affairs. Few, it has been said, can penetrate the motives of others in matters regarding themselves. Yet most people are wonderfully sharp-sighted where their neighbors are concerned; and the world—as every one of us is apt to call that fraction of society in which we live, and move, and have our associations—though generally not over-charitable, is rarely wrong in its conclusions.

There have been friendships that owed their growth solely to showers of flattery, and bitter enmities have spontaneously sprung up in the soil of envy. It was said of Goldsmith, that he could never hear a brother poet, or, indeed, any citizen of the world of letters, praised, without entertaining a temporary aversion to that individual; and a similar effect was always produced by the smallest sign of increasing literary consequence. A report that M—— had been taken particular notice of by such a nobleman of those patronizing times, or that his works had been admired in some segment of the fashionable circle, was sufficient to make the author of the "Deserted Village" find all manner of faults with him and his, till time, or his habitual good nature, wiped the circumstance out of Goldsmith's remembrance.

It was asserted of both the elder and younger Scaliger, that they never applauded any scholar with all their might, but one who was manifestly inferior to themselves; and of Madame de Maintenon, that she never honored any one with her special friendship, who was not, in some considerable point, beneath her. There is still a large class of characters, in all whose attachments a something to despise seems the indispensable ingredient. The perpetual triumph of being always "king of the company" has a binding attraction for such minds. It confers a kind of dictatorship to have the advantage of one's friends. Nothing else can explain the amount of patronage and befriending generally lavished on the most worthless members of families or societies, and the

half-grudge, half surveillance, which, under the covert of mere mouth-honor, often surrounds great or successful abilities.

A strange motive to enmity is illustrated in the life of General Loudoun, one of the Scotch Jacobites, who, on the defeat of his party, entered the Austrian service, and rose to the rank of field-marshall in the wars of Maria Theresa. He had taken the town of Seidlitz from the Prussians. It was a great stroke in favor of the empress queen, and might have been rewarded with a coronet, but, in his haste to send her majesty the intelligence, Loudoun transmitted it through her husband, the Emperor Francis, who had a private interest in the matter, having long carried on a speculation of his own, in virtualling not only his wife's troops, but those of her Prussian enemy, King Maria, as she was styled by her Hungarian subjects, had also some special reasons for allowing him to have neither hand nor voice in her concerns—a fact which the marshal had never learned, or forgotten; and her majesty was so indignant at receiving the news through such a channel, that, though she struck a medal to commemorate the taking of Seidlitz, Loudoun was rewarded only with her peculiar aversion throughout the remaining seventeen years of her reign, for which the good wishes of that imperial speculator in forage and flour afforded but poor consolation.

Matrimony would seem to be the result of the greatest variety of motives. Goethe said he married to attain popular respectability. John Wilkes, when suing his wife, who chanced to have been an heiress, for the remains of her property, declared that he had wedded at twenty-two, solely to please his friends; and Wycherly the poet, in his very last days, worshipped and endowed with all his worldly goods, as the English service hath it, a girl whom poverty had made unscrupulous, in order to be revenged on his relations.

Princes of old were in the habit of marrying to cement treaties, which were generally broken as soon after as possible; and simple citizens are still addicted to the same method of amending their fortunes and families. There was an original motive to double blessedness set forth in the advice of a veteran English sportsman. His niece was the heiress of broad lands, which happened to adjoin an estate belonging to a younger brother of the turf; and the senior gentleman, when dilating to her on the exploits they had performed together by wood and wold, wound up with the following sage counsel:—"Maria, take my advice, and marry young Beechwood, and you'll see this county hunted in style."

The numbers who, by their own account, have wedded to benefit society, in one shape or another, would furnish a strong argument against the accredited selfishness of mankind, could they only be believed. The general good of their country was the standing excuse of classic times, and philosophers have occasionally reproduced it in our own. Most people seem to think some apology necessary, but none are so ingenious in showing cause why they should enter the holy state, as those with whom it is the second experiment. The pleas of the widowed for casting off their weeds are generally prudent, and often singularly commendable. Domestic policy or parental affection supply the greater part of them: and the want of protectors and stepmothers felt by families of all sizes is truly marvellous, considering the usual consequences of their instalment.

The Russians have a story of a widow who was inconsolable for her loss, till the spirit of her departed husband appeared, with a request that she should marry without delay. But a Catholic peasant in the south of Ireland once pleaded a still higher motive for his second wedding. The bride was of a "Protestant" family, and Pat averred that he "niver would hive put a ring on a woman's finger after his darlnt Rose, if it hadn't been to save the soule of that crayther."

It is to be admired, as the speakers of old English would say, for what noble things men will give themselves credit in the way of motives, and how little resemblance their actions bear to them. Doings far more unlikely than those of the widowed peasant have, according to the actors, originated from the purest motives. Montaigne was accustomed to tell of a servant belonging to the Archbishop of Paris, who, being detected in privately selling his master's best wine, insisted that it was done out of pure love to his grace, lest the sight of so large a stock in his cellar might tempt him to drink more than was commendable for a bishop.

A guardian care of their neighbors' well being, somewhat similar, is declared by all the disturbers of our daily paths. Talc-bearers and remarkers of every variety have the best interests of their friends at heart: and what troublesome things some people can do from a sense of duty, is a matter of universal experience. Great public criminals, tyrants, and persecutors in old times, and the abusers of power in all ages, have, especially in the fall of their authority, laid claim to most exalted motives. Patriotism, philanthropy, and religion itself, have been quoted as their inspirers. The ill famed Judge Jeffries said his judicial crimes were perpetrated to maintain the

majesty of the law. Robespierre affirmed that he had lived in defence of virtue and his country. But perhaps the most charitable interpretation that ever man gave to the motives of another, is to be found in the funeral sermon of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and father of George III. The preacher, after several judicious remarks on the virtues of the royal deceased, concludes, "That in the extreme to which these were carried, they appeared like vices; for so great was his generosity, that he ruined half the tradesmen in London; and so extraordinary his condescension, that he kept all sorts of bad company."

Divines and philosophers have had strong controversies concerning motives. Some have maintained that the ultimate end or intention was sufficient to condemn or justify any act. Others have employed their wisdom to prove that actions and their consequences were alone to be considered, without reference to end or motive; and, between these two extremes, the common sense of mankind has generally steered. A great dispute on this subject is said to have engaged the learned of Alexandria, about the accession of the emperor Julian, whom, says a biographer, "some of his subjects named the Apostate, and some the Philosopher." The controversy occupied not only the Christian Platonists, for whose numbers that city was so celebrated, but also the remnants of the Pagan wisdom, then shining its last under favor of the new emperor. Yet neither Christians nor Pagans could entirely agree with each other, and such a division of opinion had never been heard, even in Alexandria. Things were in this state, says the sage tradition, when there arrived in the capital of Egypt a Persian, whose fame had long preceded him. He had been one of the last of the Magi, dwelling at the base of Cæsus, till the Parthians laid waste his country, when he left it, and travelled over the world in search of knowledge, and, in both east and west, they called him Kosro the Wise. Scarce was the distinguished stranger fairly within their gates, when the chiefs of the controversial parties determined to hear his opinion on the matter in dispute; and a deputation, consisting of a Christian bishop, a Jewish rabbi, a Platonist teacher, and a priest of Isis, waited on the Persian one

morning, when he sat in the portico of a long-deserted temple, which some forgotten Egyptian had built to Time, the instructor. The rabbi and the priest were strong for actions. The Platonist and the bishop were entirely motive men; but in the manner of those times, for even philosophy has its fashions, the four had agreed that each should propose a question to Kosro, as his own wisdom dictated. Accordingly, after some preparatory compliments, touching the extent of his fame and travels, the Platonist, who was always notable for circumlocution, open the business by inquiring what he considered the chief movers of mankind.

"Gain and vanity," replied Kosro.

"Which is stronger?" interposed the rabbi, in whom the faculty of beating about in argument was scarce less developed.

"Gain was the first," said the Persian. "Its worship succeeded the reign of Ormuz, which western poets call the golden age, and I know not when it was; but, in later ages, vanity has become the most powerful, for everywhere I have seen men do that for glory which they would not do for gain, and many even sacrifice gain to glory, as they think it."

"But, wise Kosro," demanded the priest, impatient with what he considered a needless digression, "tell us your opinion—Should men be judged by their motives or their actions?"

"Motives," said Kosro, "are the province of divine, and actions that of human, judgment. Nevertheless, because of the relation between them, it is well to take note of the former when they become visible in our light, yet not to search too narrowly after them, but take deeds for their value; seeing, first, that the inward labyrinth is beyond our exploring; secondly, that most men act from mingled motives; and, thirdly, that if, after the thought of a western poet, there were a crystal pane set in each man's bosom, it would mightily change the estimation of many."

And the Christian bishop made answer—"Kosro, thou hast seen the truth; man must at times perceive, but God alone can judge of, motives."



THE CONQUEST OF PERU.

(SEE PLATE.).

THE Conquest of Peru, by Pizarro, was one of the most powerfully exciting of that series of acts in the bloody drama which illustrated the discovery of the New World. Balboa, Cortes, Pizarro, Desoto, have almost a spectral grimness in the associations of history, and their names stand for types of all that is brilliant in enterprise, remorseless in character, and bloody in deeds. Pizarro, to whose energy the conquest of Peru and the destruction of the interesting race of the Incas is due, was one of the naturally greatest of this succession of conquerors. Of low origin, illiterate, and beset by difficulties requiring the force of the loftiest genius to overcome, he rose to the highest pinnacle of honor and wealth, and added to his native country the fame and fortune of one of the richest of her American States.

Our plate introduces to us the first and most conspicuous of the victims of his lust of power and wrath. Ataliba—or, as his name is usually spelled, Atahualpa, became the reigning prince of the Incas soon after the advent of Pizarro.

When the Spaniards first arrived at Peru in the year 1526, Huana Capec, the twelfth Inca, ruled the country. He was not only a wise ruler, but was of a warlike disposition. He had conquered the province of Quito, and lived in the capital of that country. He seems to have liked the country which he had subdued; for, notwithstanding it was the law of the empire, that the Incas should not marry any but their own relations, who were descended from the same ancestor, he had married the daughter of the Prince of Quito, whom he had conquered.

He died in 1529, leaving the kingdom of Quito to his son, Atahualpa, whose mother was the princess of that kingdom, whom he had married. He left the rest of the kingdom to his eldest son, Huascar, whose mother was one of the royal race. Though the people respected the memory of Huana Capec very much, yet they thought it so wrong for him to have married any one but a princess of the Sun, that they encouraged the elder brother, Huascar, to try to take away from his brother, Atahualpa, the part of the kingdom which his father had left him. But the younger brother had at his command a large army, the most valuable soldiers in Peru; and with this

he felt so strong, that he refused to obey the orders to give up his power, which Huascar sent him, and marched with his army to attack his brother.

Thus was a civil war begun, in Peru. Atahualpa, having the best army, defeated his brother. He tried to make his title sure, by murdering all the children of the Sun, the descendants of Mango Capec, whom he could find. He had taken his brother Huascar, prisoner; but he did not take away his life, because he knew that many of the people thought he was the rightful king, and he could make Huascar give out such orders as he pleased, which the people would obey. Thus did the quarrels of these two brothers open a way for the Spaniards to overrun and subdue the whole of their rich and powerful empire, which they never could have done, had the Peruvians continued united. This war was going on, when Pizarro arrived in St. Matthew's Bay. If he had reached the country a few years earlier, when Huana Capec, their father, had been at the head of the kingdom, that prince would undoubtedly have been able, and would have been wise enough, to drive the Spaniards away.

The brothers, however, were so much engaged in their wicked quarrels, that they did not mind the arrival of the Spaniards. Pizarro soon found out the state of the country, and resolved to take advantage of the disturbed state in which he found it. The brothers even invited him to take part in their affairs. Huascar, who was a prisoner to his brother, sent to Pizarro, to beg him to come and assist him to escape from the power of Atahualpa, and recover his rightful rule. Pizarro thought this opportunity was too good to be neglected. He marched directly forward, without waiting for the arrival of more troops from Panama. He was obliged to leave some of his people at St. Michael, to take care of the new town, so that his army was very small, consisting of only sixty-two horsemen and one hundred foot-soldiers. They advanced toward the town of Caxamalea, which was twelve days' march from St. Michael. Atahualpa was encamped at that place, with a considerable army. As they approached the Peruvian encampment, they were met by officers, sent out by Atahualpa, bearing

presents, and bringing kind messages from the Prince. Pizarro replied, that he came from a powerful Prince, who would help Atahualpa to conquer his enemies.

The Inca believed this report, and resolved to receive the new comers kindly. Pizarro was therefore allowed to enter into the heart of the country, with his small army. The road passed through such narrow and difficult places, that, if the Peruvians had been disposed, they might have fallen upon the Spaniards, and entirely destroyed them. They advanced, however, undisturbed, and took possession of a fort, which had been built to protect Caxamalea. They received new messages of friendship from the Inca, as they approached the fort. At Caxamalca, Pizarro took possession of a large court, in which was a house belonging to the Incas. Here, he arrayed his troops, in a safe order, and, having done this, he sent his two brothers to the camp of Atahualpa. He invited the Prince to visit him, in his quarters, that they might talk about the state of the country, and see what would be best to do, to restore it to peace.

The brothers were treated with great hospitality. Atahualpa promised to visit Pizarro, the next day. The messengers were feasted at tables, which were filled with gold and silver vessels; and the great abundance of gold and silver which they saw, exceeded anything which they had ever before seen or heard of.

On their return to Caxamalca, they gave to their countrymen such an account of the wealth of the Peruvian camp, that Pizarro, notwithstanding his professions of friendship, resolved to seize the monarch, and take possession of his treasures. He remembered how Cortes had seized Montezuma, and he thought that he should much more easily conquer the country, if the Prince were in his power. The conquerors of that time seemed to have no principle of justice or honesty; but thought they were right, to seize whatever they could get, and to break the most solemn promises, whenever they pleased.

Pizarro arranged all his army, in the most advantageous manner to do what he was so wickedly planning. His men were all ordered to keep within the square, and not to move, until they received his orders.

At an early hour, Atahualpa began to prepare for his visit. As he wished to make the most splendid appearance before these strangers, the preparations lasted a great while, and the day was far advanced, before he was ready to set out. And then, that everything might be kept in order, he made the procession move so slowly, that the Spaniards, impatient for the booty, were

afraid he had become suspicious of them, and had concluded not to make the proposed visit. Their own guilty hearts probably made them think of this. Pizarro sent more messengers with friendly speeches, to hasten the unfortunate Inca to his doom. At last, he came near. He was preceded by four hundred men, all dressed alike, to clear the way before him. Then came the monarch, sitting on a sort of throne or couch, and almost entirely covered with plates of gold and silver, which were adorned with precious stones. He was also decorated with many colored plumes. Thus loaded with ornaments, he was carried on the shoulders of his principal attendants. Behind him, were several of his nobles, carried in the same manner. Bands of singers and dancers escorted this procession, and the whole plain was covered with troops, amounting to more than thirty thousand men.

As the Inca came near, Valverde, a priest, who was the chaplain of the expedition, came out to meet him. He showed him a crucifix, and tried to tell him about the Christian religion. He said, that the Spaniards had been sent by their master, a powerful Prince, to turn away the Peruvians from the worship of the Sun, to that of the true God. He said, that, if Atahualpa would give up his old, and believe in this new, religion, the Spaniards would protect him; but that, if he refused to do so, they would make war upon him. This speech was spoken by the priest to an interpreter, and by him to the Inca. The interpreter did not understand the language very well, and the poor Inca could hardly tell what it all meant.

He answered, however, that he did not understand the speech very well, but he did not see what right a strange priest had to come and talk in this way to him; that he should not leave the worship of the Sun, in which he had been brought up. He asked Valverde, where he had learnt this new religion, of which he spoke. Valverde reached to him the book, containing the prayers and service of the Roman Catholic Church, which he held in his hand. The Inca turned over its leaves, with wonder, and put it up to his ear. He then said, "This is silent, it tells me nothing;" and threw it, with scorn, upon the ground. The priest was shocked at this: he cried out "To arms, Christians; the Word of God is insulted; you must avenge this profanation on the impious dogs."

At the sight of this rich and shining procession, the men were so eager to seize upon it, that Pizarro could hardly make them wait, while the priest and the Inca were holding this conference. When Pizarro heard the exclamation of the priest,

he gave the order for his men to attack. They rushed at once upon the Peruvians, who were entirely unprepared for the cruel action. The horsemen, the cannon, and the whole apparatus, were so different from what they had ever seen, and the attack was so sudden, that they fled on every side. Pizarro, at the head of a chosen band, rushed forward, to seize the Inca. The men who surrounded their Prince tried to cover him with their bodies, yet Pizarro succeeded in reaching his throne, seized him by the arm, and dragged him to the ground, and then carried him, a prisoner, to his own quarters. At the sight of this, the men fled, with still greater haste, and the Spaniards followed them, killing great numbers of these poor creatures, who made no resistance. The slaughter did not cease until the end of the day. Four thousand Peruvians were killed, and not one Spaniard. Pizarro had a wound in one of his hands, which he received when he was trying to seize the Inca.

The Spaniards seized the gold and silver of the Peruvians. The quantity of these metals was greater than they could ever have imagined to see collected at once. They passed the night in the most extravagant joy.

The Inca was at first very sorrowful, at the slaughter of his troops, the loss of his treasures, and to find himself a prisoner. Pizarro thought he could carry on his plans better, if he kept possession of the Prince, and he would, on this account, have been sorry he should die. He therefore talked kindly to him, and tried to encourage him.

Atahualpa soon saw that gold was what the Spaniards most desired; he therefore told Pizarro, if he would set him at liberty, he would give him as much gold and silver as would cover the room where he was confined, to be piled up as high as he could reach. This room was twenty-two feet long and sixteen broad. Pizarro promised to give him his liberty, if he would do this, and the line was drawn at the proposed height.

Atahualpa was delighted with the hope of getting his liberty. He sent messengers to Cuzco, Quito, and the distant parts of the empire, to gather the treasures, which had been heaped up to adorn the temples of the gods, or the palaces of the Incas. Although he was a prisoner, the Peruvians did everything they could, to fulfill his orders. Though the empire was still strong, and able to furnish powerful armies, yet the Peruvians feared to make any resistance to the Spaniards, lest, by so doing, they should put the life of the captive Prince in danger. The Spaniards, therefore, were able to stay at Cax-

malea, without being disturbed at all. Pizarro sent out some small bodies of men, into different parts of the country, but they found themselves everywhere treated with great respect.

Almagro arrived, at this time, at St. Michael, bringing with him the reinforcement of men, for which Pizarro had been so long hoping. If this gave joy to Pizarro, it gave no less sorrow to the unhappy Inca. He saw that his enemies were growing stronger; and, as he did not know where they came from, he could not tell how many more he might expect. His trouble was increased, by hearing that the Spaniards, on their way to Cuzco, had been to see his brother Huasear, in the place where he was kept confined. Huasear had told them his story, and had promised them if they would release him from his prison, and restore him to the authority which had been given him by his father, he would give them a much greater quantity of gold than had been promised by his brother. Atahualpa heard of this proposal of his brother; and, thinking that if the Spaniards took his part, he should not be so likely to be relieved from his troubles, he sent and ordered Huasear to be killed. His orders were obeyed.

The Indians brought in, every day, to Caxamalea, immense quantities of treasure. Nearly the whole of what had been promised was collected, and Atahualpa told Pizarro, that it was only because it took so long to bring it from the distant parts of the empire, that it had not all arrived. But the soldiers became so impatient, when they saw such immense piles of gold, that Pizarro found it was impossible to restrain them. They took out some curious articles, as presents to the Emperor, and then the whole mass was melted down. A fifth part was put aside, for the Emperor, and a certain portion for the soldiers who had just arrived with Almagro, and there then remained one million five hundred and twenty-eight pesos for Pizarro and his followers. They divided the treasure, with religious ceremonies, calling upon God to witness the action. By this division, above eight thousand pesos, which are said to have been, at that time, worth not less than thirty-five thousand and five hundred dollars, fell to the share of each horseman, and half that sum to each foot-soldier. Pizarro, and the other officers, had shares larger in proportion to the rank they held.

Though Pizarro had resolved to put his prisoner to death, he did not dare to do it, without some pretence of justice. He ordered a court, of which Almagro and himself, with two assistants, were judges. He kept up all the forms of a trial in Spain, and had all the regular officers appointed,

It was alleged before this court, that Atahualpa had deprived his brother of the command of the empire, and had put him to death; that he was an idolator, and had ordered men to be sacrificed, in worship; that he had several wives; that he had wasted the public treasures, which, since the country was conquered, belonged to the Spaniards; and that he had tried to stir up his subjects to fight against the Spaniards. The mock trial ended, by pronouncing Atahualpa guilty, and condemning him to be burned alive. Atahualpa

tried to escape his fate: he begged that he might be sent to Spain, to be tried by a king, who would have some pity on his misfortunes. But Pizarro knew no pity. He hurried the unhappy monarch to his execution. Valverde, the priest, pretended to console him. He told him, if he would become a Christian, his death should be made a less cruel one. The dread of being burned to death made the Prince consent to be baptized, and he was strangled, instead of being burned alive.

THE REV. N. S. S. BEMAN, D.D.

BY HON. GEORGE R. DAVIS.

DR. BEMAN was called to the pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church, of the city of Troy, some twenty-eight years since, and has occupied that position during all that period, and still does, with distinguished ability, eminent success, and marked usefulness. He is a graduate of Middlebury College, and left that institution with the highest reputation for ripe scholarship; and very few men in this country possess, in so high a degree, the elements to entitle them to fill so broad a space in the public eye, as this distinguished divine.

Dr. B. is no ordinary man; he possesses one of those rare and commanding intellects, that scarcely can fail of marking the age in which they live, and of leaving the impress of their greatness upon it. He is one of those master spirits, that are not compelled to follow the beaten track of knowledge, and have not the firmness, the originality of thought, and courage, to explore any new and trackless course, but is one who has the energy, the independent daring, and the intellectual power to strike out a way of his own, if he believed the old track led to error of opinion, or of doctrine, and the ability to vindicate and maintain that way against a world of polemics in arms; but, instead of seeking enlarged fame, and "the bubble reputation," by ambitious aspirations in his profession, through the agency of those busy, bustling efforts that characterize many minds, of altogether smaller calibre, he has contented himself to remain in his present quiet position, and give the powers of his great mind, with all its rich and varied stores

of learning, and knowledge, and deep reflection, to his church and people, and to fill a space quite too contracted for his own fame and merits, as a profoundly learned, eloquent, and able theologian.

Dr. B.'s intellectual greatness is highly and fully appreciated by those who well know him, but not to the broad extent he so richly deserves; and for no other reason than the fact, that he has not been ambitious of blazoning it abroad, and keeping himself before the public eye as a newly discovered "bright particular star," but has filled his place in his church, and confined his effort mostly to that sphere. He has not, as many minds far his inferior in intellectual strength have done, published every effort of their minds, and scattered them broadcast through the land, to woo and win fame and distinction, if not by the *quality*, at least by their *quantity*. It is rare he consents to the publication of the production of his mind; and when he does, you may be sure he will not be ashamed to meet it anywhere; and hence a knowledge of his intellectual greatness is mostly confined to the restricted circle of his hearers, and his fame necessarily less broad and expansive than a different course would have given it.

Dr. B. possesses a mind of expansive and comprehensive compass, and an intellect of great and commanding power, and one that is capable of mastering any subject, and overcoming all opposing obstacles, and reaching the truth he aims at, against all the subtleties of the schoolmen and sophists that lay across his pathway; he finds no

mists and darkness to obscure his progress after truth, that he cannot penetrate, and discover its light amid surrounding murkiness.

He is a man of great energy and decision of character, equal to any and every emergency, and is not one who shrinks from danger and difficulty, or succumbs to popular error, for the want of courage, ability, and firmness to meet and combat it.

As a theologian, he is profoundly learned—as a writer, clear, perspicuous and strong—as a reasoner, powerful, logical and resistless—as an orator, cool, collected, commanding and attractive—his language is always the best, and classically pure, and admirably adapted to convey the idea he wishes to impress upon his hearers—he studies no ornament, nor has he any occasion to dress up his efforts with dazzling and fanciful drapery, to hide the weakness of thought, for thought, deep thought, is the animating soul of all his mental efforts; and he moves directly forward, with a giant's tread, to the principle or proposition he wishes to demonstrate, with a chain of logical deduction that leads captive his hearers, and is almost certain of producing the conviction he aims at.

"The judgment and the passions at a stroke
Convinces and moves; repels with wondrous force
The skeptic's rebel reason; and informs
The meanest intellect with instant light."

His manner in the pulpit, as a sermonizer, is solemn, impressive, and dignified.

"At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevails with double sway,
And fools, who come to scoff, remain to pray."

Dr. B. has long held the *Presidency* of "*The Rensselaer Institute*," in the city of Troy, an institute that stands high, and ranks among the best schools of learning in the country, for a thorough practical knowledge in the useful branches of science. It is due to its *President* to say, that his distinguished reputation for learning has contributed greatly in giving it character, and his active and energetic exertions in making it useful.

Dr. B. annually delivers a course of lectures on literature, ethics, and other branches of science, for which he will not receive any remuneration; all he desires is to see it flourish, and is amply paid, in his estimation, in a consciousness that its advantages are felt and realized, in the number of well educated scholars that yearly graduate, and go out to diffuse the light of knowledge and the blessings of a sound education among the

people. He is a devoted friend and patron of education.

He once a year avails himself of the occasion of a thanksgiving sermon to unbend himself and level the "dread artillery" of his mind against what he deems public errors and prevailing vices, and flings the whole power of his gigantic intellect into a discourse; and on these occasions his house is sure to be crowded, expecting a rich treat, and he does not disappoint expectation; and wo betide the government, its officers, its measures, or prevailing vices; if he assails them, they are sure to meet no mercy at his hands. It is then that he feels at home and untrammeled, and he lets his genius loose, to wanton over the acts, policy, and measures he dislikes, and the vices he abhors; then it is that the keenness of his withering sarcasms is felt, and his stinging wit strikes to the quick. He enters into no compromises with wrongs, errors, or measures he condemns, but assails them with a bold and fearless severity, and a biting and searing invective, that draws blood and blisters its agents and actors. It is only on occasions like this that he feels a freedom to indulge in the largest liberty, and to cut and flog his victims with a mercilessness that makes them writhe under the torturings of his inflictions.

It is not alone as a theologian that he is distinguished; his active and vigorous mind has ranged through the whole circle of the sciences. He is well posted up in all the measures of government, its domestic as well as its foreign policy, and is at home on all subjects. Is it political economy? He is not a stranger to its principles. Is it law? He is familiar with Blackstone. Is it medicine or surgery? He has studied its best authors. Is it philosophy? He is at home in its sublime discoveries. Is it a question of national policy?

"Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say, it had been all-in-all his study.
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter."

Transfer him from the pulpit he has so long adorned and dignified, to the halls of the national legislature, and he would be there with his armor on, and fully armed for the conflict with the ablest of its champions and statesmen, and would be found a foeman "all soldiership," not "mere prattle without practice."

Dr. B. belongs to the *Dwight* and *Webster* class of minds, and, like those great men, would be found a fortress, against which a small artillery would aim its feeble shots in vain, nothing short

of a whole park of heavy ordnance could shake its walls and impregnable defences. Like the latter able statesman, he requires a powerful onset to bring him out, and put him upon his highest mettle; then the giant energies of his mind will be developed, and his great power exhibited in all its strength and mastery, and his herculean blows felt by the foeman who provoked them.

Dr. B. is emphatically a great man, and an ornament to the church of which he is "so bright and shining a light." If ambition for political distinction had been "his ruling passion," and he had launched his bark upon that stormy sea, he could not have failed, b^y his own commanding intellect and acquirements, to have risen to the highest honors in the gift of his country, and "touched the highest point" his ambition had aimed at, and been "the observed of all observers," and that, too, without the aid of those petty means and miserable shifts, that some little minds resort to, "to be the thing they are not." He has all the elements to win success and secure distinction in that career, and stand up a giant figure among the towering great men of the nation, and is entitled to occupy that lofty position; and would have had some claim to the distinction that has been so unjustly and inappropriately, if not impiously, awarded to Mr. Webster, of "the godlike."

Dr. B., however, preferred an office less honorable in the world's eye, but one clustering with brighter and richer honors in another and better world, and sacrificed, if sacrifice is a proper term, "the empty nothingness" of earth's barren honors, to that crown of glory and priceless inheritance reserved for those who "fear and serve the Lord," and has thus far fulfilled his high and noble destiny, and won imperishable renown as the champion of the cross, a renown that earth cannot give or take away, "that is incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away," and that the rust of this world cannot tarnish. And who dare say he did not choose wisely?

In the General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Philadelphia, in 1837, that resulted in the division and excision of a large number of churches and sixty thousand communicants from the assembly, Dr. Beman was a delegate from his church, and was the leading champion of the

New School in that body, and came in conflict with the ablest of the old school leaders, and to him was assigned the post of honor, as well as of danger, to lead the onset—a position he sustained with distinguished and signally pre-eminent ability, as has been awarded him, not by his devoted and faithful followers alone, but by some of the ablest and best judges in this country, who were present at this war of ecclesiastical giants, as indifferent spectators.

A distinguished member of Congress from our State, himself a good judge of forensic talent, was present; and in giving an account to the writer of that great conflict, remarked, "that he had listened to the greatest orators of the nation, in the Senate and House—to Webster, Clay, Wright, and a host of others, in their ablest efforts, and never did he witness an effort that came up to the one made by Dr. Beman, to whom up to that time he was an entire stranger." He pronounced him one of the greatest orators it had ever been his lot to listen to. He was pressed hard, said he to the writer, but he came out of the conflict, though not successful against organized superior numbers, yet most triumphantly victorious in the power and weight of the argument.

It is no more than simple justice to say, that Dr. Beman stands at the head of the clergy in the city of Troy, if not of the State and nation; and although, from social and church partiality, some might dispute this position, but put the question to the unbiased suffrages of the people of his home, without distinction of sect or party, and the verdict would vindicate his claim to that elevated position, by a majority most decisive.

Dr. B. is beloved by his church and people, and highly respected by all denominations in the city, as well as by the citizens generally. The city is justly proud of possessing such a master mind, and well she may be.

The writer of this imperfect sketch is not of Dr. B.'s church, but of another and different order; and therefore he can speak of him without sectarian prejudice or social partiality, and do him that justice he so richly merits, without a misguided judgment, or under influences to give an improper bias to his opinion.

O Sing to Me.

SUNG BY MISS CATHERINE HAYES.

MUSIC BY G. A. OSBORNE

mf

1. O sing, 0 sing to me again, With plain - tive
2. Friends of my youth, friends past and gone, Scenes of bright

p

voice that well - loved strain; It brings . . . back childhood's hours, Its
days, . . . long, long flown, Though you . . . can ne'er be mine, While

sun - ny fields and bowers When the heart was free from pain.
mem'ry's light doth shine, Your joys are all my own. O O

The sheet music consists of eight staves of musical notation. The top two staves are for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom six staves are for the voice, indicated by a soprano clef. The first staff begins with a dynamic 'mf'. The second staff begins with a dynamic 'p'. The third staff has a dynamic 'f' over the first measure. The fourth staff begins with a dynamic 'p'. The fifth staff begins with a dynamic 'f'. The sixth staff begins with a dynamic 'p'. The seventh staff begins with a dynamic 'p'. The eighth staff ends with a dynamic 'f' over the first measure.

O SING TO ME.

Sing, sing that strain a - gain, And all my ear - ly
sing, &c.

joys re - - store; O sing, sing to me that strain, that

p. Rallentando.
strain, And let me be the child a - gain; O sing, O sing to me a -

Rallentando.

f *p*.
gain . . . that strain.

pp.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the bottom two are in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2/4'). The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are written in soprano and alto clefs. The piano accompaniment uses a treble clef for the right hand and a bass clef for the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'sing', 'sing that strain a - gain', 'And all my ear - ly', 'sing, &c.', 'joys re - - store', 'O sing', 'sing to me that strain, that', '*p.* Rallentando.', 'strain, And let me be the child a - gain', 'O sing, O sing to me a -', '*Rallentando.*', '*f* *p*.', 'gain . . . that strain.', and '*pp*'. The vocal parts have lyrics, while the piano part is mostly indicated by note heads and rests.

A GREEN OLD AGE.

BY REV. DR. HAWES, HARTFORD.

THERE are two events before us, which no skill or power of men can avoid. They are old age and death. All of us are advancing towards them by a steady and irresistible progress. By night and by day, we are traveling on through the successive stages of life; nor can we stop a single moment on the road that is conducting us and all mankind down the scale of years, to the affecting termination of our earthly being in the grave and eternity.

We may indeed be cut off in the midst of our days, and thus be snatched away from the infirmities and trials of declining years; but if life is spared, we shall all very soon reach the period of old age; and when arrived at that period, the next step brings us to death and the house appointed for all the living.

But though these events cannot be avoided, much may be done to mitigate or remove the evils connected with them, and to render ourselves useful and happy even down to old age and death. Plants and trees are necessarily deprived of their fruitfulness by age, and are left to decay, or are cut down as useless encumbrances of the ground. The same is true of animals. They grow, come to maturity, decay, and die. The same also is true of multitudes of men, who, more resembling vegetables or animals than rational beings, live only for the present moment; and having spent their little hour of being and enjoyment in this passing scene, decay like the leaves of autumn, and fall, soon to be forgotten, as if they had never been.

But it need not be so with us. There is such a thing as bringing forth fruit in old age. There are those who are like the palm-tree, that is always green—to the cedars of Lebanon, that are always flourishing; they are said to be planted in the house of the Lord, and, as a consequence, they flourish in the courts of God. Nature may decay, but grace thrives still, putting forth fresh blossoms and bearing fruits even amid the storms and frosts of the winter of life.

The beauty, the dignity, and the happiness of a fruitful old age should make the attainment of it an object of the warmest desire and the most unwearied exertion to every living man. There is not a more interesting object on earth than an *old disciple*, who has been bringing forth fruit to the glory of his Saviour during a

long life, and who, when about to be removed to a purer and brighter clime, is still seen putting forth fresh blossoms and bearing fruits of righteousness.

He stands forth as a monument of the loving-kindness and faithfulness of God—of the excellence and worth of religion; reflecting in his own bright virtues the image of his Redeemer, giving evidence in his life to all around, that he is an heir of heaven, and guiding, by his example, his fellow-travelers in the way to the paradise above. His hoary head is a crown of glory, being found in the way of righteousness. As he draws nearer the world of light, his countenance gathers brightness, as did that of Moses when he had been conversing with God on the Mount; and though his earthly comforts may be torn from him by the rude hand of time or the rough blasts of adversity, his all-sufficient, his ever-abiding happiness still remains. He still stands, like the glory of the forest, stript indeed of his summer foliage, but discovering more clearly to every observing eye his solid strength and substantial texture. How charming, my brethren, to see grace thrive when nature decays; the mind soar when the body bows; the venerable saint waiting, like good old Simeon, for his departure; or, like Paul, the aged, uttering, with tremulous but affecting accents, the language of holy confidence—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge, shall give me at his appearing." O, compared with such a sight, how does all the pride of greatness, all the pomp and pageantry of earth, sink into insignificance and nothing! How is God glorified; how is religion honored; how are the faith and the hopes of surviving Christians strengthened and confirmed by such a life, by such a death of an aged servant of Christ! How consoling must be the reflection of such an one on the past; how delightful his meditations on the present; how cheering, how glorious his anticipations of the future! When he looks back and remembers the way on which the Lord his God has led him, how many refreshing recollections will be called to mind; how many seasons of communion with God; how

many tokens of his loving-kindness and tender mercy; how many days and years of pious service performed for his divine Master and the happiness of his fellow-men! All these come home as a reviving cordial to his spirit, now that he is retiring from the field of action, laden with the honors of victory, and about to receive the plaudits of the great Lord whom he has served. God, his almighty Saviour and friend, comes forth to sustain him by his gracious presence, now when heart and flesh are failing; and while he feels underneath him the everlasting arms, and daily refreshes his spirit at those living fountains that are provided for pilgrims in this dry and thirsty land, the prospects that open before him of heavenly blessedness fill him with joy unspeakable and full of glory—his journey almost ended; his trials almost over; heaven just at hand; himself ripe for glory, and about to take possession of the promised inheritance, to become a pillar in the temple of God, to go no more out for ever. He dies; and a heavenly light cheers his departing moments. His friends look on, as he takes his upward flight, and are quickened

and comforted by the remembrance of his virtues, by the sight of his triumphs, by the assurance that he is gone to be eternally present with the Lord.

Such is the dignity, such the happiness of a green old age. Having borne the heat and burden of the day as faithful servants of Christ, they are privileged to retire from the field of action, bearing the honors of victory, and rejoicing in hope of eternal glory. Death has to them lost its sting, and the grave its terrors. They are ripe for the last change, and are ripe for heaven. As they come to the evening of their days, laden with the fruits of righteousness, God comes forth to acknowledge them as his own; he pours around them the refreshings of his presence; gives them foretastes of the promised rest, now so near at hand, and enables them to sing, as they enter the dark valley,—*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want; I know in whom I have believed; I am in a strait betwixt two. O to be able to meet death in such a frame; how sustaining to the soul, how honorable to religion, how glorifying to the God of salvation!*

THE VANITY OF HUMAN THINGS.

Alas! that earthly cares should hide
The scatter'd blessing far and wide
Which God himself hath given—
That man o'er man should hold control,
And darken round each longing soul
The very light of heaven!

What the vain glitter of an hour,
The masquerade of borrow'd power,
Or all that wealth may claim?
Can mortal bosom ever fill,
Unmix'd with human care or ill,
With the eternal flame?

All human praise may o'er me pass;
But as the night-wind on the grass
That fades upon a tomb,
The glare of beauteous things that rise
Beneath the span of summer skies,
Resolves itself in gloom!

When earthly vanities have pass'd,
O may my weary soul at last
Resolve itself in God!
Nor fame nor praise intrude to break
A ripple on the tranquil lake
Of life in that abode,
Where roll the tides of human praise;—
The sound and stir of passing days,
Unseen, unfelt, unknown—

Unheard amid th' eternal hymn
Where rising clouds of incense dim
The everlasting throne.

In vain, in vain my longing eye
Doth watch all day the summer sky,
Some form all strange to see;
For sights and scenes eye hath not seen,
For path where foot hath never been,
I'll search the troubled sea;

Or follow in the tempest's path,
Or follow anything that hath
Some rage in its career;
Or wait me till the sullen tomb
Becomes at last the very womb
Of dreams and spectres drear.

Yet through the shades of death shall rise
Th' eternal lights of Paradise
Upon my weary gaze;
And scenes which pencil never traced,
And melody which never graced
The pomp of human ways;

And flowers all beautiful will grow,
And summer winds will o'er me blow
The air I will not breathe;
They'll linger near me when I'm dead,
They'll bind upon my lowly head
The unforbidden wreath.

TWO STORIES FOR THE FIRE-SIDE.

I I.—THE WHITE LAMB.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

"Once in a far country, for which you might search all the geographies of the world in vain, there lived a poor woman who had a little daughter named Agnes. That she was poor, and had a child, was by no means wonderful, for poor people are common to all parts of the earth; and so, for the matter of that are children too, for which the good God cannot be enough thanked.—

But this poor woman and child were not altogether like the thousands who surrounded her, as I shall show you in the course of my little story. For the mother was exceeding goodly, and the child was exceeding fair; and goodly too, as far as a child could be. Not that children cannot be as good, ay, and better than most grown people, but in that country they were very bad and ignorant.

It is true that there were schools and academies there, and great colleges time-honored and world-renowned; but somehow or other the people were no better, but on the contrary rather worse for all these blessings. Whether they neglected good, or good neglected them, is not for us to inquire now, but certain it is that the greater part of them grew up in ignorance and vice. Now they need not have grown up in vice unless they had preferred it to virtue, though they could hardly have escaped a life of ignorance. There were many priests there to teach them the folly of sin in this world, and its eternal punishment in the next. They were very energetic in picturing the misery of sinners; but in spite of all they could say and do, they preached to thin and careless congregations, in consequence of which many of their salaries were unpaid from one year's end to another.

Most of the men spent their Sabbaths in bull-baiting and dog-fighting; most of the women in gadding from house to house with budgets of scandal, while the children ran off to the woods to snare birds and gather berries, and oftentimes to fight out a match made up the day before. Black eyes were by no means uncommon, with a plenty more in perspective when those were healed.

This was the life of the mass of people, though I am happy to say there were many exceptions

in men, women, and children, who went to the chapel, as all good Christians should, and lived up to the precepts of the Good Book, as all good Christians do; among whom was the mother and child that I began to tell you about.

And not only did the good woman go to church on the Sabbath, and on all the appointed holidays and feasts, but she endeavored to make her life a perpetual sabbath unto the Lord. But the child, because she was of a tender age, could not always accompany her; nor understand why she must always clasp her hands, and kneel down in the pew, when the vicar did the same in his little pulpit. But she was a good child for all that, as the story will show, and loved her mother with an exceeding love.

When she was about three years of age, her mother died. Her death however was by no means unexpected. The only wonder was that she had lived so long, she was so thin and sickly. Her husband had been dead a little over a year. He left her nothing but his child and poverty, a common legacy among the poorer sort of people in that country. After his death, she toiled late and early to maintain herself and babe. Many a dawn she rose before the sun, and the sun arose there very early. Many a night she saw the moon set, and it sets very late at certain seasons of the year; but her labors were never done: the labors of the poor never are until Death comes. When Death came to her, she rested from her work, and her work followed her.

It was a fine day in spring when they buried her. The fresh green earth was full of dew; the soft blue sky without a cloud. It was a day to make one certain of immortality. Few and unconcerned were those who bore her to the grave; they would rather have gone to a merry-making; were neighbors and nothing more: the dead woman left no friends, or relatives, only her child.

When they reached the churchyard, they found the old sexton beside the grave, leaning on his spade, ready to fill it again at the shortest notice. The vicar put on his bands, and read the funeral service. "Dust to dust—ashes to ashes, but the spirit to God who gave it." The coffin was low-

ered into its narrow house and the earth thrown upon it, while the minister of Christ exhorted the people around.

Little Agnes being left to herself by those who had charge of her, strayed down the winding paths, and was soon hidden among the grave-stones, which were very thick, for the dead of ages were buried in that little churchyard. At first she wondered why she had been brought there, but the sky was so blue above her, and the earth so beautiful around, that she soon forgot it. The shadow of Death, which falls heavily on the hearts of men, passes like a light mist over the soul of a child.

Large butterflies with crimson and golden wings were flying to and fro in the air, and the wild bee pursued its honey-making in the buttercups. She sat down in the long grass, and began to weave the blue violets, as she had seen the basket maker weave his rushes. Not a month before, a little girl of her own age was laid with many tears in the mound at her feet; but the dew hung there as brightly as in the deep meadows and the sunshine filled the place like the smile of God. Nature mourns not like man for the dead whom she has gathered to her bosom in peace.

By and by little Agnes began to grow drowsy, and in spite of all she could do to keep awake, she found her eyes closing and her head nodding on her breast: so she repeated the prayer that her good mother had taught her to say before going to bed, and committed herself to the care of her Heavenly Father, and in a moment was fast asleep, and walking in a dream with the Angels.

In the meantime the good vicar, having finished his exhortation, and the people having departed, began to wonder at her absence, and search for her down the path which he remembered to have seen her take. Looking right and left among the grave-stones, and calling "Agnes," with a sweet low voice, he came to the spot where she had fallen asleep. She was sleeping still, and beside her stood a little lamb, innocent and beautiful. Its fleece was whiter than driven snow, and glistened in the sunlight like gold. There was a golden collar around its neck, with an inscription in an unknown tongue; and its eyes were exceeding tender and beautiful. There were no folds in that country, and how it could have come there was a mystery which the vicar could not explain; nor could the child when she awoke. She only remembered to have seen it in her dream, following a Shepherd in the pastures of Paradise.

As the vicar stood lost in amazement, it drew

near him, and looked up in his face with its tender and beautiful eyes, and then at the child, and then in his face again, as much as to say—Here is a poor motherless one; she has no friends in the wide world; who will take care of her, if you do not? Indeed he fancied that it did say so; and that a voice softer than silence whispered to him "Feed my Lambs." His heart was touched with pity, and he lifted her up in his arms and bore her to the vicarage.

It was not long before the news spread through the neighboring towns, and many of their dwellers came to see the White Lamb, and the young child, who grew daily more beautiful and good. The pious seemed to grow better the moment they beheld the loving pair; and the wicked who had sat for years under the droppings of the sanctuary, or mocked at the goodness of Heaven afar off, grew thoughtful and penitent, and were soon numbered among the people of God.

The lamb and child were seldom separated. Little Agnes was very unhappy when parted from it, and it seemed equally unhappy in its turn when parted from her. Sometimes they used to sit for hours together; she poring over the vicar's antique missal, which by this she had learned to read, and the lamb at her feet, looking up in her face with its tender and beautiful eyes. Sometimes, in the warm summer days, they went off together to the woods and lanes; sometimes to the meadows where the daises grew in tufted grass; and little Agnes was wont to braid them in a wreath around her brow. She said one day, on returning, that she would soon wear a wreath of stars. As regularly as the Sabbath came, they went to the chapel together, side by side. The sexton made a path for them, as they walked up the broad aisle which was now crowded with earnest and devout listeners. Their accustomed place was on the cushioned seat that ran around the altar. When the choir sang their anthems, the voice of the child was heard above the deep bass singers, and the full-toned organ; yet it was softer and sweeter than that of a dove. When the vicar read the morning and evening service, her responses fell on the hearts of all like dew, and a halo seemed to encircle her as she listened to the words of life.

The people began to consider it a miracle. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting fell into disrepute: drinking and gaming, to which the greater part of them had been bred from childhood, lost all *caste* as amusements, and other vices declined in proportion. It was evident that a great change was going on in the hearts and habits of all. Profane oaths and light jests, which even the gentry condescended to indulge in (as they did in other

things better left to their inferiors,) were banished from all society, even that of traveling tinkers, time out mind a coarse set of fellows. Fends handed down from father to son were dropped at once, and old enemies met with kind greetings, and parted friends. Everybody seemed to prosper, and nobody was the worse for it. Beggars began to lay aside their tatters, and wear good substantial garments. There was no longer any need to beg, for work was plentiful. Cottage windows, once stuffed with old bats, rejoiced in the possession of new panes of glass; and new cottages were being builded everywhere, and everybody declared it was the work of the White Lamb.

Spring melted into summer, and summer was now on the verge of autumn. The fields were full of harvesters, reaping and binding up yellow sheaves, and barns were open all day, and boys might be seen within, storing up fruit for the winter. Every day added some new grace to the child; but those who were experienced in such matters, mostly mothers who had lost children, said she was dying. Her bloom was too unearthly; her eye too spiritual to last. She was no longer able to run to the woods and fields: a walk to the little summer house at the end of the vicar's garden, only a stone's throw from the door, was sufficient to make her very weary. Nor could she visit the chapel unless carried thither, which was a source of great grief to all the villagers.

Day by day she grew more lovely and feeble; and the lamb grew more fond of her: they could not for a moment separate them. It clung to her days, as she sat in her little chair leaning on pillows; and nights, it crept to her feet as she lay upon her couch dreaming of the angels. Its white fleece seemed to grow more white, and its eyes more tender and beautiful. And it often looked at the fading child, and at the far blue sky shining through the lattice, and its glance seemed to say—Heaven is waiting for this little slip of earth, and it must soon go.

Autumn came at last, and the child was dying. It was morning, and she lay on her couch, with half the village around her. Her eyes were fixed upon the sky, and her arms were entwined about the lamb, who lay with its head in her bosom. The vicar knelt down, and prayed. He could not bear to lose the light of his household, though he knew that the Angels were waiting for her on the threshold of Heaven. When he arose she slept. Ages have passed since then, and she still sleeps; and will till the Heavens and the Earth have passed away.

The next day was the Sabbath, and they bore her to the little churchyard where her mother was buried in the spring. Their graves were dug side by side. All the children and maidens, dressed in white, followed her bier; and half the mothers in the village wept as if she had been their own child; and the lamb, looking whiter than ever, walked in their midst:—But when the services were over, and the coffin lowered into the grave, it looked once at the far blue sky, and then turned away, and walked down the path which little Agnes had taken at her mother's funeral. No one dared to stop it; but all watched it with breathless attention until it disappeared among the grave-stones. Some of the boldest then, the vicar among the rest, followed to where it seemed to disappear, but could find no further traces; nobody was ever able to account for it, but everybody believed it to have been a miracle, manifested for their salvation, notwithstanding a wise philosopher who wrote a large folio to prove that it never existed at all. Its memory is still preserved with veneration in that country, and from that day to this, the people have continued goodly and pious. And so ends the story of the “White Lamb.”

“And so,” said I, “ends the story of the night. Bess is already asleep, and Ruth and Kate begin to yawn. Uncle Tim, who would be a romancer if he could see, as we do, the effects of his romance? But I won't moralize. Good night.”

“ MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.”

BY A. R. WOLFE.

Transcendent goodness! What are now the storms
That shake this fragile tenement of life?
What the conflicting elements of strife,
That blend the varied forms
Of disappointment, sorrow, and distress,—

Making man's earthly home a wilderness?
Rude blasts, ye ne'er disturb the tranquil spirit,
That has, when troubles rise, such words to bless.—
Such heavenly peace to cheer it

THE CLAIMS OF SACRED MUSIC.

BY REV. EDWIN F. HATFIELD, D. D.

Music has no human father. It claims to have descended from the skies. Man has invented, it is true, ways and means of rendering music more expressive. To Jubal, the sixth in descent from Cain, is accorded, by the inspired record the high honor of having been "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." But who was the father of *song*? From whose prolific mind proceeded first the enchanting *ode*?

The origin of music is coeval with the human race. It is to be found in the very elements of the human soul. Man is the creature of thought and feeling. He came from the Creator's hands with a heart susceptible of an almost endless variety of emotions, and with the faculty of giving expression to them, so that each emotion might be distinctly known. These emotions may be perceived by the *eye*, in the diversified aspect of the features of the face, or in the position and posture of the whole or a part of the frame. It is the *ear*, however, which most readily perceives, in the accents of the voice, the state and changes of the heart within. All animals to whom God has given the system of respiration, or in whom the lungs and larynx are found fully developed, are possessed of the faculty of *voice*. By various modifications of these organs, by the expansion or contraction of the *lungs*, the increasing or the diminishing of the length of the *larynx*, or wind-pipe, and the action of the *epiglot*, or covering of the wind-pipe, a great variety of *tones* may be produced. These tones, by constant and uniform association, become the well-known *signs* of a particular emotion or feeling of the heart. Joy and grief, love and hate, hope and fear, peace and rage, contempt and pity, all have their peculiar tones—tones as universally understood, as any thing whatever pertaining to man. These tones have no provincial meaning: they are nature's language, common to man in every clime and age; and many of them not peculiar to him, but serving as the medium of thought even in the brute creation. These sounds can never fall upon the ear so as to be perceived, without exciting within the human soul the idea of a particular emotion.

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies."

These varied tones of nature are the original elements of music. A combination of these tones after some order, more or less prolonged, is the germ of music,—a germ that existed in the first thing that had breath, as soon as it began to breathe.

To arrange these tones in an orderly manner, so as to reduce music to a science, must have been the work of time. And yet scarcely any time could have elapsed after the creation, before the atmosphere was filled with the sweetest music. No sooner had the *lark* sprung forth at its Maker's word, than it soared aloft, and poured its sweetest strains upon the air. Every bird became a warbler, ready-taught to join the choir of nature—the vesper-hymn, at the first going down of the sun—the first vocal symphony in the anthem of "CREATION." Thus ended the fifth day of the Creator's work. And when, on the sixth, obedient to its Lord, the dust of the earth assumed the human form, and, receiving the breath of God, became a living soul, the first accents that fell upon the human ear were of the sweetest music, and the first promptings of man's exulting bosom must have been to join the universal choir. As he gazed on the paradise that spread itself over the earth, and, lifting up his eyes to the firmament beheld the glories of the azure heavens, his soul must have kindled with adoring love and gratitude to God. And this must have been a feeling too sacred, deep and overpowering, for the tame and spiritless enunciation of mere words. The lofty *song*, in all its grandeur and sublimity, can alone unburden such a heart.

Thus the first human pair, before the close of the very day of their creation, must have joined in devout and joyous ascriptions of praise to their bounteous Lord. The first music of the human voice must have been a *holy* exercise. *Sacred song* is as ancient as the creation. It holds the precedence over every other. It is the eldest born of all the daughters of music.

But *man* was not the first to cultivate the sacred art. It was not on earth alone that sweet voices were heard, as the Creator "spake and it was done." "The morning-stars sang together, and all the *sons of God* shouted for joy." Why may not that angelic chorus have been heard in

Eden, and its blissful notes prolonged by human tongues ?

" In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tun'd the lyre;
Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd,
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heav'n could hold."

In that day, when even the Creator himself walked and talked with his earth-born children, the intercourse of the angelic race with the holy inhabitants of Eden may have been vastly more familiar than is usually conjectured. Milton, in his immortal poem, has taken up the thought, and presented us with the beautiful idea of Adam and Eve catching their accents of praise from angel-lips and harps. Adam, as an introduction to their evening-worship, thus addresses his beloved spouse :

" How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive to each other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! Oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n ! "

It was reserved, doubtless, for a later period, to introduce much of what is now regarded as essential to music. From the *love of order*, which in some degree is natural to man, would proceed a measured *division of time* in the enunciation of each note, and thus *rhythm* would become united with melody. Language, too, as one of the modes in which feeling is expressed, would soon be connected with the tone, and, uttered in a measured division of time, would give rise to the idea of *harmony*. Then followed, perhaps, the union of two or more voices, producing, in perfect accordance, sounds so kindred as readily to flow together and gratify the ear. In process of time, new combinations of sound would be produced and scientifically arranged; harmony would become more various, extensive, and perfect; language more rhythmical, or better adapted to the purpose of song; instruments invented to aid the voice : and thus music would become more and more a *perfect expression of the soul*.

Let me advert to some of the uses of sacred music. Not to speak of its effects upon the *health*, which are most beneficial, and upon the *animal spirits*, which are of the happiest kind, I would simply refer to its effect upon the *heart*. "Pure and simple music," says Plato, "is the sister of bodily exercise; as exercise imparts health

to the body, so music imparts self-government to the soul." Martin Luther, than whom none, scarcely, have been, in modern days, more efficient patrons of sacred music, says, "The youth must always be accustomed to this art; for it makes men kind and virtuous." Mr. Woodbridge, editor of the "Annals of Education," relates, that "the effect of introducing music into one of the villages of German Switzerland, upon the entire moral character of the people, was immediate and striking. They relinquished drinking, riot, and debauchery, and all disreputable amusements, to join in musical recreation. And villages before noted for nothing but ill, became distinguished for sobriety, order, and purity."

Music has ever been regarded as a most appropriate vehicle of *praise*. The exercise of the art, therefore, is adapted to awaken that feeling of the soul with which it is so intimately associated in the pious bosom. The association of certain feelings with their peculiar tones is so intimate, that we can scarcely hear the latter, without having the former stirred up. The plaintive cry awakens pity and compassion. The lover of the dance can seldom hear the strains of the viol, without an inclination to move with corresponding step. The veteran soldier hears the bugle-call, or the rolling of the drum, and at once his bosom beats for the tented field. Who has not heard of the wondrous effects of the Tyrolese song or Marseillaise Hymn ? Who has not felt a patriot's blood grow warm, while "Hail Columbia!" was poured forth from a thousand hearts? So, too, the lovers of sacred song are often stirred to rapture, when the lofty and solemn tones of the noble organ, or the full burst of praise from the great congregation, fall upon their ears. Then, if ever, the Christian feels that he can pour out all his soul to God.

But the influence of sacred music in the *family circle* is no less delightful. Who can help but recognize the lineaments of peace and joy in that scene so graphically drawn by the Scottish bard?

" The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha' Bible, ance his father's pride :
Of strains, that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care ;
And 'Let us worship God!' he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tone their hearts, by far the noblest aim ;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name."

How is the soul drawn upward by such a picture! How much more when we take our seat

by that "ingle," and not only hear the very strains themselves, but mingle our voice with that of the good old sire and his *bairns*! Soul-stirring scene! Oft may its power be experienced!

We have seen an audience carried, as it were, upon a mighty wave, as some noble anthem has thundered forth the grandeur of our God, or whispered to the soul the melting notes of Calvary. Yea, when that favorite of Martin Luther and of the whole church, good "*Old Hundred*," has fallen on our ears from the lips of thousands beneath the sacred dome, and we ourselves have mingled in the song, it has seemed, indeed, as if

"Our souls, on wings sublime, ,
Rose from the vanities of time,
And drew the parting veil to see
The glories of eternity."

Sacred music, practised by the Christian, makes him happier, better. When performed in secret, it dispels the gloom of depression, quiets the sea of turbulence, and prepares the soul to come into the presence of its Maker with a livelier, holier joy. In the family circle it checks the wildness of the young, melts away the barriers of passion, and unites the kindred group in heavenly devotion. But it is chiefly in the great congregation that its full power is felt, or would be felt, if our congregations, having taken time and pains to learn this sacred science, would pour forth their swelling tides of harmony in the song of praise. "Methinks," said Baxter, "when we are singing the praises of God in great assemblies, with joyful and fervent spirits, I have the liveliest foretaste of heaven upon earth; and I could almost wish that our voices were loud enough to reach through all the world, and to heaven itself."

Thus the practice of sacred music is admirably fitted to prepare the soul for the enjoyments of the world of glory. When John was favored with a glimpse of the upper sanctuary, he found them all engaged in chanting that noble anthem, "*Holy! holy! holy! Lord God Almighty!*" and this is no sooner ended, than they take up the strain, "*Thou art worthy, O Lord!*" These chants ended, they take their harps and sing a new song: "*Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain!*" "And I beheld," says John, "and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts and the elders; and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, saying with a loud voice,

'Worthy is the Lamb!' and every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, '*Blessing, and honor, and glory!*' After this I beheld, and lo! a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, and cried with a loud voice, '*Salvation to our God!*' whereupon all the angels swell again the mighty chorus, '*Blessing, and glory, and wisdom!*'" And yet again he listens. And now the martyr-host appear. "And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb; '*Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!*'" "And after these things I heard," he says, "a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, '*Alleluia! Salvation and glory, and honor, and power!*' And a voice came out of the throne, saying, 'Praise our God all ye his servants! and ye that fear him, both small and great!'" After this expressive solo follows another chorus—the "*HALLELUJAH CHORUS*,"—"the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying, '*Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!*'"

Thus, anthem after anthem, and chorus after chorus, peals from the upper temple. There all is praise, and none are silent.

"Seraphs, with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around;
And move and charm the starry plains,
With an immortal sound."

With them we hope to dwell—with them to praise. And how can we consent to forego even here the bliss of heaven? Why does not every blood-bought soul catch something of that inspiring theme that fills all heaven with joy? why not now learn and exercise that holy art which fills angelic hosts and ransomed saints with rapture? Has he the soul of a saint, who has no sympathy with the saints in bliss, no desire to anticipate their joy? I wonder not that the devotees of Mammon and of Mars, of Thespis and of Bacchus, are deaf to the praises and dead to the allurements of sacred song. Yes,

"Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But favorites of the heav'ly King
Should speak their joys abroad."



THE ST. LAWRENCE AT THE THOUSAND ISLES.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY REV. P. C. HEADLEY.

(SEE PLATE.)

THESE beautiful isles extend from near Lake Ontario to within a few miles of Ogdensburg—the most varied and romantic scenery lying between Clayton and Alexandria Bay; an area of about twelve miles in length and from three to eight in width.

Their size varies from a single rock shaded with shrubbery to extensive farms and forests. They break the St. Lawrence into many channels, affording a panorama of singular picturesqueness and often sublimity.

On Selkirk Island, Bill Johnson, the hero of the Patriot War, and the hunted outlaw of an empire and republic for years, has his home and fortress—now a hale old man of seventy. His daughter Kate lives quietly with her husband at Clayton. She was the hero's companion and friend in prison—and sought his solitude among the islands while fleeing from pursuit, to convey food to her lawless and fearless father.

Near Wells Island he and his band of disguised banditti burned the Sir Robert Peel, whose colors he has yet in concealment.

To see these *lions* and have pleasant sails, the tourist will stop at Clayton, or French Creek as it was formerly called.

But the best views and finest fishing are had at Alexandria Bay, where oarsmen and excellent skiffs are always ready, and a convenient hotel stands on a summit of rock, washed by the waters of the noble river.

It was to accompany friends, and see more of the marvelously beautiful St. Lawrence, that I came to its shore for the third time at Alexandria Bay, on the morning of the 9th. The day before, we were overtaken by a storm at Plessis, six miles distant, and which would have been a solitary rendezvous for the night, had we not made the acquaintance of J. Clarke, Esq., whose hospitality, and musical family, lent wings to the hours of the severest storm of the season.

A neat church stands on a summit of naked rock, which has a most singular aspect, and a preacher is engaged to supply the pulpit. At Alexandria Bay we found a very pleasant and finished edifice erected by Dr. Bethune during the past year. He visited the Islands about three years since, and becoming interested in the

people, destitute of the Gospel, returned home to raise the means for building a sanctuary, and sustaining a clergyman there. The effort was successful, and now a neat and ample structure, with a bell, lifts its shining spire near the *lighthouse* of the harbor—a point of moral radiation amid a scattered multitude of perishing immortals. It is called the "Church of the Thousand Islands." The faithful minister is a Mr. Dubois, whose parish extends several miles over the bosom of the St. Lawrence. It must be pleasing to Dr. Bethune to know that as the reward of his benevolent activity, every Sunday morning, from the tower of his beautiful stone temple, soon to be consecrated to Almighty God, there rings out upon the stillness of reposing life, and echoes among the green isles of this noble river, the invitation of the "church-going bell." Then from the hill-sides and across the waters come the peasant, the man of business, and the fisherman, to hear the tidings of a full and free salvation. And who shall estimate the widening and mighty influence for good, going forth from so obscure a centre of missionary effort, on the boundary line between an empire and a republic, controlling well nigh the religious resources and commerce of the world.

As the clouds vanished from the sky, and along the shore were heard only the sobbings of the retiring tempest, we entered our light boats for an excursion down the channel of the river. Dudson is a fine oarsman, and for my barge I felt no fear, though we were tossed roughly at times over the waves. Pointing to Wells Island on our left, he remarked, "There where you see the ruins of a house and those old poplars, I lived till a young man. There was no clearing in sight, and no store within twenty miles. We went out to the nearest village once a year. And where you notice a green spot on the side-hill, are buried my grandfather, parents, and brother." While he was discoursing thus, my thoughts were on the sad problem of human life. At the same time, from the hum of the city and the solitude of a forest-island, souls having passed the brief history of their probation, disappear and are forgotten, to think and feel in rapture or wo for ever! What a leveler is Death! and what equal-

ity will succeed the wide distinctions here, at the Judgment! I was beguiling the moment with these reflections, when Duclos suggested the propriety of striking for a distant island as a resting place for gathering our little party and *taking tea*. Throwing out my trolling lines, he was soon upon the surface where recently he had caught 33 large fish in an hour. Three glittering spoons were in the wake of the boat, but no indications of success. Resuming conversation with my sensible guide, I asked him if often there were accidents in these waters. "Sometimes," he answered, "but there need not be, if the passengers would regard *orders*; for it stands to reason, that we who have always been on the water, should know best how to manage the fishing."—

Here I was interrupted by a sudden tension of one line, and then another; until nearly a dozen fine fellows were at my feet; their large black eyes staring reproachfully upon their captor.

Landing upon a delightful but nameless island, we awaited the arrival of Simpson's boat, bringing Mrs. B—— and Mrs. H——, with each a prisoner from the translucent tide. After a substantial pic-nic, we were again floating among the islands, which grew more verdant as the sun went down, and around whose beach the purple waters laid their limpid undulations.

And then the moon arose full and clear, and threw over the scene her sheen—silent, magical, and tranquillizing as a pleasant dream.

There were occasionally the light dip of distant oars, and echoes from the mainland; while the

red eye of the lighthouse, blazing upon the bosom of the bay, reminded one that we need and are under the gaze of a Sleepless Watcher of time's unresting deep.

But now we reach the "Lake of the Islands," formed by two long islands, Wells and La Rue, their extremities so nearly touching, that the entrance and egress are scarcely broad enough for a steamer to pass. Yet these straits separate English from American soil; and our skiff's prow was in her Majesty's domain, while the stern was under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." The lake is five miles in length, and studded with islands, presenting on its lonely bosom views exceedingly picturesque and romantic. This, and many of the most attractive spots on the St. Lawrence, cannot be seen from the steamers, which keep the channel of the river; and none have really appreciated the beauty and sublimity here, whose observation has been confined to a hurried transit over the path of travel.

I date this letter from "Brainard's Island," on which we have taken a late breakfast. It lies on the border of the "Fiddler's Elbow," so called, I am told, from the shape of the curve described by the steamboats, and their motion in the centre of the 1692 *islands*, which I find by a work on Canada to be the number counted by the first voyagers, several years ago. How were these islands formed, is the unanswered question. How deep the scars of both physical and moral revolutions on this fallen sphere!

"PEACE, BE STILL."

BY A. R. WOLFE.

Thro' stormy night and dark,
I saw a fragile bark
Glide out upon the bosom of the sea,
Urged by a noble crew
Of loving hearts and true,
Who still kept struggling on laboriously,
While armed with lightning's scath,
The storm-cloud fought the path,
And fierce winds heaped their wrath
On Galilee.

Calmly the Master slept,
While on the tempest swept,
And onward went the mustering of the waves,
A wild and savage horde,
That snuffed their prey, and roared,
And gathered round to drag them to their graves.
Why, in this fearful hour,
When death's dark minions lower,
Sleeps that Supernal Power,
That speaks and saves?

"Is there no care to thee,
Master Divine, that we
Should perish so ingloriously here?"—
He rose, and darkness fled
The halo round his head,
And hope again smiles out in clouds of fear :
"Oh trembling ones and pale,
Why should your courage fail;
Why doubt and terror fill
Your faint hearts? "Peace, be still"
The Master's near."

"Peace!" As the soothing word,
Each haughty billow heard,
Down sank he to the bosom of the deep ;
And softly lay his head
Upon his easy bed,
As never from repose again to leap :
So, on its mother's breast,
The fretted child doth rest,
Close hugs its Parent nest,
And sobs to sleep.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

BY REV. A. D. GRIDLEY.

AMONG the thoughts which are wont to arise in the mind of the sick, is the fear of death. This fear has respect to the pain of dying, the sundering of domestic and social ties, the giving up of all earthly joys, pursuits, and hopes, the darkness and corruption of the grave, and the awful revelations of the judgment and eternity. Such thoughts will force themselves into the mind of the sick man, and often disturb his peace. In view of one and all of these considerations, he shrinks back from death; he dreads to look into the darkness before him, and either tries to banish from his mind all thoughts of dying, by the contemplation of vain and frivolous things, or sinks into despair.

"The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment can lay on man,
Is paradise to what we fear of death."

"Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." This aversion to death is, in a great degree, natural to man, and cannot wholly be expelled even from the breast of the devoutest Christian. And yet, there is reason to believe that many persons suffer from imaginary fears on this subject: they are all their life-time subject to a self-imposed bondage, and in the hour of sickness especially, find their tranquillity disturbed, their resolution weakened, and their hopes clouded.

It is a settled principle among physiologists, I believe, that in order to a person's experiencing pain, those nerves which ordinarily convey the sensation of touch must possess their natural sensibility. When, for example, a limb is paralyzed, and thus the tenderness of these nerves destroyed, one may puncture the part affected without producing any pain. Now, it is the nature of disease to diminish the sensibility of the nervous system, so that when, at the last, death itself intervenes, the pain of dissolution is comparatively slight.

Since men ordinarily struggle when in distress of any kind, many infer that death is necessarily painful, because most persons struggle in the hour of its approach. But this conclusion is not sound, because struggling is a mere muscular action, and often takes place when the subject is totally

unconscious of it. Decapitate an animal, and the body will struggle for a considerable time though the head, which is the seat of consciousness, is entirely separated from it. "Very commonly convulsions occur in cases of apoplexy, and when severe injury has been done to the brain, long after consciousness has been suspended. Within a certain period after death, those struggles and contortions of the countenance which are associated in the mind with the most excruciating pain, can be excited by the application of galvanism." We have the testimony of persons recovered at the eleventh hour, that while their friends stood about them pitying their sufferings, their existence was a mere blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his clothes and exhibited other signs of distress, but it afterwards appeared that he was senseless at the time, and knew of what he had experienced and done only as informed by his friends.

Many suppose death to be intensely distressful, because they have endured extreme pain without dying, and infer that life could not be entirely destroyed without causing them to suffer still greater pain. But like causes produce like effects only in the same circumstances. Hence, if disease benumbs the nervous sensibility as it advances, it is not to be supposed that its progress will bring increasing pain. Those who die from fevers, and most other diseases, suffer their greatest distress, hours, days, and even weeks, before the event of dissolution. "Those who faint from the loss of a little blood, or on any other occasion, have already experienced all the pain they ever would, did they not again revive." Persons who have been recovered after drowning have described their sensations immediately before they became unconscious, as but little painful; and yet, had they never been restored, they would have suffered no more. Fontenelle, the poet, in allusion to his increasing infirmities shortly before death, wittily remarked that he "was about to decamp, and had sent his heavy baggage on before." So, in sober fact, it often is—the most distressing part of dissolution is over before the hour of death comes. The cases in which dying is exceedingly painful, are

those generally in which life is taken away without a previous destruction of the nervous system. But in a great majority of instances, the pains of dissolution are overrated. In respect to death from consumption, an elegant writer has remarked: "Consumptive patients are sometimes in a dying state for several days; they appear at such times to suffer little, but to languish for complete dissolution; nay, I have known them to express great uneasiness when they have been recalled from the commencement of insensibility, by the cries of their friends, or the efforts of the attendants to produce pain. In observing persons in this situation, I have always been impressed with an idea that the approach of actual death produces a sensation similar to that of falling asleep. The disturbance of respiration is the only apparent source of weariness to the dying; and sensibility seems to be impaired in exact proportion to the decrease of that function. Besides, both the impressions of present objects, and those recalled by memory, are influenced by the extreme debility of the patient, whose wish is for absolute rest. I could never see the close of life, under these circumstances, without recalling those beautiful lines of Spenser:

"Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, doth greatly please."

And what is commonly true of this disease, is so, likewise, in many others. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter, "I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of John Newton, "it is a pleasant thing to die." And this excellent man himself tells us that he watched his dying wife some hours with a candle in his hand, and when he was sure she had breathed her last, which could not at once be determined, she died so imperceptibly, he knelt down and thanked the Lord for her peaceful dismissal. "If this be dying, it is the easiest thing imaginable," said Lady Glenorchy. "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. Testimony of this kind might be collected sufficient to cover many pages. A writer in the Foreign Quarterly Review (Dec. 1849) gives an interesting account of the death of the son of Edmund Burke, a part of which I will here quote: "Hearing his parents sobbing in another room, at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable, he rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart

flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir! talk of religion, talk of morality; talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain?—No, it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind, and the waving of the trees, brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect:

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines;
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave !

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the presence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done."

From considerations and facts like the foregoing, there is plainly no foundation for the popular belief that the extinction of life is uniformly painful; for, except in cases of sudden and violent death, sensibility lessens as disease advances. Doubtless, most men suffer severer pain in some of the various sicknesses to which they are subject, and in some surgical operations, than they will in "the article of death."

We read that the venerable Thomas Fuller, having considered the various ways in which life is destroyed, came to this short and decisive conclusion:—"None please me." "But away with these thoughts," the good man adds, "the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it." It is not permitted us to decide by what manner of death we will die, and it is well we are not. But there is this consolation, that as a general rule, the fear of dying is more distressing than the reality.

Moreover, in the pains and weariness of our sickness, and in our forebodings of the dying hour, it is well for us who hope in Christ to remember that in his death he drank of a far bitterer cup than we can expect to taste. No mode of destroying life is so cruel as that of crucifixion. Those who die in other ways may endure sharper pains, but no agonies are at once so terrific and so long as those of the cross. The driving of spikes through the hands and feet was undoubtedly more painful, but to this must be added the rankling of the nails, the fever which ensued, and an intolerable thirst, and then the pain caused in his wounds by every attempt to

writhe under his sufferings, and all this prolonged until death released him from his agonies. His life was destroyed by violence, in the vigor of his manhood and in perfect health, with his nervous energies unimpaired: consequently, it was a most painful death. Let us be thankful that it is not appointed us to follow him in the mode of his dying, and that He was willing to submit to such sufferings in order that He might extract the sting from death in our behalf, and give us victory over the grave!

It was remarked at the beginning of this essay, that many persons fear death because of the loathsomeness of the grave, and of other unpleasant associations connected with it. For example, some, having heard of instances in which it was supposed other persons had been interred before actual death, fear lest it may be so eventually with them. But a careful investigation of this matter has convinced men of science that such cases are exceedingly rare. There are certain well known signs of death which are almost indubitable, and corpses are seldom buried until some of these signs have been developed. Because some bodies, on being exhumed, have been found with their position somewhat changed, it has been hastily inferred that life was not extinct when they were buried. But it is well known that often, in the natural progress of decomposition, the muscular fibres of one side or portion of the body relax sooner than the others, and cause the body to be drawn slightly out of its original position. Moreover, such changes in the position of a corpse are often chargeable to the mistakes or carelessness of pall-bearers in carrying the coffin or in depositing it in the tomb. No one, then, we think, should harrass his mind with apprehensions on this point.

Again, many persons are troubled with the thought that their bodies will become "the food of worms." They might be troubled, justly perhaps, were there any ground for such apprehensions. But the most eminent physicians tell us that there is nothing in the nature of the human body to indicate that worms prey upon the buried corpse. If properly interred, it decays, and literally returns to the dust from which it was taken. In confirmation of this, it is well known that when bodies long buried are afterwards ex-

humed, they are commonly found with the features perfect, though on exposure to the air they crumble in pieces. The fact that we read in scripture: "Though after my skin, worms destroy this body," &c., (Job 19: 26,) is no proof that this is a fact. Job, in this case, merely refers incidentally to a notion prevalent in his day, and does not assume to announce a physiological truth on the authority of Divine inspiration. It is the same as if he had said: Though, as men commonly suppose, worms infest and destroy this body, yet, &c. The same superstition is referred to in the familiar line of the poet:

"The deep, damp vault, the mattock and the worm."

Since, then, the notion has no foundation in fact, let us banish this and all other imaginary fears from our minds. To die is a solemn and momentous thing enough, without its being invested with unreal terrors. Especially, if we are the followers of Christ, and thus partakers of the benefits of his sufferings, what reason have we for fear? If death were more dreadful than we know it to be, it would be unchristian in us to tremble and shrink back at the thought of its approach. God has promised that He will never leave or forsake his children; that He will be their refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble; that He will strengthen them on the bed of languishing; that He will be their guide even unto death; and that when they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, He will be with them, and his rod and staff shall comfort them. Has God forsaken you, dear reader, in the trials you have been called to encounter in days past? Does he not support you now? You cannot be so thankless as to say nay. Then why distrust Him for the future? Do not grieve Him by your ingratitude, and by your distrust of his faithfulness. Cast away your doubts and fears. Entrust yourself, soul and body, and all your interests, in his good hands, for the present and for the future, and be happy in Him. And whenever death comes, it will be less painful than you have feared, and in addition to this, you will find the Saviour by the side of your dying pillow, and He will accompany you in every step of your way through the Dark Valley.

THE FEAST OF THE LORD.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO.

ONE of the wildest of imaginable storms was raving over the Atlantic. For days the clouds had been gathering darkness until not a speck of blue sky was to be seen, either to the east or to the west, in the north or in the south; and at last, the tempest burst over the great waters, and on a home-bound ship.

The seamen, and the captain of the vessel, and more than all, the passengers, had watched the clouds with increasing nervous anxiety, and the latter in an undisguised and real terror, when the wind rose so furiously, with fierce prophesying of hurricane.

The ship was crowded with passengers: only a few on board were emigrants, and they were of the better class—the great majority were pilgrims to the shrine of a new world, or returning pleasure-seekers, who had been wandering 'mid the glories of the old. There were men and women, and children, a motley group of them: beautiful, young, dreaming girls, eager and ambitious youths, gray-haired priests, politicians, merchants, lawyers, doctors, and a poet;—French, and German, and English, and American people; an essentially mixed company.

It was curious to observe that company while the ship went smoothly and quietly on her way—more curios still, to watch them while the awful storm was rising; but dreadful indeed to behold them when that storm had burst. There had been a degree of acting amid the multitude, almost equal to that which would have been required of them, had they really been performing on a stage in a theatric entertainment: there was no more of this seen when real danger presented itself. They formed, those passengers, in *that* crisis, a startling picture for the world's view; but there were none but God and the angels near to *look* upon the scene; all the rest who knew of it were features of it.

It was no time, when the ship rocked to and fro there in its helplessness, in the midst of the great ocean—it was no time for mortal vanity to show itself, and vanity had vanished. It was no place for pride, there beyond all human help, when the spirit of God was moving upon the waters, and pride was not—yes, pride *was* there; for some, upheld by no Christian faith, would

not tremble when the voice of the Lord went echoing over the deep. It was a place of prayer; but alas! *what* prayers! Utterances of mortal agony, and anguish of fear, and despair that went out; mere utterances, mere ravings, from hearts which knew not God, from hearts which found him not! It was a place also for humble and confiding hope, and that was not wanting; a place for Christian courage, it was there; a place for sacrifice and offering, and sacrifice and offering were ready.

The third day of the storm had been one of torturing suspense; all conversation ceased among the people. They sat the most of them, and for the most part of the time, pale and trembling, thinking every crash of wind against the vessel to be the signal of instant doom. But very few of them had spoken of their probable destiny; it seemed a thought that utterance would fill with fresh horror, and so they watched. On the evening of that day, the captain, who had held little converse with his passengers since the opening of the storm, came into the cabin. Three hundred people were gathered there, in such an agony of terror as may God save you from ever knowing. His presence, as soon as it was known, produced the most solemn silence among the multitude;—had it not, his voice, which was faint and trembling, could scarcely have been heard. "It's my opinion," he said, "and the opinion of my men, that if the storm continues an hour longer, we shall be in eternity before the time is up. The ship has held out remarkably well. I have never been out in such a storm before. God have mercy on you!"

He closed the door after him as he went out, and immediately, ere the silence which followed that terrible confirmation of their fears could be broken, another voice was heard speaking, and an old man was seen to rise from a far corner of the cabin, where he had quietly remained nearly all the day.

"My friends," he said, "it has been the business of my life to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ. I have, many times before this, invited those who love our Lord to the supper of his body and his blood. I invite you to-night. Whosoever *will*, let him freely come. Passengers

bound towards Eternity ! we will this night partake—oh, let it be with godly fear and with child-like faith—the bread and the wine, to the refreshment of our souls ! We will consecrate ourselves anew. Let us bow down before the high God, believing that, inasmuch, as we confess him here, he will not be ashamed of us when we appear before him at the judgment."

The table was at once spread, and the bread and wine were blessed ; then the speaker's voice broke yet more strongly, and clearly, in that silence which, since his solemn proposition was made, had been marred by no cry, or groan of fear, and he read that sublime and thrilling hymn, beginning with,—

"Lo, God is here !"

Then he said, "Come near, all ye who believe that the Lord Jesus died for you. Come ! all who are longing for his everlasting salvation ! Come ! in meekness, in reverence, and in faith, and so ye may be sure that ye will not eat and drink to everlasting damnation !"

That was a House of God then—it was consecrated by the holy name which the Apostle of holiness had called upon—it was consecrated by the Divine presence, for God *was* there. There was a general movement to obey that call. Souls which had been tossed for years on the ocean of doubt, which, but for this providence, had been lost upon the shoals of unbelief, had grace to say, then, in all sincerity ; "I believe; Lord help mine unbelief." Careless sons and daughters of the world were effectually awakened ; and the scoffers scoffed no more. There were few who held themselves aloof from that celebration of the Last Supper, but few who could resist the call that had been made, as they verily believed, for the last time. It was their satanic pride, their unaccountable pride, that held them back. They were not willing, even in a last and dire extremity, to confess Christ *before men* ! They would not be converted in the eleventh hour ; they had resisted unto death, striving against God ! But they did not at least doubt then. They knew what they had never known before. They knew that the voice of God was in that tempest, and the voice had a terrific message for them. They knew that the hand of God was lifted to destroy them ; and with a brutal courage, a blasphemous daring, they exclaimed,

"Strike ! thou art strongest."

When all, who would, had partaken, the preacher's voice (which was distinctly audible, because his listeners and he were so in earnest in that hour) exclaimed "That there are many here, who have, to-night, partaken for the first time of these

sacred emblems, I cannot doubt. God bless you, friends, who have now entered into covenant with him. If we are saved in this dread journey over the waters, you will have occasion to rejoice always over the vow you have this night made. I believe that if you have cried unto him, who is abundantly able and willing to save, that he has, in this sacrament, anointed you with the oil of his salvation. The time allotted to us in this world is, doubtless, just drawing to its close ; we cannot but believe it, who listen to that voice without, who feel the tossing of this frail bark. Beloved friends, don't therefore tremble, and turn pale ; our Father is near ; He is here ; we have only to taste one other drop of that cup which our Saviour drank to the dregs, and he will accept us ? Let us kneel down here, and await the summons which shall lead us hence. Let our prayers precede us ; in such silence as befits us let us wait. Let our thoughts tend not earthward now. We are all, doubtless, bound by many tender ties to life. Let us commend our beloved ones to his fatherly protection, who loves them better than we know how to love. Lord Jesus, we bow before thee."

More than an hour passed on, and still that congregation waited on their knees in silent prayer, waited for the summons of their Maker. Only an occasional sob, bursting from some heart to whom the things of earth were yet inestimably precious, or a groan from an unfortunate, who had not yet made peace with God, disturbed the solemn silence. There were no cries of fear, for fear was awed before the majesty of faith. But while they knelt there, the wind had assumed a softer tone, it raved not so savagely around the vessel. It seemed also to have caught the spirit of reverence, and the ship began to rock less terribly : but not one mortal there dared to gather hope from this—all felt that there was but a resting pause in the storm, that with its next burst, a grave and an eternity would be opened for them.

The door of the cabin opened, and again the captain stood before the people who had entrusted themselves to his guidance over the great deep : but he could at first find no words whereby to communicate the tidings he brought ; he stood amazed, awe-struck, before the silent kneeling company. In a moment he conquered his emotion, and exclaimed with a strong, glad voice

"Your prayers have saved us ! angels have been with me ! the wind has gone down, the sun is rising. It is a *time* for thanksgiving, glory to God !"

Eyes that had not wept in all those days and

nights of terror, filled to overflowing then—thoughts of kindred and of home, which the souls that leaned most trustingly on God had put far from them when they imagined the death-doom near, came rushing back, filling the heart with a weight of thankfulness and joy, hard to bear in calmness. The multitude had grown quiet and subdued, while the shadow of the eternal land fell down so closely over them; but they were not calm and quiet when the Pilot guided them away from that land, out from that shadow: oh the thought of safety, of Life! it was more completely overpowering than that of death had been!

And a stranger effect than the mere falling of tears, than the almost maniac expressions of joy to which some gave utterance, was produced by this "great salvation! for in the morning of deliverance, when the sunlight streamed through the cabin windows, it beheld a still greater multitude sharing a holy sacrament, in remembrance of Him who had proved so mighty to save, and young children were brought to the aged preacher, by parents who would thus early dedicate them to God, and some whose brows the "wing of time had shaded," also then and there assumed the cross.

They are scattered now, those voyagers, over the wide earth; but, must they not bear with them a memory, which will work *always* in them; and in others, through them, work mightily, for good? They who on that night assumed the cross of faith, must they not bear it with them,

wheresoever they may go? And in bearing it worthily, they must and will proclaim themselves the missionaries of the high and holy, of the meek and lowly One. Otherwise they have partaken of that body, and that blood, and assumed that sacred symbol in an extremity of weakness and unworthiness, which shall increase their condemnation?

That Feast of the Lord upon the Waters was a feast of extremest sorrow and extremest need. So was it at its institution on the night of Betrayal. The sorrow and the need are indeed as abiding features of it, as its awful significance.

It is essentially the Supper of sorrow: but joy is borne of it into the starving soul. It may be taken in heart-tears, but its effect, its impression, its reality, is Peace. Do you not know it already? The dead have learned it, when in their last moments they prayed for the angel to delay only till they could obey the sacrament call "Come unto me;"—the proudest have learned it when they have been subdued to pray; the most worldly-minded have proved it, when they have paused to think. We must all learn it—and it will be well, if we do not have the lesson, to copy it as the Thief upon the cross learned it, when the sacrament was presented before him in its most awful form, when he partook it in the most dire extremity, compelled to confess after all his waywardness and sin, compelled to turn to the cross for guidance, ere he could go onward to the supper of the Lamb.

LET US LOVE EACH OTHER.

Oh! why so oft does anger burn within the human breast?
Why are the gentle and the weak by violence opprest?
Why are our hearts so envious of good that others win?
Why are we prone to follow still the ways that lead to sin?
Why are our hopes so frivolous, so selfish, and so vain,
As if we thought upon this earth for ever to remain?

The heart that yields to anger wars against the God above,
And him by whom the weak are crush'd their Guardian
will reprove;
The envious heart doth nurse the worm that gnaws within
the breast,
The follower of evil things shall find no place of rest;

And he whose hopes are bent on earth, from earth will
soon be riven,
And find that he has forfeited a bright abode in heaven!

Oh! let us love each other then, for we have hated long!
Let us forego the frowning brow, the insult, and the
wrong;

Encourage still the wav'ring, take the feeble by the hand,
While wanderers through the desert to the blessed promised
land;
And our God, who is a God of love, will guide us in the
way,
And in time of death or peril, prove our all-sufficient stay.

HORSEBACK RAMBLES AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF VIRGINIA.

BY ELEANOR J.

WOULD you like to take a ride this glorious summer evening, my dear Annie, when the sun is flooding everything with his fullest tide of beauty, and nature is in the very hey-day of her loveliness? Come then, I will take you on my steed, as your spirit-presence will be no additional weight, and as I myself ride lightly, we will have such a canter! Could anything be more delicious than this gentle motion?—and then we have nothing to interrupt our view, but, with veil thrown back and cap slightly raised, how delightfully these mountain breezes sweep over our brows! I take for granted, you see, that your spirit has all bodily belongings.

Do look at that forest before us, draping so luxuriantly yon sloping hill-side—you see there is between us and it that blue mist like the bloom on grapes, which so few artists successfully transfer to their canvass; how it darkens and enriches the noble forms of those beeches, chestnuts, pines, and oaks, which are beautiful enough already with their broad boughs, many-formed foliage, and deep shades. And how it fades as we draw nearer the base of the hill, like many another sweet, airy illusion, for, as Coleridge somewhere says,

"The beautiful vanishes and returneth not."

Ah—here we come to the clear brook with its shaded banks and gravelly bed, where "Gyp" always shows his good nature by wanting a drink in the shadiest spot;—but there is no drink for you this time, my good "Gyp," for the rains have been so long withheld from the mountain springs that the brook is almost dry; so on we must go, over this rocky hill and down the deep ravine beyond, where we will find water. Not so fast though, for uncle Ned, who is driving the carriage so carefully, has promised to keep a good look-out upon us from his box, and see that no accident happens; and so we must even keep in sight of him, lest our friends in the carriage should grow uneasy; for I could not be prevailed upon to take a seat with them, having the horrors of sick-headache too distinctly before my view, and with true woman's wilfulness, insisted on the saddle,—esteeming the want of

other escort than the carriage as no hinderance whatever. Sure enough, "Gyp," here is the water—and now for the ascent—a long way up, but, to reward us at the top, there is spread out before us a rich summer landscape. Here is an open grain field, from which they are carrying the heavy harvest of ripe sheaves; and there are two little negroes (why is it that they always remind one of monkeys?) "*minding the gap*," as they tell us. Happy little urchins,—with their wooly heads, rolling eyes, and bare ebony arms and legs, which their scant covering displays to the best advantage; there they can lie under the shade, and rejoice in the Italian lazaroni's delight, *dolci far niente*. There are a dozen of the unclean animals before us, which the dark little imps have warded from "*the gap*," (and which, by the way, furnish the best hams in the world, not excepting the celebrated Westphalia, because they are allowed to grow older than elsewhere, and enjoy the happiness of running wild in the fields and woods.) Suppose we give them a run—how they can seamper!—and now they have turned off into that bit of woods, and, thinking they are safe, have wheeled about to face the enemy. Did you ever see a more whimsical picture of swinish determination than they present as they stand so steadily gazing at us? What can they be thinking of? Something deep, no doubt.

Now we mount the brow of another hill, and I am sure, Annie, you never saw a grander sight than that chain of dark blue mountains, stretching round two-thirds of the horizon, and embracing "a most living landscape." Some are sharply pointed, "like an encampment of giants' tents," as Southey says: others are curved in a perfect line of beauty—the deep gorges between, where one melts into another, are almost black in their depth of blue, and from base to summit, they are clothed in the heaviest, richest foliage. How shall we express in glowing enough terms our admiration of their glory, magnificence, and sublimity. We can truly say with Randolph, as when gazing on a like scene, he turned to his servant and said, "John, if ever you hear a man

say ‘There is no God,’ tell him he lies!” Or with Napoleon, who, when sailing under a brilliant, starlit sky, posed some of his skeptical officers, as he pointed upwards, and asked—“*Gentlemen, who made all these?*” Who but God could pile together those mountains in such seemingly wild confusion, yet such inimitable and unchanging order—who else could deck them in such a garniture of light and shade—who else could crown them with such sun-bright clouds—who else could veil them with such blue, such golden, such silver mists? Oh, for the utterance of a poet to give voice to that beauty,

“ Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the blue sky, and all that we behold
From this green earth.”

Well, well, Annie, we must content ourselves with the thought, that we can see, can perhaps even feel, all a poet could, and certainly can luxuriate in his descriptions. What ecstasies Southey goes into about Skiddaw and Helvelyn!—(by the way, have you read his correspondence? It is a most agreeable book for a lazy summer afternoon, notwithstanding all the critics say about its prosiness and prolixity.) And Christopher North, in his dreamy, delicious sketches of Westmoreland scenery, how he glorifies those mountains; and yet I cannot think they are more worthy than our magnificent Alleghanies. But the wand of the poet has touched them, and they are “consecrate in song.” We only need “the spiritualizing mists” of poetry about ours to make them just as beautiful.

I wonder what you think, “Gyp,” my gallant “bay,” not “grey”;—no doubt, that it is very stupid to stand here at the top of a hill, gazing at the mountains,—you would vastly prefer to turn into that oat-field on our left, and satiate some other sense than sight. Well, one cannot live on heights for ever,—so down, down, down we go, till we come to the river brink. Are you afraid to cross the water, Annie? You need not be, your spirit robes need fear no wetting; and I shall gather up my flowing train. Carefully now, good “Gyp,”—lift your feet and place them well,—there, you have done it finely;—fording a river is not such a frightful thing, after all. Ah—here we are in a pretty grove of paw-paws. Why is it that Americans so neglect to cultivate them for shrubbery? Clumps of them, with their rich, laurel-shaped leaves, would look beautiful arising from a smoothly shaven lawn, and then the fruit is considered very palatable by many. See!—there is a most tropical looking bunch, clustered on the stem after the fashion of the plantain, and somewhat of the same shape

and color, only more rounded and of a lighter green. Perhaps it is admired and cultivated in England as many plants are, which we look upon as “outside barbarians,” wild things not worth cultivating; for there all great estates have what they call “American plantations,”—that is, most carefully cultivated groves of American trees. A lady encountered a mullein there in a green house, which was much admired for its wooly leaves and stately spike of yellow flowers.

N’import, we will learn in time—many of the travelers now across “the water” will bring new ideas home with them, and perhaps one not the least in importance will be a more proper appreciation of our own products and resources.

But while we have been speculating upon the beauties of future lawns and shrubberies, “Gyp” has been quietly pursuing his way, and has brought us out of the deep shade of several groups of woods, and see—what a graceful sweep of the road brings in sight! How near the mountains are; it seems as if we might almost touch them. What appeared to us some miles back only deep shades, now that the mysterious veil of distance is withdrawn, prove to be the wide gaps between pyramidal mountains, and the dark shades are the most distant spurs of the same great ridge. How exceedingly beautiful they all are,—and what a variety of shades we perceive now, which blended in the distance to one harmonious deep blue. Those brown or golden spots are the dead pines. It always makes me sorry to see a tree die. It seems like so many years’ labor lost—so many summer suns and dews all gone for nothing! This same disease in pines is caused, it is said, by a worm at the heart, and extends through the great forests of North and South Carolina, all the way indeed to Florida.

But we must turn away from the mountains, and away from the sparkling, glancing river, for another curve in our road brings us to the termination of our ride, and to the house of the friends whom we are going to visit. How prettily it is situated, and see what taste has done, in sparing so fine a clump of trees beside it. As it nestles almost under the mountain’s brow, we might call it a cottage, for, in modern parlance, that means a comfortable two-story house, with high ceilings and pleasant verandahs; and judging of the high ceilings by those large windows, and those pretty white columns, and the trees, and clustering roses,—surely, this is a cottage.

There come our friends too, with true Virginia hospitality and cordiality, to meet us, not waiting on the portico in quiet lady-like repose of manner, but coming to welcome us as we alight,

and conduct us up the broad gravel walk, set thick on each side with jessamine and roses, and the queenly dahlia. And now, "Gyp," committing you to the care of the dark-faced servants, whose white teeth glisten a welcome not less eager than their master and young mistress,—and your spirit, Annie, to any chance cloud, purple or amber-colored, whichever you prefer, to carry you whither you list, I will enter the house, not turning again, lest another glance at

the grassy, shady orchard, sloping down to the curving, rippling river, and the grand mountain outline and background beyond, should tempt me away to spend the night with mountain mists, at the eminent risk of cold-catching; for I am not so fortunate as to be like the ladies of romance, who can go through rain and mists without sore throats, and with hair that never uncurls, and dresses that never soil.

HOME.

HOME, the home of childhood and of youth, how dear must it ever be to the heart of manhood! Years may have elapsed since we looked upon its venerable form, or crossed its threshold, worn by the tread of generations, but it can never fade from our memory, or be displaced from our recollection by any other we have since learned to call our home.

The love of home, like the love of country, is confined to no class; it is not to be bounded by the landmarks of nobility, or limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraints of rank. The lordly mansion and the splendid palace may have little of home to *bless* their magnificence, while the lowly hut reposing beneath their shade may make good a title to the endearing name. The traveler may have gazed on many a sunny landscape and many a noble shore. The heaving forest or the waving prairie may have spread their loveliness before him, majestic rivers may have courted his admiration, or the soft murmurings of some blue lake have wooed him to repose—but these, though they may charm for awhile, cannot win his heart from home. He may have wandered beneath the glowing sky of Italy, or climbed the rocky heights, grand in their towering ruggedness, of Switzerland. His footsteps may have echoed amid the ruins of Greece, or trod in paths hallowed by the feet of Him who trod earth, with no home in which to lay His head. But the glories of Italian scenery, the mournful associations of lovely Greece, or the still more tender recollections of holy Palestine, may not tempt him to do more than linger for a moment by the way, and then press on to that less favored, it may be, but far dearer, land where is his home.

The sailor, as in the lonely night-watch he

paces the deck of his gallant vessel, bounding along over some distant sea, while the moaning wind whistles through the cordage, dreams it is the voice of spirits, whispering of home—the home he quitted so readily, but which he now longs for as the tempest-driven bird for the nest it has too rashly forsaken. Many a strange vicissitude has he undergone since he left that peaceful spot; at one time the scented gales of Araby have flung their fragrance around him, as his bark glided gracefully through the rippling waters of the blue Mediterranean; at another, the rude blast of the tempest has struck his reeling ship, and sent her leaping and quivering over the mountain waves of the boundless Atlantic. But, alike in sunshine and in storm, the silken zephyr could not woo, nor the roaring hurricane drive from his breast the sweet hope of one day revisiting the home now so far away.

The thought of home is that which infuses its greatest vigor into the arm of the warrior, rendering him on the battle-field indifferent to the tramp of the war-horse, the flash of the bayonet, or the roar of the cannon; and which, on the bed of sickness, breathes consolation into his wounds, and robs them of half their pain, by reminding him of their reward.

It matters not whether that home be in the dim recesses of snow-crowned Norway, or in the beaming plains of laughing France—under the burning sun of Africa's scorched up deserts, or by some glistening stream in forest glade of dear old England—by Niagara's foaming precipice, or Geneva's peaceful lake—home is everywhere home. "Home, sweet, sweet home," is the song in which all nations may join, for truly "there is no place like home."

A SOLILOQUY.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

LIFE! pictures of life! what are they? Life has no pictures. It cannot be painted; it refuses to be transferred to canvass; it will be the same indescribable and *unpaintable* thing, all art and poetry notwithstanding. It is too much of a reality to suffer coloring. The original will not "sit" to the artist; and his highest skill cannot equal its strange, yet familiar—extraordinary, yet common features. Alas! alas! what have I seen, what heard, what felt? O earth, earth, shall it be always thus? Pain, sin, sorrow—sorrow, sin, pain always? One multiform, manifold, ever-changing, everlasting cycle of joy, grief, laughter, madness, death! A serio-comic danee of wild liberty and rattling chains, of men "great of flesh" and ghastly skeletons, of bloated vanity and broken-hearted virtue, of chariots and war-horses, of hearsees and coffins for the dead, of marriages and deaths, bells pealing in the morning and tolling at night—and all this accompanied by the horrid harmony of merry laughter, hysterie sereams, psalms of gratitude, groans of agony, shouts of despair, and songs of drunkards! O earth, earth, prolific mother! sometimes thou puttest on such beautiful smiles, that I cannot avoid loving thee, but, when I think of thy *history*, I feel an involuntary shudder! Why?—thou art guilty of millions of infanticides, thou art choked with the blood of thy children, thou art laden with corpses uncounted, and thou ploddest in grave-clothes thy way through the measureless vault of the heavens! Thou art a great hearse, a grave-yard, a network of vaults for the dead, a huge urn; and whither art thou traveling with thy terrible load, august yet terrific mother? Thousands of nations, and tens of thousands of generations, have been committed to thy keeping, thou grim jailer! Many a proud king lies securly bound in thy cells, thy dungeons are crowded with despots and slaves, the one harmless and the other unharmed now; and thou art rich in cities—the wealth of empires lies fast locked in thy granite safes, and all that nations have toiled for thou claimest as thine own. Imperious and insatiable! shall it be *always* thus? Is there no goal to this weary race—no intermission, no rest, not even a halting-place, or "sta-

tion," by the way? Humanity is tired of this monotony. Man cries for change, his heart aches for something new, he groans for relief, and, as in the days of old, asks a sign from heaven. Shall no sign be given him?

But is he not surrounded with signs? Are not miracles every-day phenomena? Is not creation a miracle? Are not the seasons miracles, and night and day, and sun, moon, and stars? Is he not himself a miracle to himself? Miracles are mysteries; and is not every man a mystery to himself? Every man is a publication, a prophetic roll, a book, whose leaves are the heart, the sentiments, the feelings, the senses, and the soul! I see, every day and hour of my rapid journey, great sights and signs from heaven. I have not time critically to examine them all. I pass through them, and they pass by me, with a velocity which prohibits close analysis; but this swiftness is itself one of the signs for which I foolishly call. Like a child with too many toys, I seek relief by crying for more, as if an increase to the causes of the difficulty would diminish its intensity.

It cannot be the design of the omnipotent and merciful Creator that matters are to remain for ever in this state. The earth gives no answer to my questions; but I imagine an audible groan from its heart, as if burdened with its dreadful load, anxious to give up its charge, to cast out its dead, and to enjoy the redemption which the *true Book* says awaits it. When that period arrives, what if it shall be discovered that this globe of sepulchres is the most prolific life-world in the universe? that death, the enemy, is working—not willingly, but by constraint—with Him who is the Life, and whose purpose is to subdue all things to himself? that the distresses, perplexities, woes, agonies, and mortality of the present, are but mysterious *creating processes*, all uniformly and steadily tending to a gloriously finished creation? that we are, consequently, present at, and witnesses of, and take part in, this elaboration of an eternal and wonderful idea—of compelling all temporary evil to minister to the erection of a magnificent system of everlasting good? and that we shall be able to say hereafter,



REV. GEORGE POTTS, D. D.

we were present at the moral creation, saw some of the divine acts in that stupendous work, and had some slight share, though then we knew it not, in the accomplishment of his infinitely wise designs? It will be something to say hereafter, that we remember certain stages in the creating process; that what we considered a terrible waste of life was but the transition to a higher kind of life; that the sorrows of our great family were but the seeds of immortal joy; and that, whilst laying our dead in the earth, we were actually accumulating stores of deathless vitality. Certainly there is some connection between sowing in tears and reaping in joy; and possibly that connection is closer than any one imagines. It strikes me that the processes of creation and redemption are going on simultaneously; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that the process of redemption is a creation, a making all things new out of the old materials, subjecting all things to one design, compelling death to be the nursery, instead of the grave, of life, and making this earth the groundwork on which the grandest of all problems shall be solved, namely, the subjugation of error and sin into everlasting subordination to truth and holiness. I have faith enough both in the wisdom and love of the Redeemer to believe all this. "As sin hath abounded, grace has superabounded," may be taken as a principle capable of most extensive application. The question as to the introduction of evil into our world does not trouble me. I infer, from the paucity of information respecting it, that an ampler revelation would have been no blessing. God's kindness is manifested by his silence as well as by his voice; and while his benign supremacy is undisturbed by the introduction of sin, a hearty concurrence with his system of recovery is more profitable employment than curious speculation about the origin of evil. It is little satisfaction to a sufferer to remember distinctly how and where he caught an infectious disease; but it is much to have the assurance of an able physician that, on condition of strict attention to his prescriptions, the disease will speedily be conquered; and, whilst it is sadly true that I am a daily sufferer in consequence of sin, I think it can hardly be questioned that my powers of enjoyment, both present and prospective, are far greater than they would have been had I not "known sin." This, however, is not a *necessary* result of evil, notwithstanding the mysterious connection between contrasts, but the effect of divine arrangements in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The doctrine of necessity ought not to be pressed into the service of humanity. It obviously rests

upon its own merits. To drag it out of its legitimate province, is to open the floodgates of heresy. Whatever God hath decreed is, of course, necessary, for that very reason; but our knowledge of his decree extends not beyond that "which is written," and the assumption of necessity where no doctrine is declared, is utterly unwarrantable. In this case, namely, the probable good to which existence may be given by the intervention of evil in our part of the divine dominions, it is obvious that it cannot be necessary in the same way that acting causes necessarily produce corresponding effects; but that good may spring out of greater good overruling evil, may be firmly held as an article of faith, supposing a declaratory revelation to that effect. Now, we have such a revelation; and it accords at once with our best wishes for the world of men, and with our duty, firmly to believe, and earnestly to hope for the blessings which that revelation promises.

This, then, is precisely the position in which we stand respecting this suffering family of mankind. We should know nothing beyond the fact that the earth is a great burial ground, but for a divine revelation. We should suffer and witness sorrows innumerable from the beginning to the end of the year, without an intimation regarding either their commencement or their close; we should plod on through the gloom, sad in spirit and wretched at heart, without the least idea of a brilliant sun about to rise on the thick darkness; we should guess, speculate, philosophize, and dream, about causes and effects, means and ends, without any assured principle of interpretation, or settled axiom to which opinions might be referred, or by which the value of theories might be determined; and we should wonder that the Being whose power and wisdom were equal to the tremendous work of making and peopling a great world, should leave it to be the prey of demons and the arena of conflict to a thousand generations of men; but we should never, without a divine revelation, grasp the thought that all the past is only a few steps in the procession of the Eternal towards a magnificent and most glorious end, when the mystery of God shall be finished, and the regenerated earth become the most splendid world in the star-thronged universe.

Yet, that this is the case, and that such will be the issue, I no more doubt, than I do the existence of the sun at mid-day. Why should I? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Faith is knowledge. "By faith we know." And if there be a God—the affirmative of which is infinitely more rational than the negative—it is morally certain

that he will accomplish his original purpose, and that he will not leave a world, upon which he has expended so much care and attention—a world which has literally cost him so much—until he shall have effected his first design regarding it, to the very letter. Of him it shall never be said, "He began to build, and was not able to finish." It is certain that we are nearer the consummation than were our fathers; and it is high-

ly probable that, as we approach the end, the rapidity of events will be amazingly accelerated. Already, to speak with reverence, the comparatively slow movements of Divine Providence seem drawing to a close, and the indications of a rapid winding-up of the multitudinous affairs of nations and of time are neither few nor unimportant. No, earth, earth, it will not *be always thus!*

SUNSET IN BAFFIN'S BAY.

BY MISS J. F. BESSAC.

Calm lay the sea, and far away,
Like marble piles, the pure snow slept,
And heaven was bright with such a day
As in the arms of night ne'er wept.
A veil 'tis true was lightly thrown
Of rainbow hues upon its brow,
But through the parted folds it shone
With beams of dazzling splendor now.
I said the sea lay calm, and bright,
And cold, for there the iceberg's form
Reared high its head amid the light,
As it were not the child of storm.
It was the *noon of night*—but far
In the clear North the *red sun* glowed ;
It was no *night of moon*, and *star*,
For sunbright splendors o'er it flowed—
And feudal towers whose banners fling
Their folds upon the silent air,
Rose proudly—Did the trumpet ring,
To call the banner'd hosts from far ?
Or did you mountain raise its voice
Of thunder to arouse the world ?

Look where its floods of lava-flame
Are from its icy ramparts hurl'd !
How gorgeous in the purple light
Arise those pillar'd domes to heaven, ;
And burnish'd spires throw forth the light
In orient richness given.
Doth no tall palm its fanlike leaves
Spread o'er it in the golden ray ?
Doth there the dark-eyed Bayadere
Move in the dance away ?
Those glorious lands, those storied piles,
Those towers of high ancestral fame,
Those relics of the glorious past
Need but the prestige of a name.
The mirage lifts ; mount, dome and tower,
All vanish in the rising beam,
And lava flood, and banner-fold,
Fade from the changing scene.
The iceberg, and the mountain snow,
And the wild sea, remain ;
The Arctic day, without a night,
Is on its march again.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Guardian angels, guardian angels !
They are with us night and day,
Dropping flowers of love the brightest
As they watch us on our way.
In our sorrows, in our troubles,
They with care around us throng,
Ever guarding us from danger,
Ever shielding us from wrong.

Guardian angels, guardian angels !
Are a source of comfort here,
They prepare our every blessing,
Bring us all we hold most dear—

Turn aside those ills and trials
Which our spirits could not brook ;
But for them, we all should stumble—
Fall at every step we took.
Guardian angels, guardian angels !
Still your benedictions pour,
On our hearts the joys of truth,
The light of virtue ever shower ;
Teach us how we may our blessings
Ever cherish, still increase,
And grant that every flower we pluck
May be a flower of love—of peace—
Guardian angels !

ROBERT BROWNING.

CHARLES LAMB in one of his essays once divided men into two classes, those who borrow, and those who lend: following his example, we are disposed to be as narrow in our classification of poets, whom we divide into those who are original and those who are not; the word original, however, by no means fully or correctly explains our meaning. Many poets are strikingly original in thought, whose mode of embodiment is as old as the hills. The common sense of mankind is disseminated from stereotyped plates, and so is more than half of all the different branches of English literature. There is no marked or radical difference in the style of Pope, Grey, Cowper, Wordsworth, and Southey:—difference there certainly is in expression, in the length and turning of periods, and a thousand minor points, but they all leave the same impression on the mind of the generality of readers, as far as their style is concerned. Not so however with Tennyson, Miss Barrett (now Mrs. Browning), and Robert Browning himself. The peculiarities and excellencies of the two former are mostly understood and appreciated, but the latter is comparatively unknown, especially in America, where his works have only been reprinted during the past year. We should not be surprised if he never attained general popularity anywhere: he is not a stereotype man, but bold and original, not to say *bizarre* in everything that he attempts. He evidently holds critics in utter contempt. He does not write for them nor for the world: he wants a “fit audience though few.”

His plays are puzzles to the mass of readers: devoid of what is generally considered plot and action and delineation of character, they seem, and to a certain extent are, obscure; but the obscurity lies as much in the reader as the poet: he needs a metaphysician to understand him thoroughly: he delineated the motives and working of the minds of his various characters without any reference to anything else, or anything tangible or earthly: he places himself in their different situations, and thinks as they would; thinks metaphysically, deeply, passionately, but not actively: he never acts: there is no plot in any of his plays that would for a moment be tolerated on the stage: his characters are not men but minds, they wear no clay around them: “Paracelsus,” one of his earliest efforts, is a con-

versational, we can hardly call it a dramatic poem, in which he endeavors to depicture the struggles of a noble but restless nature, smitten with a thirst of knowledge, but scorning from the first human love. His bursts of exultation and confidence as to the divinity of his mission—his account of the growth of his desires, and the certainty of their success—his after depression and fear, uncertainty and disappointment, are finely but abstractly drawn: Paracelsus is perhaps too much of a logician, but we must remember that he is a student and dreamer.

The following passage is not over poetically expressed, but philosophically true:—

“ Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe:
There is an immost centre in us all
Where truth abides in fullness; and around
Wall upon wall the gross flesh hems it in,
This perfect clear perception—which is truth:
A baffling and perverting carnal mesh
Blinds it, and makes all error, and *To know*
Rather consists in opening out a way
Whence the imprisoned splendor may escape,
Than in effecting entry for a light
Supposed to be without.

The lines below must have been written in the full flush and pride of youth:—

“ Make no more giants, God!
But elevate the race at once! We ask
Just to put forth our strength, our human strength,
All starting fairly, all equipped alike,
Gifted alike, all eagle-eyed, true-hearted—
See if we cannot beat thy angels yet!”

“Pippa Passes” is one of the finest efforts of the modern muse: the idea of the play is poetical and beautifully executed—Pippa, a poor orphan girl whose life is spent in the drudgery of a silk mill, has a holiday, and goes through Azolo, singing snatches of old songs and hymns. In different parts of the town, different characters have met for good or evil, and just at the turning point Pippa passes in the street singing something applicable their needs and desires—exerting as it were a mesmeric influence over those around her. The lines quoted below have been pronounced the greatest instance of imagination in Browning’s works, “their fine audacity carrying us back to the elder period of the English drama.”

“ Buried in woods we lay, you recollect,
Swift ran the searching tempest overhead,

And ever and anon some bright white shaft
Burst through the pine tree roof—burnt here and there
As if God's Messenger through the close wood-screen,
Plunged and replunged his weapon at a venture,
Feeling for guilty thee and me."

From a conversation between some poor girls we select the following passages, whose pathos and country-feeling have always made them favorites with us:—

FIRST GIRL.

"Spring's come, and summer's coming, I would wear
A long low gown—down to the hands and feet—
With plaits here, close about the throat, all day :
And all nights lie, the long cool nights in bed—
And have new milk to drink—apples to eat,
Denzans and junctings, leather-coats—ah I should say
This is away in the fields miles !

THIRD GIRL.

Say at once
You'd be at home—she'd always be at home!—
Now comes the glory of the farm among
The cherry-orchards, and how April snowed
White blossoms on her, as she ran : why, foul!—
They've rubbed out the chalk-marks of how tall you were,
Twisted your starling's neck—broken his cage,
Made a dung-hill of your garden—

FIRST GIRL.

They destroy
My garden since I left them?—well—perhaps!
I would have done so, so I hope they have!—
A fig-tree curled out of our cottage wall—
They called it mine, I have forgotten why,
It must have been there long ere I was born :
Crie—crie—I think I hear the wasps o'erhead,
Pricking the papers strung to flutter there
And keep off birds in fruit time—long coarse papers,
And the wasps eat them, prick them through and through.

"Colombe's Birth-day" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon" are our favorites of all the plays. The first is full of chivalrous sweetness and subdued passion, the growth of which is equal to anything in Shakspeare. The last is full of love and sorrow, and contains the only flesh and blood characters that Browning has yet given the world. Dickens considered it the finest poem of the century. We know not where to find more sweetness, more intensity of love, more of the feelings of youth and first grief, than is scattered through its simple and pathetic scenes. We never read it without tears.

The minor poems—"Dramatic Lyrics" he calls them—are, perhaps, the most peculiar and *bizarre* of all Browning's writings. They are for the most part lyrical in expression, but always dramatic in principle, and the utterances of so many

imaginary persons, rather than the author's. Some of the mere singular enough—"The last Duchess" has been pronounced by one of the first dramatic poets of the age, to be the finest piece of dramatic acting of the century—the story, and peculiarities of the story teller, are developed without any apparent effort: in this respect Browning stands unrivaled, and may challenge comparison with the old masters of the stage.

"Count Gismond" is a fine piece of narrative verse, exquisitely managed. "The Soliloquy in the Spanish Cloister" is very characteristic of the author. "Artemi's Prologueizes" reads like a translation from the Greek tragedians: the blank verse is sounding, stately, and simple. "The Bishop orders his tomb at St. Praxed's Church" is fully equal to the "St. Simeon Stylites" of Tennyson, though differently treated: "Porphyria's Lover," "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," "The Italian in England," "The Englishman in Italy," "The Flight of the Duchess"—and "Saul" are all fine, and characteristic poems.

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin" is a specimen of Browning's *diablerie* and humor. The following is a good specimen of its style and versification:—

"RATS."

"They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats."

"Meeting at Midnight," with which we must close our extracts, has many of the characteristics of Tennyson, and gives the feeling of "the place and hour."

I.

The grey sea, and the long black land ;
And the yellow half moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that toss
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

II.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross till a farm appears :
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each !

EARTH'S OLDEST SON.

BY REV. DR. CHEEVER.

THE youth of the world was the season of man's greatest age; perhaps also it was the season of man's greatest wickedness. Three things we know with certainty, amidst all the darkness that hangs over the life of the antediluvians; they lived to a great age, they rose to a great height of depravity, and, except Enoch, they all died. The assurance of a very long life would be to any man either a great temptation to sin, or a great means of holiness; most likely the former. *Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.* The character written for our instruction of the race of man in the world before the flood, *that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually,* corresponds unerringly with the inspired declaration by the mouth of Solomon. The sentence of death, deferred for so many ages, was almost unknown, and came at length to be utterly discredited; they thought not of it; nay, so hardy and secure had long centuries of vigorous existence made them, that, as long as Adam lived, they might have dreamed of indefinite centuries yet to come, the limit of man's life, in all probability, not having been made the subject of precise revelation. For more than seven antediluvian generations no death is recorded in the scriptures. There may have been mortal diseases, and even the crime of Cain may have been not unfrequently repeated, for *the earth was filled with violence.*

But, for aught we know, the funeral of Adam was the first which his posterity attended for nearly a thousand years. There was, indeed, another funeral; the murdered Abel was buried; but the parents were the only mourners. With his own hands Adam dug the grave of his youngest, best beloved son; with his own hands he buried him; and Eve planted the sacred enclosure with flowers, and watered it with her tears. The simplest things were then matters of revelation; death and its consequences were so little known, that the angels would have to show Adam what he must do with the bleeding corpse of Abel; the language of Abraham, *bury my dead out of my sight,* could only spring from experi-

ence; for if death left the bodies of those we love as uncorrupted and as beautiful as life, we should wish to keep them by us, though inanimate and lifeless. The ancient Egyptians had a strange custom of doing this, as it was. They sometimes kept the dead bodies of their friends standing upright in their houses, embalmed so carefully, that every feature remained as it was in life; they kept them, Diodorus tells us, "in costly habitations, for the pleasure of beholding them for ever."

When Methusaleh was born, Adam was six hundred and eighty-seven years of age. When Adam died, Methusaleh was two hundred and eighty-two. The oldest man lived in the society of the first man 282 years. Methusaleh was the grandfather of Noah; and when Noah was born, Methusaleh was 369 years old. Methusaleh and Noah were therefore contemporaries during the long space of 600 years. Noah had never seen Adam; the father of the second race of mortals had never seen the father of the first. But Lamech, Noah's father, and the first born of Methusaleh, had lived, while Adam was yet alive, 95 years; and he, as well as Methusaleh, could describe to Noah, from personal knowledge and recollection, the teachings and the venerable grandeur of the Father of them all.

The death of Adam took place just eighty-seven years before Noah's birth. Of the death of Eve no mention is made in the Scriptures. How long she remained on earth with our great father, by what angelic messengers or revelations from the Almighty they were both prepared for their departure, or what blessings and prophetic warnings they left with their posterity on leaving the world, we know not. Of all possible circumstances we have but one, and that the universal record of man, *he died.* Nor is the name of any woman of the posterity of Adam, from Seth to Noah, handed down to us, nor any glimpse of information as to the part which the wives of the antediluvian patriarchs might have played in the education of their children. Who was the mother of Methusaleh? and what the lessons taught him in his infancy? Was the help-meet of Enoch chosen for her piety? and did she walk, like him,

with God? are questions which curiosity, pausing upon the life of the world before the flood, would be glad to have answered. But not a ray of information comes down to us, nor is even a loop-hole left for conjecture, save that the character of men like Enoch and Noah is sufficient ground for the supposition, that so far as their minds were left to be moulded by their mothers, the examples set before them, and the influence exerted upon them, must have been holy.

And now, could we call up the shades of Methusaleh, and converse with the oldest man, what would be the lessons of his experience? Would they be greatly different from ours? Would the thoughts and feelings, the events and circumstances, of men whose life was of a thousand years' duration, be very diverse from those of ordinary mortals, whose span is only threescore years and ten, or would one little limit of existence vary from theirs only as a miniature does from a portrait, where the features, the passions, the expression, are the same, and only the dimensions of the canvass, the size of the painting, are different? The temptations of Methusaleh must have been like ours; his christian conflict was the same; his faith was the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. But were his trials as heavy as ours, or has the primeval curse gathered a strength in the progress of six thousand years, not known in the world's infancy? What indeed was affliction, disease, old age, with the antediluvians? Were their trials spread over a larger portion of existence than ours? Did colds and fevers rack the body with pain for a time proportionally longer? Ere the close of life, did the keepers of the house tremble, and the strong men bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they were few, and were those that looked out of the windows darkened? Was their infancy extended into our childhood, and their childhood into our manhood, so that their youth was our age, and the child died being an hundred years old? Was the flight of time with them as rapid as with us, and notwithstanding their long life, did they leave it with as strong unwillingness, with as deep regret, with as many plans incomplete, and purposes betrayed, as we do ours? The unerring truth of Scripture has made one thing certain; that, as they grew in years they grew in wickedness, despising the goodness of God, and filling up life with impiety, till all flesh had corrupted their way, and become fitted only for the destruction of the deluge. Their passions were the same as ours, and they gave them their full swing of indulgence; and in the long sweep of nine hundred years they must have gathered

a prodigious power, and raged and burned like a flaming volcano.

The extreme conciseness and paucity of detail in the sacred history concerning the antediluvians are remarkable. We may draw from them a salutary lesson. Their space in the world's existence amounted almost to one third of its whole being thus far; for, of the sixty centuries that have nearly elapsed, from creation's dawn to the present moment, their busy transit occupied not much less than two thousand years; and of the four thousand years over which the Bible ranges its sacred perspective, the wickedness of the antediluvians consumed almost half; and yet not a two hundredth part of the inspiration of the Scriptures is conceded to their notice. If they themselves could have drawn up for future times even an abridgement of all that they expected to be known, and thought worthy to be known in regard to them, the history of the world before the flood would have occupied more space than that of all ages since; and we should have had an antediluvian Bible, emblazoned all over with the record of their glorious achievements; and doubtless it would have been a most striking, a most extraordinary history. All elements of human greatness, as well as of human wickedness, would have entered into its composition; for there can scarcely be a doubt that the intellectual faculties of men wrought on a scale as gigantic as their passions, so that, by the time the flood came, the earth must have been covered with memorials of most surpassing grandeur. The very first born of Adam, the murderer of his brother, when the volcano of passion had a little burned out, and he had somewhat recovered from the tempest of madness and remorse of conscience, *builted a city*, impressing upon its stupendous architecture all the energy of a mind of gigantic strength, and instead of giving it a name that might have connected it sacredly with heaven, indulged a mixture of paternal fondness and ambition, and called it after the name of his first-born son. But of all the grandeur that might have grown in time to be characteristic of the first city, and of all the countless temples and palaces whelmed beneath the deluge, not a vestige was preserved for after admiration, even in description; and of all monuments of genius, in history, poetry, biography, or whatever other shape the mind of antediluvian antiquity might choose for its creations, though there may have been libraries larger than that of all the Ptolemies, it is doubtful if Noah deigned to take one solitary leaf into the ark, to be preserved amidst the waste of waters. Over all achievements of fame, all wonders of genius,

all events of history, in which the actors anticipated an immortality of glory, the pen of inspiration draws a blank; it is a parcel of insignificant rubbish; it is like the chaos of an unformed world; it is all passed over in forgetfulness, and the record of their life is comprehended in the merest affirmation of mortality—*he died.*

Only one event is recorded alike of them all, no matter what may have been their situation in life, whether princes of the earth, surrounded with grandeur, or beggars in rags upon the dung-hill. They may have amassed wealth beyond the possibility of computation, they may have enlarged the bounds of science, and filled the world with the fame of their discoveries, they may have traveled into distant lands, and brought back volumes of knowledge, they may have possessed an eloquence like that of angels, they may have written poetry worthy the abodes of Paradise, they may have founded empires, and given systems of law to communities, they may have been poets, orators, statesmen, philosophers, they may have done all that makes the name of mortals great, they may have been the Homers, the Virgils, the Newtons, the Bacons, the Shakspeares, the Miltos of their age;—but with all this, the history of their life is reduced down to the bald, unvaried epitaph, *he died.* There would be all varieties of existence among them as among us; some whose rank and connections in life would place them at the summit of society, and others whose powers of conversation made them the admired in every circle, and others whose days were crowded with events of wonder, and others whose domestic relations were full of beauty and tenderness, and others of a glowing imagination, and others of a vast reach of mind, and others of angelic symmetry and strength of body;—and yet it is all annihilated in that one simple record, *he died.*

There would be, in the progress of antediluvian existence, all materials that ever combine to raise the record of a man's days from obscurity and insignificance, all that we ever look upon as constituting fit stuff for the tissue of a magnificent history, or a grand and glowing biography; they must have attained all that in the world's view is worth living for; they must have accomplished all that in the eye of ambition constitutes a ground for that immortality of fame which the fallen mind thirsts after; actions to draw a world's applause, inventions and discoveries of surprising ingenuity, systems of science and philosophy, all forms of greatness realized;—and yet it is all disposed of and confined within the annals of two words, *he died.*

Once in the flight of ages passed,
There lived a man:—and who was he?
—Mortal! how'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encountered all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been,
He is—whatever thou shalt be.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,—**THERE DIED A MAN.**

Now it is scarcely possible to read a more affecting and instructive lesson than the Holy Spirit has thus transmitted for our consideration, as to the worthlessness of all mere mortal grandeur in the eye of God. The pleasure, wealth, power, knowledge, glory, of ten centuries crowded into one life, with all the changes and shows of a human existence, continued through a period which with us suffices for the transit of nearly thirty generations, are just as unnoticed as if they had never had an existence. Except so far as these things bear upon our eternal destiny, it is absolutely regarded as of no account whatever, whether a man were poor or rich, learned or unlearned, lofty or lowly, wise or ignorant, whether he were a Newton or a Hottentot, a Milton or a chimney-sweep, a Baeon or the inmate of a mad-house, an Alexander or a beggar in the street. Considered apart from the fact of his probationary state, the enjoyments or events in the life of the most distinguished of mortals, though it were protracted to a period beyond that of the oldest antediluvian, are absolutely of no more importance, in comparison with the idea of an endless duration, than the movements of a new-born babe the first day of its existence. You might compress the possession of all the royalty and luxury of all the monarchs of the earth, and all the glory of the whole world's warriors, statesmen and nobility, and all the wisdom and fame of all the world's poets and philosophers, into the experience of one mind, and the period of one life, and yet, in itself, and for itself, without reference to God, it is nothing, absolutely not worth naming; considered with reference to eternity, it dwindles to a point; with reference to happiness, it is gone like the ticking of a clock, and is of no more value than the pulsation in the veins of the smallest microscopic insect. The only thing of absolute value is that which connects us with God, and makes us partake of his holiness; all things else are baubles. Crowns are playthings, dukedoms and dominions of no more importance than the grains of sand that go to make up an ant-hill.

ON THE DEATH OF A DEAR FRIEND.

BY MRS. E. P. CANNING.

I know that thou art blest,
Friend of my soul! and in the better land ;
From troubled scenes of earth I know His hand
Hath led thee to thy rest.

Brief was thy space of time,
And bright the beaming of thy morning sun :
Thy conflict's finished and thy victory won,
Ere yet life's noon of prime.

And thou are laid to rest
In the sweet summer-dawn, where early flowers,
Wakened to life by softly falling showers,
Shall bloom above thy breast.

And winds that gently sigh
Thy requiem shall breathe at close of day,

And joyous birds outpour their sweetest lay
Of wild-wood melody.
But O my sorrowing soul,
That mourns a cherished treasure gone for aye !

Earth's glorious beauty fades as day by day
Life hastens to its goal.

No more will sun or stars,
Or silvery moon shine as in other days ;
Death's chilling shadow dims their purest rays—
Their holy radiance mars.

But toward the "better land"
Constant my longing heart shall follow thee ;
And to its blessedness thou'l welcome me,

When falls life's latest sand.

Stockbridge, Mass., June 4th, 1851.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

In heavenly climes, where harmonies
Of holy joy are heard alone,
A bright, unnumber'd angel throng
Surround with harps the throne ;
Or float, from glowing star to star,
Without a bound, without a bar.

In glory now—then far away,
Amid the measureless—the vast ;
Where burn the ceaseless wheels of day,
Where howls the endless blast,
Where all is dark, or all is bright,
God's presence ever fills their sight.

Beyond that presence ever near,
Their swiftest wing can never fly ;
Unheard, it meets the spirit ear,
Unseen, the spirit eye ;
Where sounds of life no whisper give,
In present Deity they live.

God is where'er a drop of dew
Hangs trembling on the harebell's leaf,
Where floats a cloud amid the blue,
Where days are bright or brief ;
Where shines the star and glows the air
With silent sunlight, God is there.

And oh ! the blissful thought that He
Whose presence fills the wondrous dome
Of measureless infinity,
Should love to fix his home,
His dearest dwelling-place, within
The humble heart that sighs for sin,

The heart that like the sunflower turns
To Him at morn—at noon—at eve—
With silent love to Jesus burns,
And longs, for Him, to leave
The joys of earth—to love him more,
And sound his praise on Canaan's shore.

The Lily Bells.

SUNG BY MRS. L. A. JONES.

MUSIC BY LYDIA B. SMITH.

Allegretto Scherzando.

1. With -
2. In

in the trembling Li-ly bells, Beneath their leaves so green,
all my changeful moods they seem, An e-cho still to find,
Full many a merry
Their voi - ees haunt me

f p f

fa-ry dwells, By mor-tal eyes un - seen; And yet sometimes at eve-ning hour I've
like a dream Borne on the sum-mer wind; They breathe an answering blissful tone, When

f p

This musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is for the piano, indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef, with a key signature of two flats and a tempo of 2/4. The second staff is for the piano, also in 2/4 time with a key signature of two flats. The third staff is for the vocal part, indicated by a soprano clef, with a key signature of one flat and a tempo of 2/4. The fourth staff is for the piano, in 2/4 time with a key signature of one flat. The music is divided into two sections, labeled "1. With -" and "2. In". The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, describing the sound of lily bells and their connection to the singer's moods. The piano parts provide harmonic support and rhythmic patterns.

THE LILY BELLS.

heard a mystic strain Of mu-sic creep from flower to flower, Sung by that el - fin
hearts with hope beat high; And when de-jec - tion's blight we own, They give back sigh for

Cres.

*f**f*

train. . . . With - in the trembl-ing Li-ly bells, Be -neath their leaves so
sigh. . . . With - in, &c.

green, . . . Full ma-ny a mer-ry fai - ry dwells, By mor - tal eyes un-

seen.

*f**p**f**f**f*



WILLIAM B SPRAGUE. D D.

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY."

BY REV. DR. SPRAGUE.

It is, I suppose, universally admitted that the love of life is natural to man ; and there are certainly many things connected with the present state of existence to render life desirable. The world in which we dwell has been admirably fitted up for our convenience and comfort ; and there are good gifts constantly coming down from the Father of mercies, to sustain and cheer us during our residence here. There are opportunities here for doing good ; for administering relief to the needy and wretched ; for aiding the cause of truth and piety ; and thus glorifying God in our body and spirit. There are the means of working out our own salvation ; of laying up treasure in heaven that will satisfy and endure ; and even the afflictions of the present become a furnace in which the soul is prepared to shine with increasing beauty and brightness in the future. And there are some of the Christian graces, for the development of which this is the only theatre ; for when injury ceases, there will be no occasion for forgiveness ; and when suffering ceases, there will be no demand for patience. Indeed, there is good reason why every individual should be thankful for his present existence : even though he perverts it to his eternal ruin, yet the hours of life are golden hours ; they are given to be a blessing, and praise is due to Him who bestows them.

I know, that when the old man is put off and the new man put on, there is a sense in which the soul is brought out of darkness into marvelous light. The mind takes far more distinct and comprehensive views of divine truth than it ever did before : it has a spiritual discernment imparted to it, by means of which what had before seemed faint and shadowy, becomes substance and life. But even that marvelous light into which the new-born soul enters when he is delivered from the blindness of spiritual death is itself darkness, when compared with the radiant manifestations of Jehovah's glory in the upper world. Here the Christian, in his best state, sees through a glass darkly. How very little does he know of the plan of God's operations ! How he is confounded at almost every step by

the occurrence of events whose meaning he is utterly unable to explain ! How many things, after his best efforts to comprehend them, he is obliged to resolve into God's mysterious and unfathomable sovereignty ! And in his contemplations of God's truth, as it is revealed in his Word, how frequently is he perplexed with doubt in respect to the actual meaning of the Spirit ; and when he attempts to launch out at all beyond the Revelation, how quickly does he find himself sinking in a gulf of conjecture and uncertainty ! How humbling to the pride of the intellect, how indicative of the narrowness of its conceptions, to find himself obliged to receive different truths, which he knows must be consistent with each other, which yet he is perfectly inadequate to reconcile ; to catch just an indistinct glance of some great field of truth, and then perhaps find his vision immediately obstructed by intervening clouds ! But then how delightful the contrast when he reaches heaven ! There, many a dark page in the history of God's dispensations on earth will be illumined by a clear and satisfying light. There he will know why he had anguish when he longed for rest ; why his plans were defeated by which he would fain have glorified God ; why Zion was left so long to mourn, and the chariot-wheels of her King were so slow in their approach, when God's people were upon their knees praying and watching for the dawn of a brighter day. And the mysteries of Redemption —O, how they will unfold to his delighted eye ; how the great and holy truths which he knew so imperfectly here will burst upon him in their full brightness, and in the harmony of perfect proportions ! There, there will be no uncertainty, no confusion, no darkness at all. This seeing through a glass darkly is the business of earth ; seeing face to face will be the business of heaven. There the vision will be perfect ; and the Sun of the moral universe will shine with immortal splendor.

I bless God for all the light which he gives me now ; but I would not live alway, because I have the assurance that a brighter light will shine hereafter. I love to bend over the mys-

teries of Providence and the mysteries of Redemption; and sometimes a field of glory opens suddenly upon me where thick darkness had always brooded before; but I own that I have my eye and my heart upon a world where I hope to live for ever amidst the brighter beams of immortal truth. I would not live alway, because I desire to get rid of this painful ignorance and doubt which now oppress me; because I would fain behold my God as he is, and see light in his light.

I would not live alway, because I would not always be half a sinner and half a saint. I hate this body of sin and death, and in God's best time I would be glad to throw it down. I long to be delivered from these wandering thoughts; from these expressions of devotion into which my cold and reluctant heart will not throw itself; from this feebleness and inconstancy of effort in doing the will of Him who hath died for me. I would be conversant only with holy objects; I would be the subject only of holy exercises; I would be engaged only in holy employments; and I would not live alway, because then this sweetest, noblest desire of my heart could never be fulfilled.

Again: ever since sin entered to blight the beauty of Jehovah's works, the human body has been characterized by a tendency to decay. Look at the man writhing in bodily anguish; bending under decrepitude; fainting from bodily exhaustion; and say whether sin has not mixed up its poison in the very blood that courses through our veins? And if the body is weak, so is the mind also. It is conscious, indeed, of having within itself a principle of greatness; it is sometimes surprised by the exercise of its own faculties; but after all, many of its operations are exceedingly feeble and unsatisfying. And there is a proportional weakness in human virtue; for how frequently is virtue conquered and carried away captive in the war with temptation!

Since then the Christian, while he remains here, is comparatively feeble in his whole nature, how reasonable that he should aspire to a state in which he shall exchange his present imbecility for enduring and ever-growing strength! At the threshold of heaven he will drop this crazy, corruptible, inglorious body, and ere long will receive in its place a body endued with undecaying vigor, and clothed with unfading beauty, a body which may mock at the power of death; and which can move as if upon the lighting to execute God's high commissions in other worlds. And the intellect—Oh, how it will brighten and expand; how it will rise to that which is lofty, and sink into that which is profound, and never tire either in the sublimity of its excursions or the depth of its researches! And the moral faculties

—with what incalculable energy will *they* operate, when God's Spirit has given them a perfect direction, and there is all the beauty and glory of the third heavens to call them into exercise! I ask again, is it not reasonable that the Christian should hail the day when he shall be taken up to that region of immortal strength?

I would not live alway, because I do not wish always to be an heir to these clustering infirmities of mortality. I would bear patiently the pains, the groans, the tossings, to which this poor body is subjected; but I would rather be beyond their reach, and wear a body that could bid defiance to disease; that could shine with an angel's beauty, and move with an angel's strength. I would not complain of the feebleness of my mental operations; and yet I would hail with gratitude the expansion of these powers into something yet greater and brighter: I would prefer the noble thoughts of glorified manhood, to the narrow conceptions of this infancy of my existence. I would be thankful for what God has made me; and humble for what I have made myself; but I would wait in exulting hope of a complete renovation of my nature, in which I shall have strength imparted to me to bear an eternal weight of glory.

I would not live alway, because I cannot bear the sound of dying groans; because I instinctively shrink back from the bedside where my beloved friend is going through with his last agonies. I would not live alway, because I choose stability rather than vicissitude; and even when my hopes of earthly good are the brightest, I never know but that it is the harbinger of dire eclipse. I would not live alway, because my spirit is offended by the scenes of discord and contention which prevail around me;—scenes in which I am compelled to mingle, and which, perhaps, in my weakness I may be left to promote. I would not live alway, because I see in the distance a region that is free from storms;—a region in which not even a cloud lowers; and I would breathe that balmy atmosphere: I would walk beneath the very throne of the Prince of Peace: I would be able to look around me, to look before me, and reflect that there is not an element of tempest in all that portion of God's dominions in which I am to have my everlasting home.

In this mixed state of being, the best men are frequently brought into contact with the bad; nay, even with the worst. It sometimes happens that the Christian has his lot cast in a family, one or more of whose members is openly vicious and profane; and sometimes even the Christian parent is compelled to the reflection that his own child, whom he meets every day in the discharge of parental offices, is a blasphemer or a profligate.

But in addition to this, even the fellowship of *Christians* in this world is a fellowship of miserably imperfect men. What Christian has not had his heart wounded by the inconsideration, the wickedness, it may be the absolute treachery, of some one who has claimed to be acknowledged as a brother in Christ? What Christian has not sometimes been ready to ask, while he has wept over the spectacle of a religious community arming themselves with the weapons of carnal warfare, "Is there faith on the earth?" What Christian but has sometimes felt the need of sympathy and co-operation, when it has been withheld; and when he would fain have opened his heart to the invigorating influence of a godly, fraternal fellowship, has found himself well nigh chilled in the freezing atmosphere of indifference and formality?

Not so in the world which Christian faith anticipates. There all will be bound together in the cords of love; all will be helpers together of each other's joy. *All*—and who will they be? First, all the ransomed out of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people. Every patriarch every prophet, every apostle, every martyr every saint of every age, and clime, and condition, will be there. Next, there will be the native inhabitants of heaven, who have always been loyal to their King: they will continue to be, as they ever have been, at home on the fields of immortality. Jesus, the dying Lamb, the God and Hope of the world, the enthroned and all-gracious Saviour, will be there, in mild and heavenly majesty; carrying forward the vast purposes of his mediatorial reign, and pouring forth endless benedictions over the whole host of the glorified. This vast assembly will constitute one glorious fraternity of exalted minds. And is it any wonder that the Christian should desire to be among them? Is it strange that, when rivers of waters run down his eyes because men keep not God's law; when his heart bleeds from wounds that have been inflicted by hands with which his own had been joined in the bond of covenant engagements,—is it strange, I ask, that he should be more than willing, in God's best time, to join the eternal fellowship of heaven?

I would not live alway, because I would escape from a companionship with those who despise my Redeemer and his salvation: because I do not wish my ear to be always accustomed to sounds

of blasphemy, or mine eye to spectacles of profligacy and crime. I would not live alway, because even the communion of saints on earth is imperfect and often embittered; and I never know what either I or those with whom I am associated may be left to do, to destroy each other's peace. I would not live alway, because I expect to meet in heaven those Christian friends whom I love below, purified from their dross, and advanced to a state of absolute perfection; because my bosom burns with a desire to mingle with the great and the good of other ages; because I would fain see Abraham, and Moses, and Paul, face to face; because I would hear the martyrs tell with their own lips the story of their sufferings and their triumphs, and would join them in a tribute of thanksgiving for all-sustaining and all-conquering grace. No; I would not live alway, because the society of heaven is better than the society of earth. I had rather see my Redeemer as he is, and gaze upon his unveiled glory, than to hold communion even with *Him* through the channel of his ordinances.

But I hear some one saying, "There is one thing which perhaps you have forgotten: there is a dark boundary—not a mountain, but a flood, that lies between earth and heaven; and that is to be passed before the Christian conqueror can be crowned." No, I have not forgotten that: I stand upon an eminence now, with that flood rolling and raging beneath my feet; and even here I repeat, I would not live alway. For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I rely upon him to bear me over; and if I may only rest upon his arm, I can walk firmly, though the tempest howls above, and the waters roar around. No, I would not live alway.—Rise, ye dark and stormy billows, to frighten my poor soul, as much as ye will: Rise, ye fiends of darkness, and make your last desperate effort to terrify and overwhelm; and in the courage of faith I dare say even to *you*, I would not live alway.

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms."

"Then, when ye hear my heartstrings break,
How sweet the minutes roll,
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!"

PERSONAL CHARACTER OF DR. CHALMERS.*

THE new volume of the Life of Dr. Chalmers embraces his professorial appointments in St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, and his connection with the Veto and Church extension movements in the Scottish Establishment; and includes numerous notices of and correspondence with the notables of the period.

Chalmers was appointed to the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of St. Andrew's in 1823, and, exhausted as he was by his superhuman labors in Glasgow, the change from its noisy thoroughfares to the grassy streets of the once archiepiscopal city must have been grateful in the extreme. He shook the dust from the chair to which he was appointed, and entered on his duties with characteristic energy and zeal. Although from "hand to mouth," to use his own phrase, in the preparation of his lectures, the students (whose numbers he doubled) were enraptured with his eloquence, and gave vent to their satisfaction by very unacademic applause; and at the conclusion of the session they threatened a presentation of plate. Whilst prohibiting the latter proceeding, the professor dealt the following blow against

AMATEUR STUDENTS.

There is one topic more which I shall advert to, and that is, to certain liberties which some very few of my visitors have indulged in amid the general propriety that has characterized their attendance. I acquit my stated attendants, indeed, from the charge altogether; but there have been occasional hearers who, by coming in late, have inflicted a sore annoyance on the business of the class. It is too late now to set up any practical check against an irroad so unseemly, but I hold it of importance to the cause of academic discipline, that even now I should make averment of the principle, that not one freedom can be tolerated in a visitor, which ought not also to be permitted to any of the regular students.

And on the same ground, gentlemen, I must allude to the further indecorum of yesterday. It is not of a certain obstreperousness of yours that I now speak, against which I have already made my remonstrances during the progress of our course, and which perhaps, if permissible at all, might, by way of easing the restraint under which you have been laid, be humored with one tremendous bellow at the termination of it. But what I speak of is the presence of a certain noisy admirer, who added his testimony to the general voice, and whose presence within these walls was so monstrously out of keeping with the character and business of a place of literature. The bringing in of that *dog* was a great breach of all academic propriety. I dared not trust myself at the time with the utterance of the indignation that I then actually felt, but it might be lowering your

sense of those decencies that belong to a university, were I to pass it unnoticed now. A visit from the first nobleman of the land were disgraceful to us all, if it turned out to be a visit from the nobleman and his dog.—P. 10.

The mention of student life carries us to a story which occurred in Edinburgh long after Chalmers had left St. Andrew's. It refers to

THE TROUBLES OF A DENTIST.

The pedestrian approbation accompanied Chalmers through the whole of his academical career. After the disruption of the Church, temporary premises were taken for the classes in connection with the new body. These premises were immediately adjoining to the house of an eminent dentist, a thin partition wall dividing the room in which he operated upon his patients from that in which Dr. Chalmers lectured to his class. The ruffing of the one room penetrated into the other, and disturbed at times its delicate and nervous operations. Mr. N. at last, and in the gentlest terms, complained to Dr. Chalmers, asking him whether he could not induce his students to abate the vehemence of their applause. As Dr. Chalmers entered his class room on the day after that on which this complaint was made, a suppressed smile lurked in his expressive countenance. He rose, told the students of his interview with Mr. N., and, after requesting that the offence should not be repeated, warned them most significantly against annoying or provoking a gentleman who was so much *in the mouths of the public*.—P. 60.

From 1784 up to the time of Chalmer's induction, the professors had been wont to distribute amongst themselves certain surplus funds, designated Candlemas dividends; the "Candlemas money amounted to about a third of his income, but, having doubts as to the legality of its appropriation, he declined receiving his share during the whole time of his residence there. In 1828, when he had taken up his abode in Edinburgh, and when the untouched sum at his credit amounted to upwards of 700*l.*, he received from the Royal Commissioners appointed to visit the Scotch colleges a communication stating "that, under all the circumstances, there is no good reason why Dr. Chalmers, who has now ceased to be a professor, should not receive and accept of the sums so due to him;" and on the faith of this declaration he took the money. The Commissioners, however, published their report without alluding to the part which Chalmers had acted, and gravely averred that "the principals and professors appear to have made these appropriations without any authority." And this was the occasion of Chalmer's coming before the public with a spirited pamphlet, explanatory of his position in the matter.

* Memoirs of the Life of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Vol. III.

Although dissatisfied with the state of affairs in St. Andrew's, Chalmers declined no less than three offers of removal. One was the chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University, tendered through the recommendation of Lord Brougham; and the other two were the livings of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, and the West Parish, Greenock, the latter being the richest living in Scotland. The first was the offer of the Marquis of Lansdowne, the second that of the patron, Sir M. S. Stewart; and he grounded his declinations on his preference for academic labor.

During his connection with St. Andrew's he made occasional preaching-excursions; and to two of these we shall now advert. Here is an admirable sketch of

THE WEARINESS OF OVER-CIVILITY.

Miss —— never asks the same thing twice of me, but she makes up for this by the exceeding multitude of these things: such as, if my tea is right; if I would like more sugar; if I take cream; if I am fond of little or much cream; if I would take butter to my cake; when I take to loaf; if I take butter to my white bread; if I move from one part of the room to another, whether I would not like to sit on the sofa; after I have sat there, whether I would like to stretch out my legs upon it; after I have done that, whether I would let her wheel it nearer the fire; when I move to my bedroom, whether the fire is right, whether I would like the blinds wound up, &c., &c. She at the same time most religiously abstains from repetitions, but to reply even once to her indefinite number of proposals is fatigue enough, I can assure you; nor is the fatigue at all alleviated when, instead of coming forth a second time with each, she comes forth with a most vehement asseveration, accompanied by uplifted hands, that she will let me do as I like, that she will not interfere, that I shall have liberty in her house; and when I said that I behaved me to make calls immediately after dinner, she declared that I would have leave to go away with my dinner in my mouth, if I so chose. I have got the better of all this by downright laughing, for I verily think now that the case is altogether despera-

Chalmers had agreed to preach in behalf of a Sunday-school in Stockport, and, on proceeding thither, ascertained that he was only one item in a series of entertainments. His journal account of the orchestral interview is amusing.

Sunday.—Sadly annoyed all last night with their quackish advertisement. I visited the school at one, and the sermon was to begin at half-past five. Could see a certain hard and ungracious reception of me, perhaps from the consciousness of something wrong on their part. Mr. M., my correspondent, did not appear for some time, and when he did, there was a blush in his countenance and a trepidousness in his voice. I was in the midst of managers, and the stairs to the different rooms of their immense fabric were crowded with scholars. I asked what they were about; and, with some hesitation and difficulty, they told me they had been practising for the music of this evening. When I went to the great preaching-hall, I found that there was just this practising before an immense assemblage; on which I called out, in the distinct hearing of those about me, that there was an air of charlatany about the whole affair, and that I did not like it at all. I would stay no longer in that place, and went along with them to the

committee-room, where there were about twenty managers and others. I said that I had come from a great distance on their account, and had therefore purchased the privilege of telling them plain things; that they should have consulted me ere they had made their arrangements; that I was quite revolted by the quackery of their advertisement; that they had made me feel myself to be one of the performers in a theatrical exhibition; that what they had done stood in the same relation to what they ought to have done, than an advertisement of Dr. Solomon's did to the respectable doings of the regular faculty, &c., &c. I was firm, and mild withdrawal—they confused and awkward, and in difficulties. I said, that still I would preach, but that I thought it right to state what I felt. On the other question of the urgency, and the pleading a premissory obligation on my part, I have as yet had no reckoning. . . . I got a second letter from a minister on the subject of the indecent exhibition of Stockport. I had got one the night before from another minister on the same subject. It seems that many serious people here are scandalized at it, and that many eyes are fixed upon my conduct in regard to it. I sent for Mr. M., that I might hold conversation with him. Mr. M. sent back word that he could not possibly come; and why? because he was presiding at a dinner given before sermon to the *gentlemen of the orchestra*, and he was just in the middle of a speech to them when my message came. On this, Mr. Marsland and Mr. Grant walked down to Stockport, and told Mr. M. of my difficulties and wishes; that I would not comply with their arrangement until it was altered. They wished my prayers and sermon to be mixed up with their music, me all the while in the pulpit. I said, that I would not be present at their music at all; that my service should be separated altogether from their entertainment;* that I should pray, preach, and pray again *in continuo*—not entering the pulpit till the moment of my beginning, and retiring from it so soon as I should have ended. The gentlemen had their interview with Mr. M., and he was very glad to comply. I dined at half-past two, retired for an hour to prepare, drank coffee after five. The two gentlemen walked before, to be at the music. The two ladies went down with me in the carriage at six. Will you believe it? an orchestra of at least one hundred people, three rows of female singers, in which were two professional female singers, so many professional male singers, a number of amateurs: and I now offer you a list of the instruments, so far as I have been able to ascertain them—one pair of bass drums, two trumpets, bassoon, organ, serpents, violins without number, violoncellos, bass viols, flutes, hautboys. I stopped in the minister's room till it was over. Went to the pulpit—prayed, preached, retired during the time of the collection, and again prayed. Before I left my own private room they fell-to again with most tremendous fury, and the likeliest thing to it which I recollect is a great military band on the Castlehill of Edinburgh. I went up with the ladies again in the carriage. They were far franker and pleasanter than before. Supped after Mr. Marsland's return. He told me that the collection was £39-7. Went to bed between eleven and twelve. I forgot to say that the number of my hearers was 3,500.

Monday.—I am told that the Stockport people, suspicious of my dislike to exhibitions, blazoned and advertised much less than they would have done: and the interpretation given by some to this is, lest it should meet my observation

* Amongst those whose performances were to be mixed up with the sermon and prayers, the name of a Miss Cheese had been announced; and Dr. Chalmers reinforced his argument with the managers by telling them that in his country the cheese was never served till the solid part of the entertainment was over.

too soon. Found a company in David Grant's, and he kept me up till two in the morning. A kind-hearted, rattling fellow. N.B. The collection is now 4017.—P. 50.

Chalmers was appointed to the professorship of theology in Edinburgh in 1828. He mentions that, in preparation for its duties, he got up at six o'clock, in order to have time for "a little of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew each day." Alluding to the prospect of diminished revenues and other untoward features, he says: "I foresee the coldness of friends, the controversy of foes, and probably the decline of earthly comfort, in my approaching connection with Edinburgh." The salary of the professor of theology at the period of his induction was 2007.; but at the end of the first session the "amateur students," headed by Dr. Morehead, an English clergyman, presented a thank-offering of 2027.

Dr. Hanna adverts copiously to the Church controversies that took place within the sphere of his narrative, but as they are of ecclesiastical rather than general interest, we can touch only on salient points. In 1832 Chalmers was nominated Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church. In 1833 Chalmers was in the midst of his great and favorite scheme of Church extension. We find a magnificent passage in a sermon delivered about this time in anticipation of the breaking out of cholera. The topic insisted on is the

CONNECTION BETWEEN PRAYER AND THE UNIFORMITY OF NATURE.

Instead of propounding our doctrine in the terms of a general argument, let us try the effect of a few special instances, by which, perhaps, we might more readily gain the consent of your understanding to our views.

When the sigh of the midnight storm sends fearful agitation into a mother's heart, as she thinks of her sailor-boy now exposed to its fury on the waters of a distant ocean, these stern disciples of a hard and stern infidelity would, on this notion of a rigid and impracticable constancy in nature, forbid her prayers, holding them to be as impotent and vain, though addressed to the God who has all the elements in His hand, as if lifted up with senseless importunity to the raving elements themselves. Yet nature would strongly prompt the aspiration; and if there be truth in our argument, there is nothing in the constitution of the universe to forbid its accomplishment. God might answer the prayer, not by unsettling the order of secondary causes—not by reversing any of the wonted successions that are known to take place in the ever-restless, ever-heaving atmosphere—not by sensible miracle among those nearer footstep which the philosopher has traced, but by the touch of an immediate hand among the deep recesses of materialism, which are beyond the ken of all his instruments. It is thence that the Sovereign of nature might bid the wild uproar of the elements into silence. It is there that the virtue comes out of Him, which passes like a winged messenger from the invisible to the visible; and, at the threshold of separation between these two regions, impresses the direction of the Almighty's will on the remotest cause which science can mount her way to. From this point in the series, the path of descent along the line of nearer and proximate causes may be rigidly invariable; and in respect of the order, the

precise undeviating order, wherewith they follow each other, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation. The heat, and the vapor, and the atmospheric precipitates, and the consequent moving forces by which either to raise a new tempest, or to lay an old one, all these may proceed, and without one hairbreadth of deviation, according to the successions of our established philosophy, yet each be but the obedient messenger of that voice which gave forth its command at the fountain-head of the whole operation; which commissioned the vapors to ascend from the ends of the earth, and made lightnings for the rain, and brought the wind out of his treasures. These are the palpable steps of the process; but an unseen influence, behind the farthest limit of man's boasted discoveries, may have set them a-going. And that influence may have been accorded to prayer—the power that moves Him who moves the universe; and who, without violence to the known regularities of nature, can either send forth the hurricane over the face of the deep, or recall it at His pleasure. Such is the joyful persuasion of faith, and proud philosophy cannot disprove it. A woman's feeble cry may have overruled the elemental war, and hushed into silence this wild frenzy of the winds and the waves, and evoked the gentler breezes from the cave of their slumbers, and wafted the vessel of her dearest hopes, and which held the first and fondest of her earthly treasures, to its desired haven.—P. 320.

During the period embraced in this volume, Chalmers' literary efforts were confined for the most part to the production of his "Political Economy," and his "Bridgewater Treatise." Economics was a congenial subject, but yet it is the one department of his labors least appreciated by the public. We observe that Mr. Mills rescues one of his theories from unmerited obloquy, and possibly other writers of acknowledged eminence may do the same for other isolated portions; but, as a whole, Chalmers' system does not seem to have been adopted by any modern school. That a right moral is necessary to a right civil order of things, will be admitted; but similarly right morals are necessary to the right health of the animal body, yet no amount of ethics or knowledge of the dependence of hygiene on ethics will prevent or cure organic and functional derangements. For prophylactic or remedial measures we must have recourse to the sciences of anatomy, physiology, and pathology; and these must be studied independently of all moral considerations. In like manner, probably, the structure, functions, and abnormal states of the social system must be investigated in their inherent subtleties, without reference to moral curative treatment. "The extent and stability of the national resources" may be seriously affected without any infraction being made on the decalogue, and exclusive reference to ethics may tend to obscure the more profound problems of the science.

But leaving this dry subject, we shall now collect such sketches of the "notables" of the day as are to be found scattered through the volume.

Scott and Chalmers appear to have met only once in public, namely, on the platform of the School of Arts; whether they met in private is not stated.

Coleridge and most of the under-mentioned lions were seen by Chalmers during his visits to London.

Thursday.—We spent three hours with the great Coleridge. He lives with Dr. and Mrs. Gillman, on the same footing that Cowper did with the Unwins. His conversation, which flowed in a mighty, unremitting stream, is most astonishing, but, I must confess, to me still unintelligible. I caught occasional glimpses of what he would be at, but mainly he was very far out of all sight and all sympathy. I hold it, however, a great acquisition to have become acquainted with him. You know that Irving sits at his feet, and drinks in the inspiration of every syllable that falls from him. There is a secret and to me as yet unintelligible communion of spirit betwixt them, on the ground of a certain German mysticism and transcendental lake-poetry which I am not yet up to. Gordon says it is all unintelligible nonsense; and I am sure a plain Fife man as uncle "Tammies," had he been alive, would have pronounced it the greatest *buff* he had ever heard in his life.

Returning from this interview, Dr. Chalmers remarked to Mr. Irving upon the obscurity of Mr. Coleridge's utterances, and said that, for his part, he liked to see all sides of an idea before taking up with it. "Ha!" said Mr. Irving in reply, "you Scotchmen would handle an idea as a butcher handles an ox. For my part, I love to see an idea looming through the mist."

Alluding to his preaching in London during this visit, Chalmers says—

Mr. Coleridge, and many other notables whom I cannot recollect, were among my hearers. Coleridge I saw in the vestry both before and after service; he was very complimentary.

On an after-visit to the metropolis he remarks—

Half-an-hour with Coleridge was filled up without intermission by one continuous flow of eloquent discourse from that prince of talkers. He began, in answer to the common inquiries as to his health, by telling of a fit of insensibility in which, three weeks before, he had lain for thirty-five minutes. As sensibility returned, and before he had opened his eyes, he uttered a sentence about the fugacious nature of consciousness, from which he passed to a discussion of the singular relations between the soul and the body. Asking for Mr. Irving, but waiting for no reply, he poured out an eloquent tribute of his regard—mourning pathetically that such a man should be so throwing himself away. Mr. Irving's book on the "Human Nature of Christ" in its analysis was minute to absurdity: one would imagine that the pickling and preserving were to follow, it was so like a cookery book. Unfolding then his own scheme of the Apocalypse—talking of the mighty contrast between its Christ and the Christ of the Gospel narrative, Mr. Coleridge said that Jesus did not come now as before, meek and gentle, healing the sick and feeding the hungry, and dispensing blessings all around, but he came on a white horse; and who were his attendants?—Famine, and War, and Pestilence.—P. 262.

Of Edward Irving much is said. Among other eccentricities was the length of his services.

Saturday, 19th.—Mr. Gordon informed me that yesterday Mr. Irving preached on his prophecies at Hackney Chapel for two hours and a half, and though very powerful, yet the people were dropping away, when he, Mr. I., addressed them on the subject of their leaving him. I really fear lest his prophecies, and the excessive length and weariness of his services, may unship him altogether, and I mean to write to him seriously upon the subject.—P. 163.

Chalmers' personal experience was to the same effect.

I undertook to open Irving's new chapel in London. The congregation, in their eagerness to obtain seats, had already been assembled about three hours. Irving said he would assist me by reading a chapter for me in the first instance. He chose the very longest chapter in the Bible, and went on with his exposition for an hour and a half. When my turn came, of what use could I be in an exhausted receiver? On another similar occasion he kindly proffered me the same aid, adding, "I can be short." I said, "How long will it take you?" He answered, "ONLY ONE HOUR AND FORTY MINUTES." "Then," replied I, "I must decline the favor."—P. 271.

Chalmers and Irving met for the last time in London. The former was in bed at the time. "He stopped," says Chalmers, "for two hours, wherein he gave his expositions; and I gave, at greater length and liberty than I had ever done before, my advice and my views. We parted from each other with much cordiality, after a prayer, which he himself offered and delivered with great pathos and piety."

The manner of Irving's death was in keeping with his whole history. His father-in-law mentions that—

His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes and inclemency of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland, and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost by exposure to the weather and occasional preaching, contrary to the injunctions of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the North. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable, for several days, to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steam-boat for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination that had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but this he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that, even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished any other way; and it was only because the friends about him refused to comply with his urgent requests to that effect, that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt, at least, would have been made. . . . "Well," said he, "the sum of the matter is, if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord; living or dying, I am the

Lord's;" a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the impending event.—P. 258.

Going to the House of Commons, he

Saw and spoke to Peel; after which Mr. Macaulay got another introduction and joined me. In the lobby, met an old acquaintance, Mr. Whitmore, M.P.; we were disappointed as to the debate, it having been postponed, and the topics of discussion were comparatively of smaller interest, as spring-guns, and others. However, we got a sight of more of the speakers, as Sir Francis Burdett, and some more. Mr. Brougham spoke little; he came and talked with me in a way that was very friendly and interesting. He said nothing about the London University; and my impression now is that, rather than risk any discouragement, they will wait the progress of events, more especially as they have time for waiting. This leaves the matter in the best possible state for me.

From Brougham Chalmers afterwards received the following note regarding the short-lived Wellington administration :—

MY DEAR SIR :—I congratulate you sincerely on the favorable prospects of some of those great causes in which (as indeed in most) we feel interested in common. Really slavery cannot now expect much longer protection from a government so weak, that it is even about to give Parliamentary Reform as a sop, and to save itself for a few months.—Believe me, ever most respectfully and sincerely yours,

H. BROUGHAM.

Peel also became his correspondent, having voluntarily conferred on him the office of king's chaplain. With Jeffrey he appears to have been intimate, and specimens of their correspondence are inserted in the volume. Dr. Philpotts and Washington Irving he met at Murray's, the publisher. But not to dwell on more of the notorious, we shall conclude the list with

O'CONNELL AND MRS. OPIE

Monday, July 1st.—After dinner I went down to the House of Commons. A dull debate, and I did not sit to the end of it. Sir Robert Peel the best speaker. A number of the members came to me; last, though not least, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, who shook me most cordially by the hands, complimenting me on my evidence about the Irish Poor-laws, saying that he was a disciple of mine upon that subject, and not of his own priest, Dr. Doyle; and I, on the other hand, glad of good being done whatever quarter it came from, and knowing him to be an influential personage, expressed myself much gratified with the view that he had taken on that question. I am surâ it would have done your heart much good to have seen how closely and cordially Mr. Daniel O'Connell and your papa hugged and greeted each other in the Lower House of Parliament.

But last of all I saw another lady, who dined and spent the night—now aged and in Quaker attire, which she had but recently put on, and who in early life was one of the most distinguished of our literary women, whose works, thirty years ago, I read with great delight—no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, and for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. It was curious to myself

that, though told by Mr. Gurney in the morning of her being to dine, I had forgot the circumstance, and the idea of the accomplished novelist and poet was never once suggested by the image of this plain-looking Quakeress till it rushed upon me after dinner, when it suddenly and inconceivably augmented the interest I felt in her. We had much conversation, and drew greatly together, walking and talking with each other on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. I complained to her of one thing in Quakerism, and that is the mode of their introductions: that I could have recognized in *Mrs. Opie* an acquaintance of thirty years' standing, but that I did not and could not feel the charm of any such reminiscence when *Joseph John* simply bade me lead out *Amelia* from his drawing-room to his dining-room. I felt, however, my new acquaintance with this said Amelia to be one of the great acquisitions of my present journey; and this union of rank, and opulence, and literature, and polish of mind with plainness of manners, forms one of the great charms of the society in this house [Mr. Gurney's].

His excursions in the English provinces were productive of more amusement than anything that happened in the Emerald Isle. As, for example, in one town the case of

THE BARBER AND BATH-KEEPER.

Wednesday, 26th.—Started at nine, much refreshed. Got a hair-dresser to clip me—a great humorist; he undertook, at the commencement of the operation, to make me look forty years younger, by cutting out every white hair and leaving all the black ones. There was a very bright coruscation of clever sayings that passed between us while the process was going on. I complimented his profession, and told him that he had the special advantage that his crop grew in all weathers, and that while I had heard all over the provinces the heavy complaints of a bad hay-harvest, his hay-making in the metropolis went on pleasantly and prosperously all the year round. He was particularly pleased with the homage I rendered to his peculiar vocation, and assured me, after he had performed his work, that he had at least made me thirty years younger. I told him how delighted my wife would be with the news of this wondrous transformation, and gave him half-a-crown, observing that it was little enough for having turned me into a youthful Adonis. We parted in a roar of laughter, and great mutual satisfaction with each other. Went from this to the warm-bath, where a German had the management. He told me that he understood me better than most of the English who came to him. I was at pains to explain to him the reason of this; and tell Miss Parker what my explanation was—that our island was named Great Britain, that English was the *patois*, but that I came from Scotland, and that our Scotch was the pure British dialect.—P. 380.

Chalmers took his due share of the discussion of public questions. He was in favor of Catholic Emancipation, and was invited by Sir James Mackintosh to throw the weight of his influence into the Liberal scale. He was also summoned by Mr. Spring Rice as a witness before the Parliamentary Committee on the Irish Poor-laws; but as those are stale topics now, we prefer dwelling on subjects of a personal and domestic character. Here is a good hint on

NATURAL AFFECTION.

I fear that I erred with Miss L. to-night in my vehemence about the exactions of attention on the part of Mrs. ——. I see that, by a law of our sentient nature, love cannot be bidden, and whenever attentions are demanded I do feel a very strong repugnance, so that it is working against a moral impossibility to attempt the affection; and without the affection I feel it to be very painful to be working at the required attentions in the spirit of bondage. But let me be silent on these occasions; aim at charity, and never be diverted from the meekness of wisdom.

Nothing could exceed the humor of

A SCENE AT BRADFORD.

Found a fair where I alighted, and was somewhat annoyed in my transition to the coach for Halifax. I had first to get a porter to carry my luggage through the crowds to a distant part of the town from which that coach started; then was told that the coach had not come in, and I could not get a place till it arrived; then had not a hole to put my head in, as every room swarmed with drinking and drunken market-people; then, as I did not like to be far away from my luggage, in an open and crowded coach-office, had to keep my station near the door, where, as fortune would have it, there was a large, circular assemblage of swine, on the margin of which I stood and contemplated their habitudes and polities, for I could perceive an action and reaction, a competition for food, a play of emotions reciprocating from one to the other, of which emotions, however, anger is far the most conspicuous, prompting to a bite or a scratch, and even an occasional engagement. Speaking of polities, you have heard me say that a man of refinement and education won't travel through England on the tops of coaches without becoming a Tory. My Toryism has been further confirmed this day. There was a Quakeress girl, with a still younger companion, traveling from their boarding-school home, and this was all well enough; but there were also the feeders and wool-staplers of the West Riding, fat and unintelligent, with only pursy and vesicular proportions on each side of their chins, and a superabundance of lard in their gills, whose manners well-nigh overset me, overloading our coach with their enormous carcasses, and squeezing themselves, as they ascended from various parts of the road, between passengers already in a state of compression, to the gross infraction of all law and justice, and the imminent danger of our necks. The days were when I would have put down all this; but whether from the love of peace, which grows with age, or perhaps from some remainder of the enfeebled influenza, which, however, is getting better, my quiescence predominated.—P. 365.

Those who were familiar with the outer man of the subject of this biography will smile at his

ALLUSIONS TO COSTUME.

Thursday.—Dressed for dinner. Have got a new method of folding up my coat, which I shall teach you when I get home, and is of great use to a traveler. I am about as fond of it as I was of the new method of washing my bands.

Friday.—I found yesterday a new waistcoat among my clothes which I did not commission; however, I put it on with the rest of my new suit, and, being a good day, came yesterday to Broomhall without luggage. My *brauds* are not the worse.

Equally provocative of risibility are two references to

CORPULENCE.

The minister of D — insisted for a sermon for some schools there. He put his arm under mine, and meant to overbear all my negations. His last argument for a sermon was that I was *fat*; on which I wrenched my arm away from him, and came off.

The fact that the minister of D — was right as to obesity, received corroboration at an "academic party."

Mr. Duncan annoyed me by the affirmation that I am sensibly and considerably fatter since I left St. Andrew's. There must be serious measures taken to keep me down. Had cordial greetings with the gentlemen in the library, then we salied out to the premises, and had a very delightful forenoon saunter through the woods and lanes of Costerton. Before dinner we had a game at bowls in a green before the house. I and Mr. Duncan against Dr. Nicoll and Dr. James Hunter. We had the best of three games. With all the convivialities of the west, I have seen no such guzzling as to-day with my St. Andrew's friends, and told Mr. Duncan so. They are rare lads, these *Leeterati* or *Eaterati*. Before supper there was family worship, when I was asked to officiate. We were shown to our beds about twelve. I got the large bed-room in which Mr. Duncan was the night before, and he had a closet with a small sofa-bed that communicated with the room. This arrangement was vastly agreeable to me; and we tumbled into our respective couches between twelve and one. I like him.—P. 279.

The great charm of the volume is the free and unrestrained style of the letters and journals contained in it. Being written to or intended for the perusal of the members of his own family, and with no view to publication, there is an ease and racy homeliness about them that is truly refreshing. The amount of his domestic correspondence was extraordinary, and could have been prompted only by the purest and most devoted attachment to his household. To Mrs. Chalmers he says on one occasion:—

I want each letter you receive from me to be signalized by a feast of strawberries to the children on the day of its arrival; therefore, I expect that on Saturday, which will be the day of your receiving this, these strawberries, with a competent quantity of cream and sugar, shall be given accordingly, and given from me, the papa of these said children, each and all of them being told that he is the donor of the same.

The spirit of self-examination penetrates into deeper recesses.

25th.—I have to record this day that I am not mortified to the love of praise. I did feel an anxiety that Miss L. should speak of the sermon of yesterday when we walked. I did feel interested and gratified when she did speak. Still more, I did feel the gratification of Mr. Duncan's compliments, and of the yet fuller testimonies which were reported to me in the evening; and I do much fear, or rather I certainly know, that I feel a complacency in all this; and what if it be not superior to the pleasure I should feel in having been the instrument of a saving and spiritual impression? This is so distinct a preference of my own glory to that of God's, so obvious a preaching of self-in-

stead of the Saviour, so glaring a preference of the wisdom of words to the simplicity which is in the cross of Christ, that my carnal tendencies in regard to this matter should be the subject of my strictest vigilance and severest castigation.

Do not speak enough in society of these things. I am complained of on that account. O God, keep me from the guilt of denying Christ by my silence —P. 91.

Again:—

Have still to record a dreary absence of God and of the Spirit from my soul. The want is, that I do not feel its dreariness; I live in comfort without God, and can enjoy humor and conversation with ungodly people. There is no such thing as laying a charge at any time through the day upon my conscience; an act of self-recollection, that now I am in the presence of God, and I must not forget that I am His servant. Might not this be a good expedient?

and when doing so, if I vent forth my aspirations for present grace, will not this be a combination of watchfulness with prayer? O my God, enable me to spread a savour of divine things around me! Let my life be a perpetual testimony for God! —P. 93.

We understand that another volume will conclude this memoir; and we learn that, as Dr. Hanna nears the quicksands of contemporary events, fears are entertained in some quarters that the biographer may be merged in the partisan. We have no apprehension of any effect of this kind. The able, interesting, and impartial manner in which he has executed the first portion of his work, is a sufficient guaranty as to the last.

SOME GREAT WORK.

B Y A L I C E C A R E Y .

Think not the faith by which the just shall live
Is a dead creed—a map correct of heaven;
Far less a feeling fond and fugitive,
A thoughtless gift withdrawn as soon as given.
It is an affirmation and an act
That bids eternal truth be present fact.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE dews of twilight were drowning the golden tresses of the sun—the birds, those sweet poets, in whose songs there are no sorrows, had sung their fill, and with little red feet clinging to the lithe boughs, were softly rocking to sleep, with only now and then a quick, uncertain twitter, as though they could not quite give up all their music yet.

All over the hills and along the valleys daisies and buttercups and crocuses were sprouting up thick in the grass, and along the brook-sides the violets leaned their pensive heads listening to the rippling of the water among the blue flagstones and bright pebbles, and broad-leaved flags and tufts of high grass, wherein the black snipe hides away from the schoolboy.

The blackberry vines shine along the edges of the meadows; in the thicket the wild morning-glory twines its scarlet rings around the small limbs of the sassafras, lifting itself higher and higher; and the dark buds of the ivy are swelled

almost to bursting, for all the past week the April sunshine and showers have been busy at their work. The verdure is softly creeping over the boughs that sway lightly to and fro, as the breeze comes suddenly from the distant west, and sighing its murmurous joy, crosses the meadow and fades over the next hill, about whose base lie patches of white mist, like the new-shorn fleeces of the lambs. Now the spider works all day, and her fine circular net-work spread over rose-bush or lilac, is sunken with the gray dew. From the hollow stub where all day the lonely crow sits and cries, the bat comes forth and flits and wheels blindly about the open door, or entering stealthily, shaves close along the ceiling with its flabby wings, making the baby clap its hands and crow again, while the larger children chase hither and thither in perfect tempests of delight.

In the field, sloping to the south, the wheat that, imprisoned all winter in the close, cold earth, almost hides the dark furrows, save that here

and there, where the plowshare has been too deeply driven, the plenteous growth is cut by a barren ridge.

Away in the valley, where the pendulous boughs of the elm drop on the one side, and a border of maple and ash reaches along the other, the cattle, fed to repletion, lie sunk in beds of fresh clovers, red and white, or idly link their silver horns and push each other about in playful warfare; while just above the hollow where the hedge of willows drops its yellow tassels to the ground, and crowning the neighboring slope, rises the spire, whence drifts such solemn music over all, and about which cluster the cottages of the peaceful villagers, who keep the even tenor of their way in the beauty of innocent and humble lives, apart from the stormy and tumultuous world. There, in the shadow of the church, where Sabbath after Sabbath they hearken to the sorrowful warnings, or great promises, or kind admonitions of the simply eloquent pastor, the gravestones of neighbors and kindred stand thick under the trees. Some have gone down thither in whom the love of life was strong, caught by the bright tresses and dragged away; some glad to go where there is no more pain, wrapping the shroud about their bosoms like the dainty bridal sheets; and some, whose work was done, with the flowers of three-score years and ten white about their foreheads, and little prattling children that were fearlessly trusted to the dark—they are all there, nor chirp of the merry grasshopper, nor light step of the timid rabbit, nor the music of the evening bell, disturbs their rest.

It is the season of quickening life, of bird-songs and sunshine; the season when the saddest heart gathers back something of its old joy—when we dig about the roots of our perished hopes and braid up the broken garland anew. Nature, like a kind mother, woos us from the house of mourning, and covers up the graves of our dead with her blossoms. This is a beautiful world which God has given us—the fresh, sprouting pastures, and rains, that come down singing from the clouds—the waving cornfields and fruitful orchards, the spring brimming full of pure cold water, and the harvest, with its sea of golden heads; are not these enough for my happiness?

The cattle wading to the knees in fragrant meadows, and drinking of the pure brooks, are satisfied—the bird, building its nest anew, and waiting for the young life to break the prisoning shell, and get itself wings and a song, is satisfied—the bee, searching the woods and gardens, and filling its silver wells, murmurs only of joy; for all these there is enough, but my heart the while

is hungry and pining and dissatisfied—the arm of God's mercy is about me, but I cannot rest, and even in sight of the crown turn rebelliously from the cross. My life is an echo among ruins. O my Father, let me do for thee some great work!

Away down the distance shine the lamps in the lonely cells of the fathers—the grotto of the barefooted hermit is still bright with the glory of the red cross—the stern creed of the Genevan yet towers in sublime and awful majesty above the flames of the martyr, and the seed scattered by the milder Reformer has sprung up and shadowed half the world. My hands are idle, though I continually pine to serve thee—give me, O my Father, some great work.

So said Miriam, sitting at the door of her dark and lofty house, as through the deepening twilight the stars broke forth one by one, and the moon pushed her red disk through a drift of eastern clouds. The milkwhite doves that had sat in a long row on the eave above her head, catching the sunshine on their bosoms, knew the night was come, and shaking the dew from their wings, flew away—the flowers, as their nature was, either folded their petals close against the moonlight, or opened them to its gentle kiss, and the blind mole began its silent work. But Miriam sits idly, and folding her hands upon her desolate bosom, the wind blows the black tresses across her eyes, so that she sees not the thin check of the child that flattens itself against her gate. Wistfully he looks, reaching toward her an empty hand, while the other holds the gift of wild flowers that shall repay her largess—in vain, in vain—the iron bars yield not to so soft a pressure, and the eyes of the sad lady are not once lifted up. Darker the shadows drop around him, and tearfully and feebly he goes forward, but his steps falter more and more, and he sinks exhausted to the ground. The wild flowers drop from his hand, and are scattered away by the winds, and a sense of dullness and heaviness weighs down his eyelids. The moon breaks from a cloud and wraps him in a thin cold sheet, and the bird, fluttering in the branches above, shakes the dew in his face—his mother's smile is in his dream:

“Her blessing like a line of light
Is all around him day and night,
And like a beacon guides him home.”

Home, where farewells are ended and wanderings done. Close on the path of the poor little child comes a stout traveler, beating down the burrs and thistles with his staff, and singing snatches of hymns. Is he thinking of some soul astray; hark to the words:

When God smote his hands together, and struck out thy soul as a spark,
 Into the organized glory of things, from deep of the dark.—
 Say, did'st thou shine, did'st thou burn, did'st thou honor
 the power in the form,
 As the star does at night, or the firefly, or even the little ground-worm ?
 When God on thy sins had pity, and did not trample thee straight,
 With his wild rains beating and drenching thy light found inadequate ;
 When he only sent thee the North winds, a little searching and chill,
 To quicken thy flame, did'st thou kindle and flash to the heights of his will ?
 When God on thy sin had pity, and did not meet it as such, But tempered the wind to thy uses, and softened the world thy touch ;
 At least thou wast moved in thy soul, though unable to prove it afar,
 Thou could'st carry thy light like a jewel, not giving it like a star ?

Suddenly the song is still—he pauses, and light, such light as might be shed from the white wing of mercy's angel, illuminates his face. He flings the knapsack from his shoulders, and brushes the gray hairs from his eyes that are growing dim with the shadows of time—time that has touched him gently withal, for he is well beyond the summer—even where the autumn whitens to the winter snow, and stooping down, takes up the little child in his arms. I will bear him back to yonder friendly mansion, he says—warmth and food may restore him. The head droops heavily against the bosom of the good old man, and the white skin seems loose about the boy's fingers that clasp his neck, and the lips are blue and unsmiling. Light is the burden, for in a good act there is no heaviness, and as he nears the mansion he says, I shall journey forward lightlier anon, but the door was fast shut, and Miriam was gone within to pray—"Give me, O my Father, to do for thee some great work!"

All night the tireless watcher folded the child in his bosom—sometimes passing his hand across his forehead, and sometimes holding his naked feet to give them warmth, and waiting for the morning; at last, reddening the high eastern hill, and burning through the woods, she came, and all the valleys were full of her genial smile; but alas, the little child might not be warmed again, Where the joyous warble of the thrush shook down the blossoms of the hawthorn, the old man made a grave,

" And left the babe and went away to weep,
 And listened oft to hear if he did cry ;
 But the great river sung his lullaby,
 And unseen angels watched his dreamless sleep."

The hush of the Sabbath hung over the world—

it was the early tide of summer—the winds crept under the waves of the ripening rye, and hushed their wild laughter into murmurous hymns—the birds went deeper into the forests and caroled less noisily than in hours agone—the shaggy grapevines were weighed down with green clusters, and the red berries glistened and shone from the thicket where the urchin crept slyly, and half afraid of the stillness of the time. The fragrance of the lilacs was all about the open doors, and the rosevines, bright with blooms, blew in at the windows. The cock stood erect and silent in the midst of his feathery dames, for even he seems to strut less proudly and crow less lustily to-day than is his wont, and the watch-dog, with his nose close against the ground, drowses by the wall.

The church door is open, and the sweet-voiced bell is calling to all far and near—"Come up hither," and from far and near, old men and maidens and youths and little children are obeying the call. Some go in noiselessly, and at once give their hearts to the searching of the Holy Spirit. Some linger at the door, exchanging smiles and salutations, and haply suffering the weariness of time's change and chance, or the might of secular aims and interest, to come between them and the psalm. Some with sprigs of yew or cedar, or the simple blossoms gathered by the way, go apart among the graves musing, or weeping alone; and over the green swell of some mound that keeps down the pallid hands of the dearly loved from the flowers, leave their offering to wither like the earth-hopes of the sleeper beneath.

Slowly, from the white cottage that is almost smothered among trees and shrubs and vines, comes the village pastor—"young, and eminently beautiful," but the elasticity is gone from his step, and in his face there is the expression of a sorrow that has worked itself up from the heart. Alas, that he who goes up to speak consolation to the mourner and comfort to the afflicted, should himself be neediest of all—alas, that while he says to the bruised spirit, heaven is waiting to heal you, his own bosom is "bound from bleeding with a cold cerement from the grave." And wherefore? Miriam, Miriam, putting away from thee the now and the here, and sighing for the unattained and far away, in mistaken zeal, let us hope not in pride, hast thou nothing to answer for in this?

That hollow temple would round back to health
 Under the golden fillet of thy smile—
 thou knowest it right well.

The heavy locks dampen with the dew that

gathers to his forehead, as he gazes toward the proud and lofty house where she dwells whom he fears he shall miss to-day from his little flock. From the hollow of willows the tassels are gone, and in the meadow beyond the clovers, red and white, are alike changed to a dry brown—the wheat is getting its yellow beard; but varied nature charms not from gloomy yearning the inhabitant of the dark and close-shut house. No, no, she will not come—and his almost transparent hands knit themselves tighter together as he tries to shut from his senses what he vainly calls the carnal, for thoughts of the spiritual life. I have tasks to do and duties to perform, he muses as he walks; if I am unequal to their fulfillment, should I seek to rest my weakness upon another, and thereby clog the movements of a larger zeal? or shall I pine out of life, and leave undone that which I feel within me the ability to do, because the hands which I would fain have made my helpers are coldly withdrawn? Nay, there are lambs astray that even I may gather back—evils that my weak hands may break—sepulchres from which I may roll away the stone, and folding the napkin from the face of the dead, show the weeping kindred that the spirits for which they mourn are not there, but gone before them into Paradise.

Solemnly from the old tower sounds the bell, and as he draws near the church, leaning upon that music as it were, his thoughts flow in that sweet rhyme of Tennyson—

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times :
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold.
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land.
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

One more glance across the hills—a sigh stifled among the heartstrings, and calmly and slowly he walks in the midst of his people—his cheek more flushed than its wont, and his eye fuller of troubled light, but never before dwelt such moving eloquence on his lip. He had gathered up all his wasting energies, and in his words was the power of one newly baptized with the spirit of grace. Even his presence seemed to have in it to-day a spell of mastery, and the hush was intense when he arose and read, with what a depth of meaning and terrible pathos, the hymn—

And are we, wretches, yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love,
That bears us up from hell.

Lord, we have long abused thy love,
Too long indulged our sin;
Our aching hearts now bleed to see
What rebels we have been.

No more, ye lusts, shall you command,
No more will we obey;
Stretch out, O God, thy conquering hand,
And drive thy foes away.

Then came the prayer, which mere words may not portray—it was the spirit of it that was felt, and not the form that was heard—no dashing of the waves of sorrow against the throne—no importunate demands pressing open, as it were, the beautiful gates of Paradise, but the tremulous whisper of a soul that feels its ruin and clings only in hope to the cross and the power of *his* mercy, whose last sweet plea from the agony of insulted sorrows

O'er death's night
Passed like the transit of the morning star,
And for a moment in the bosom of hell
Cooled the red burning like a cloud of dew.

But in the sermon, the zeal in, and devotion to, the things which pertain to immortality burned with the chiefest glory. From the 12th chapter of 2d Corinthians he read :

“And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.”

How upon the waves of faith he arose above the sorrows and afflictions of life—what little things they were! What nothings in the glory of the final triumph! The congregation was swayed and stirred like waves to the tones of the strong wind—now they heard the muffled footsteps in the corridors of crime, and shrank frightened from the lightest thought of wrong; and now the grieved Spirit made once more the sweet offer of mercy, and dying hope revived. The light of the diviner world seemed streaming abroad over this; fear vanished, and trembling hesitancy changed into fixed resolve—though all the world forsake thee, yet will I not forsake thee, was the language of every heart, and when the exhortation was finished, not one bosom there would have shrunk

from the flames of martyrdom—but who of them all dreamed that from the dim ruins of the brightest hopes of mortality came the eloquent inspiration?

And day was over, and from under the pale wings of the twilight came the stars. At the door of her dark and lofty house Miriam sat alone. The breeze tried to kiss up the crimson to her thin cheek, but in vain—and the flowers, crushed under her feet, sent out their fragrance, but she heeded it not. Her hands lay idly on her knees, and her thoughts were gone across the seas to the benighted lands where the morning of Christianity has but faintly dawned, or not yet broken at all. The labors of the missionary are something worth, she said. How glorious to break in pieces the idols, and build up the true church—to lift the macerated and blind worshipers from the abasement of the dust, and give them to lean on the arm of the great Jehovah! Why am I shut away from doing good? Am I worthy, O Lord, to be thy handmaid—fain would I serve thee—give, O give me to do for thee some great work!

A step glides through the moonlight, and a shadow falls over the gray dew—a soft smile lights up the face of Miriam, making it more beautiful than its wont, as her hand is clasped in that of the village pastor. He hears not the rustle of the winds through the wheat field, nor the tremor of the heavy foliage, nor sees above him the sky like a great blue sea with lilies all over its bosom, golden and red and white, for star differeth from star in glory; but Miriam hears and sees it all. Why was the young man there? He had stilled the earthly passion in his heart—haply the conquest was too easy—haply it was not so perfect as he thought—once more he would measure himself against temptation. O earth, the hold of thy beauty is strong upon us, and the weakness of the flesh is greater than our poor resolves; and he but waked again the torture of unsatisfied thirst. The vine that has fallen in the dust with the vigorous support hard by upon which it would fain fasten its tendrils, but with no hand to lift it up, might be his emblem. And yet he spoke not of love, nor now nor ever—that cold, steady hand, like an all-pitiless demon's, held him back. And yet, in the bosom of the maiden fountain was troubled by his smile, and she longed to rock his sorrows to rest upon her heart; but the humble duties that contented him could not fill the measure of her ambition. The comfort of his people, she said, must be to him enough, nor could I, if I would, snatch him from the borders of the grave. The delusion gave way too late.

Light after light went out from the cottage windows—the silence deepened and deepened and the moon seemed to look reproachfully from the clouds, while in the shadow of the dark house the young man lingered still. The bell strikes the half hour next the midnight, and, with the sudden energy we sometimes gather from despair, he rises and stands erect, but gazing still on the pallid and statue-cold beauty before him.

The white hand of Miriam reaches softly toward him—doth she seek to detain him? trembling with delicious fear, he bends to her whispered words—he does well, she says, to heed the admonitions of his unequal strength and many duties, and seek rest. Mockery of mockeries—for him there was no more rest. The arm that was just clasping her to his bosom dropped paralyzed away, and the kiss that was falling to her forehead burned back upon his lips. One look of reproachful agony—a farewell tremulous as though a careless hand crushed his heart-strings, and the last torture humanity may suffer had been suffered, and Miriam was alone. Her hands lie idly upon her knees again, and her thought stretches from the certain and palpable to the dim and impalpable, as the shadow stretches into the night. She hears not the echo of a broken heart that goes from the thick darkness of the midnight, wailing and wandering toward the immortal world. She hears not, for the hush is broken by the prayer—Give me, O Lord, to do for thee some great work!

The brown and yellow haze hangs like rust along the edges of the sky—the roses are blown away from the lap of the summer, the ripe fruit drops from the orchard boughs, and the bees creep out into the sun and lie in ridges, golden and black, about the hive—their work is done. The beating of the flail sounds from the threshing floor, and the chaff drifts away on the winds like mist. The fearless boy climbs the tall-stemmed tree like a ladder, and shakes the ripe nuts into the lap of the laughing little girl. The white husks lie thick along the corn-field, and the sleek heifer presses impatiently to the fence, seeing the heaps of full-eared corn and bundles of dry blades. Southward over the hills flocks of birds are drifting all day long—the seeds drop from the withered pods, and the down of the thistle sails noiselessly about.

It is not the Sabbath, but the door of the village church is wide open, and across the hills and along the meadows, from the old-fashioned homestead and the white-washed cottage, the people are coming thither with downcast eyes and thoughtful steps.

The trees stand naked or faded about the parsonage, that seems to-day very lonesome and still—the books lie unopened on the table, the study-chair is vacant, and strange faces and hushed steps are in the house—whisper answers to whisper, but no one asks where the pastor is gone.

The slow chiming of the church-bell has in it an awful solemnity—even the life-long prayer of Miriam is still, as she hearkens, and leaving her lofty house, her eyes fill with tears, and a shadow dark as death and silent as the grave sweeps across her future, as she answers its call. Pick-axes and spades lean against the larch in the church-yard, and close by there is a great heap of yellow mould. The village pastor is dead.

The dense throng have more than filled the house, and many are standing about the open door and at the windows; but as the step of Miriam falls on the threshold, all make way for her, and the kindly and pious elder, who has long mourned what he deems a soul far astray or darkly rebellious, takes her trembling hand and leads her close to the dead. How still it is! so still that you may hear the wind as it stirs the heavy pall about the coffin. The locks are silver that stream above the sacred page to-day, and the voice falters with the cares and sorrows of many years that reads for the departed the psalm:

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep—
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep."

Placidly, sweetly, he talked of the good man gone—of the beautiful consecration of his life and the glory of his death—God's hour of answer to a life of prayer. He pointed to the hills white with cottages, the morality, thrift, and intelligence of their inhabitants—the prevalent spirit

of piety—the growth and engagedness of the Sabbath-school—the fathers and mothers, and maidens and youths, and little children, upon whose foreheads his hands had laid the baptismal waters; and the many hardened sinners wooed from the steep edge of perdition by his mild and unwearied persuasions. The bright example of his life, the preacher said, had been more eloquent than words—he had gone in and out before his people in meekness and simplicity, doing the good things which his hand found to do. By what cords of love this broken and mourning people were drawn hither to-day, and how hard it is to give up even the pale unconscious dust—how hard to look upon the still, fixed smile, that brightens not, as it was used, when they approach—how hard to put the hands that first led them to the cross, under the winding-sheet! He was your guide, your example, your shepherd that kept all your lambs from wandering—that made you brave to front the tempter—strong for the time of trial, and good to meet death. Happily he had sorrows, for who of us all have not? but he threw not their shadows over you, and on the ruins of broken hopes he climbed to gather the radiance of eternity. O, he was worthy of all your love—he was worthy of the tears that flow for him, and of the benedictions that hover about his grave—worthy of the covenant you make with your hearts to stand up, if need were, in the judgment and testify to all the hosts of heaven that he hath done a *great work!*

The day was over, and the clay was heaped to a smooth level mound, and the sorrowful people returned to their houses, desolate, yet not without hope. O Miriam, Miriam, why refusest thou to be comforted? Does the crown of thy love settle on the brows of the dead, and hast thou now the frequent prayer for that thou feelest truly, as thou musest of his life of duty and his death of peace, he hath done a Great Work?

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

BY HORACE DRESSER ESQ.,

Faith trembleth at thy passing, mighty flood!
And from the secret chambers of the deep
The voices of thy many waters keep,
In thunder-tones and wild majestic mood,
One everlasting anthem praising God!
Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!

I feel to worship here; methinks I'll seat
Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink
Of thy abyss; there ruminant and think:—
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet!
For ever rolling, rushing on to meet
Old ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
Into oblivion whence we mortals shrink!

GEMS FROM ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

BY AN ADMIRER.

THERE is a fine gradation and procession in the things of nature, and many are the steps of the golden stair which leads up to the highest. The material forms with which we are conversant, are symbols enclosing a more transcendent beauty; and the life within us is, in its turn, a symbol or adumbration of the primal archetypes. To unfold it, therefore—to lay open its leaves and filaments, that the light which is congenial to it may fall upon it, as the light of the sun upon the opening flower—is the highest and noblest of endeavors, inasmuch as the result is the highest and noblest. The best poets of the day, and none of them more so than Mrs. Browning, dwell long and lovingly in the recesses of our nature, laying their hand upon human love, upon the household affections, upon sin and the counteracting aspirations, upon the tangled yarn of good and evil in the web of life; and as, with songs of wailing or exultation, as in sorrow or in joy, in shadow or in sunshine, they tread those deep recesses which lie so near, yet are such mysteries to us all, we feel that we are in the presence of great spirits, yet, withal, of our own nature and kindred; we feel an unwonted exaltation in their presence; harsh contradictions are smoothed down, and elements of affinity present themselves where previously we saw nothing but everlasting antagonism; we begin to be reconciled to loss and suffering, by perceiving, in another than the mere dogmatic light, that it is the only medium of perfecting an aberrant nature; and we go forth to the work and conflict of life purer in heart and stronger in spirit, in the strength of those mediating spirits who have taught us to know, and given us to feel, more than we knew before of what is meant by mediation.

We have indicated rather than defined the scope and spirit of Mrs. Browning's poetry. Her poems are sermons, but such sermons! Reflect, that she is possessed of varied learning, and is deeply read in classic lore; that, to a masculine energy, attempered and sublimated by womanly affection, she adds a deep religious feeling, and you will have some conception as to what sort of sermons hers are. In listening to them, you are conscious of the double process of enlightenment

and feeling. The mist rolls away, and the warm sunbeams fall upon you. While you know more, you love more, and the process of knowledge is the process of reconciliation. Her texts are chosen from both sides of nature, and from both sides of human life. Her aim is, to reconcile contrarieties; from sin and sorrow, from darkness and suffering, to rise to purity and joy, to the glory and brightness of the land where there is no need of the sun. Mere objective beauty glows at her touch, and you would confess her a true poet, though she had done no more; but this is only the tuning of her harp. It is but the wand she conjures with; the miracle by which she arrests attention. Her ultimate purpose lies far beyond; or, rather, without purpose at all, it is the necessity and tendency of her nature and genius to make the forms of things, the manifestations of natural grace and beauty, the stepping-stones to a temple, in which, when she leads you in, you find the unveiled presences of the outer shadows, and have a glimpse of the divine Schekinah.

But it is time we now proceed to illustrate these generalities by special reference to the poems whose titles we have prefixed to them. The incident of the "Lost Bower" is brief and simple. Once upon a summer's day, a little girl wandered into a wood, and found in it a beautiful bower, which filled her child-heart with overflowing gladness; but, when she returned next day, she could not find it, and never found it more. This is all. On this is built a poem of seventy-six stanzas; and we observe that a writer in one of our monthly magazines, of high reputation, makes merry at the disproportion between the basis and the superstructure. But on as narrow bases are built many things of larger proportions than a poem of this length. A like incident colors the poetry of every poetic life; and the prose of every prosaic life is rendered more prosaic, because every poor possessor of it, once upon a time, found and sported in a beautiful bower, and went back at another time, and missed it, and never found it more. It is a theme old as the expulsion from Eden, and wide as the human race. It appeals to universal sympathies, for all have to regret a lost bower in some wood or

other. It is a theme, therefore, which needed no inventive genius to find it out, and the poet who deals with it must be judged solely by the amount and nature of the new light which he sheds upon it.

"In the pleasant orchard closes,
 'God bless all our gains,' say we;
But, 'May God bless all our losses,
 Better suits with our degree.'"

On this key-note the song opens, and we feel at once that it is a plaintive minor. We have then a sketch of that pleasant mother-land of infancy and childhood, with its "summer snows of apple-blossoms running up from glade to glade," which reposes among beauty and regrets in a quiet, sacred corner of every one's memory. There is the childhood's valley, and in the valley is the wood, and in the wood is the bower, and "over all, in choral silence, the hills look you their all hail!" The child's solitary journey to the wood is described, and the first bursting of the bower upon the entranced vision :

"As I enter'd, mosses hushing,
 Stole all noises from my foot;
And a green elastic cushion,
 Clasp'd within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence, very rare and absolute."

Questioning what and how it was, there "came a sound, a sense of music, which was rather felt than heard,"

"Softly, finely, it inwound me,
 From the world it shut me in,
Like a fountain falling round me,
 Which, with silver waters thin,
Clips a little marble naïad, sitting smilingly within,"

Here now was the perfection of communion with nature; the beauty without touched the sense of beauty within; and, for the moment, enjoyment was complete. It was the terminal and highest point of a series; but there was more beyond, and to the beyond the rapt enthusiast must go--

"I rose up in exaltation,
 And an inward trembling heat,
And (it seemed) in geste of passion,
 Drop'd the music to my feet,
Like a garment rustling downwards--such a silence fol-
low'd it.

Heart and head beat through the quiet,
 Full and heavily, though slower;
In the song, I think, and by it,
 Mystic presences of power
Had upsnaught'd me to the timeless, then return'd me to the
hour."

She left the bower, she left the wood, she left the sanctuary, and went out to the great temple, which yet, for a little while, was all a sanctuary.

"Oh, the golden-hearted daisies
 Witness'd there, before my youth,
To the truth of things, with praises
 To the beauty of the truth.

And I woke to nature's real, laughing joyfully for both."

Light-hearted, yet full-hearted, she vowed that every day she would return to the bower; and she kept her vow; but "next morning all had vanished, or my wandering missed the place," and "I never more upon it turned my mortal countenance." It was the beginning of her losses, a list or specimen of which she gives us :

"I have lost the dream of doing,
 And the other dream of done—
The first spring in the pursuing,
 The first pride in the begin;

First recoil from incompleteness in the face of what is won

Exaltations in the far light,
 Where some cottage only is,
Mild dejections in the starlight,
 Which the sadder-hearted miss,

And the child-cheek blushing scarlet, for the very shame of
 bliss.

I have lost the sound child-sleeping,
 Which the thunder could not break;
Something, too, of the strong leaping
 Of the stag-like heart awake,

Which the pale is low for keeping in the road it ought to
 take."

But the song must not close thus; at least, it must not, and will not, close thus to the spirit who has rightly undergone the discipline of the losses which the loss of the bower prefigured and necessitated. The time was long past, and the place far away; the discipline of life lay in the scene between the *then* and the *now*; but, shutting her eyes, and calling upon "unchanging recollections," the bower rose up before the spirit's eye, fresh and fair as it first appeared to the child's vision. Here is the exultant finale :

"Is the bower lost then? Who sayeth
 That the bower indeed is lost?
Hark! my spirit in it prayeth,
 Through the solstice and the frost,

And the prayer preserves it greenly, to the last and utter-
 most—

Till another open for me,
 In God's Eden-land unknown:
With an angel at the doorway,
 White with gazing at his throne,

And a saint's voice in the palm-trees, singing, *All is lost—
and won!*"

The "Brown Rosary" is pitched on a higher key, and takes in a wider range of thought; but it also is a song of losses, and of gains through losses. In the "Lost Bower" we have delineated, under the guise of a child's story, the disenchanting process through which nature passes, or seems to pass, as it presents itself day after day, and

year after year, to the eye and heart which are incessantly changed and modified by the ever-shifting phenomena and events of time. The theme and moral of the "Brown Rosary" are indicated in these lines:

"Then breaking into tears—'Dear God!' she cried; 'and must we see

All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to *Thee!*'"

It is a sermon on the text—"He that loveth father or mother, wife or children, more than me, is not worthy of me." It has more of incident than the "Lost Bower," and its structure and motion are more diversified. Orona was betrothed to a noble and generous lover, and both seemed to be well fitted for each other. This human love was all in all to Orona. She could not see beyond it; she could not live without it; and for it she was willing to sacrifice the love and hope of heaven. This mood of mind is brought out with admirable artistic skill by the machinery of a dream, in which Orona, her dead father, angels, and the ghost of a false nun, who, lost herself by earthly love, tempts Orona to a like ruin, are interlocutors. A little brother of Orona's is also introduced, who is supposed to be conversant with the whole matter, and plays the explanatory part of the *chorus* in the Greek tragedies. Orona, the betrothed, was doomed to die, as we learn from the dream. She says:

"We heard, beside the heavenly gate, the angels murmuring :

We heard them say, 'Put day to day, and count the days to seven,

And God will draw Orona up the golden stairs to heaven ;
And yet the evil ones have leave that purpose to defer,
For if she has no need of Him, he has no need of her.'

Evil Spirit.

Speak out to me—speak bold and free.

Orona in sleep.

And then I heard thee say—

'I count upon my rosary brown the hours thou hast to stay !'

Yet God permits us evil ones to put by that decree,
For if thou hast no need of *Him*, he has no need of *thee*;
And if thou wilt forego the sight of angels, verily,
Thy true love, gazing on thy face, shall guess what an-

gels be !'

Orona did not choose the better part. Poor girl ! her human love overcame her :—

"Love feareth death. I was no child ; I was betrothed that day :

I wore a troth-kiss on my lips I could not give away.
How could I bear to lie content and still beneath a stone,
And feel mine own betrothed go by—alas, no more mine own !—

Go leading by, in wedding pomp, some lovely lady brave,
With cheeks that blush'd as red as rose, while mine were cold in grave ?

How could I bear to sit in heaven, on e'er so high a throne,
And hear him say to her—to *her*!—that else he loveth none ?
Though e'er so high I sat above, though e'er so low he spake,
As clear as thunder I should hear the new oath he might take—

That hers, forsooth, are heavenly eyes—ah, me ! while very dim

Some heavenly eyes (indeed of heaven) would darken down to *him*."

Orona being thus overcome, she vowed this fearful vow, which had power to defer the purpose of the good angels. She addresses, in sleep, the ghost of the nun—

"I vow'd upon thy rosary brown—and, till such vow should break,
A pledge always of living days 'twas hung around my neck—
I vow'd to thee on rosary (dead father, look not so !),
I would not thank God in my weal nor seek God in my wo ."

The current of human love was now free to take its course. The bridal morn arrived. The little brother mixed in the joyous throng, but not as part of it, not as a happy heart. On the way to the church, and again in the church, he reproached his sister with wearing on her bosom a brown rosary. The mother frowned on her boy ; the bridegroom laughed ; the priest said the boy was wild, and approved the piety of the bride ; and "the maiden's lips trembled with smiles shut within." The ceremony proceeded. A mocking laugh broke in upon it, but none could find out who the mockers were. The priest was perplexed. He could not name the great name—

"And each saw the bride, as if no bride she were,
Gazing cold at the priest, without gesture of prayer,
As he read from the psalter."

At length the rite was finished, and "they who knelt down together, arise up as one." Orona's vow renouncing heaven has won for her human love. But only for a moment. The cup was lifted to her lips only to be dashed to the ground. The bridegroom glared blank and wide. He kissed his bride, but his lips stung her with cold. He called her his own wife, and "fell stark at her feet in the word he was saying :"—

"She look'd in his face earnest long, as, in sooth,
There were hope of an answer, and then kiss'd his mouth ;
And, with head on his bosom, wept, wept bitterly—
'Now, O God, take pity, take pity on me !—
God, hear my beseeching !'

She was 'ware of a shadow that cross'd where she lay—
She was 'ware of a presence that wither'd the day ;
Wild, she sprang to her feet—'I surrender to *Thee* :
The broken vow's pledge, the accursed rosary :

I am ready for dying !'"

Time's enchantments were now broken; and, in this total eclipse of human love and hope, Orona first beheld the day-spring of the love that is divine. We have the moral of the poem in these her last words:—

"She spoke with passion after pause—" And were it wisely done,
 If we who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth alone?
 If we whose virtue is so weak, should have a will so strong,
 And stand blind on the rocks to choose the right path from
 the wrong?—
 To choose, perhaps, a love-lit hearth instead of love and
 heaven;
 A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven times
 seven;
 A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the
 breast,
 Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the best.
 Then breaking into tears—"Dear God!" she cried; "and
 must we see
 All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to THEE?
 We cannot guess thee in the wood, or hear thee in the
 wind:
Our cedars must fall round us ere we see the light behind.
 Ay sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need thee on that
 road;
 But we being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on
 God."

We have noticed these two poems together, because we think the one has its completeness in the other, and both are required to the full development of the leading thought which runs through them. In both we have an exhibition of beautiful and lovely things—lovely, and deserving to be loved, because they are beautiful and true. In both, we are taught that this beauty is

not of the highest order; and that if, while loving it, we do not stretch forward to the love of a higher beauty, our idols will become dim, will cease to fill our hearts, or will be dashed to pieces before our eyes. Thus it is with nature, as she presents herself to the young, susceptible heart; and thus it is with that higher phase of the beautiful which comes in the fascinations of young affection. We cannot love the one or the other too well, if, at the same time, we keep open heart to a higher love. The "Lost Bower" is recovered; the "splendor in the grass, the glory in the flower," are restored by the "prayer," which "preserves them greenly to the last and uttermost;" and though, in the "Brown Rosary," poor Orona's human love was blighted beyond the power of prayer to revive it, her blighted earthly hopes were the soil in which sprung up for her the first heavenly flowers.

We have only further to express a hope, that the extracts we have laid before our readers will impress them with a favorable opinion of Mrs. Browning's poetry. It is a source of high and pure delight to us, and we wish, therefore, that its gifted authoress were better known in this northern land. It bears the test of re-perusal better than most poetry with which we are acquainted; which comes, we presume, from the combination and fusion of strong thought with the finest feeling. It w as not without reason, and Alfred Tennyson need not take it amiss, that Mrs. Browning was named in some quarters for the laureateship, on the death of Wordsworth.

THEY FADE.

Thus fade they, ever, ever—
 To fade is beauty's doom;
 They come as *hopes*, but never
 May ripen into bloom.
 A little shadow chills them,
 The sun may scorch anon;
 The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
 And the beautiful are gone.

O hope not ever, ever,
 A bright thing shall endure!
 If it be but "very beautiful,"
 The end of it is sure.
 Hopes dear as life, an angel wife—
 A child—a darling one—
 The frost-wind calls, the shadow falls,
 And the beautiful are gone.

Death is a tasteful spoiler,
 He hath a dainty eye—
 The young for him, and the light of limb,
 Though weary ones are by.
 He will steal into a circle,
 With his shadow darkening on,
 And the frost-wind calls, and the shadow falls,
 And the beautiful are gone.

Yet stay thee not, oh, angel!
 It is thy mission here;
 And all are thine, by grant divine,
 The fresh leaf, and the sere.
 But only come for me too,
 With the beautiful anon;
 I will journey with thee gladly,
 To know where they are gone.

A PLEA FOR OLD TREES.

THERE are few things which I like better to meet with in my wanderings, than an old tree. When I see one upon which the storms of some hundred winters have wasted themselves, sad and solemn feelings always come over me; I feel as if I could linger long about it; and sometimes, strange as it may appear, I could even prostrate myself before it, in mute awe and admiration. It is not that there is anything very *beautiful* in an old tree—sometimes it is even the reverse; and when I pause to look at some broken trunk, with scarce a mark of verdure remaining on it, my friend who is with me will pull my arm, and wonder what I see in *that* to stare at. But to me, an old tree brings with it *associations* of a very interesting and pleasing character; and it is for these that I love to look upon it, and feel a kind of friendship for it.

In the first place, the delightful idea of *constancy* associates itself with an old tree. Amidst the rush and push of this world's changes, there it has remained immovable for centuries; and whilst cities have crumbled away, and kingdoms have been revolutionized, and great empires have risen and fallen, it has "taken root downward, and borne fruit upward," and, year by year, its branches have spread themselves overhead as a green canopy, and it has helped to make the face of nature lovelier and more beautiful. There is one tree in my neighborhood—I think it is said that nine hundred years have rolled their clouds and played their lightnings over it—under which I remember gamboling when I was a child; and, though many changes have since then come over me, and I have had my share—I think sometimes, as I suppose most people do, *more* than my share—of dark days and sorrowful ones; though friends whom I had loved have forsaken me, and some have turned away from me, who I never thought would have done so; I go now occasionally, and I find the tree unaltered:—

So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man?

the marks of age, perhaps, are more apparent, but it smiles upon me as it did of old; and in recalling, as I almost can, the sweet and innocent thoughts and emotions which I indulged under it, and the remembrance of the dear departed

ones with whom I stood at its feet, I can almost bring back the days so long gone, and fancy myself a boy again. And I am not the only one whom this old tree has cheered thus and encouraged: it smiled upon others before it smiled on me; and it will continue to smile when I am gone and departed. The traveler has many a time looked upon it, as he has passed the village in which it stands; and the broken down soldier has recognized it with a tear, as he has returned after many battles to the quiet home of his boyhood. For many a year the swallow, returning from her annual visit to a milder climate, has always found its branches ready for her as a resting-place; and in many a summer, the panting flocks have sought and found under it a grateful shade. How many things are there which the world has less cause to be grateful to than it has to an old tree!

But an old tree has always associated with it thoughts of *the past*. How many persons have gazed upon it who will never gaze upon it again; and with what different emotions has it been gazed upon at different times, and by different classes of character! The noble has gazed upon it as he dashed by in his chariot; and the poor lame beggar, as he hobbled past on his crutch. Perhaps, in some dark night, when the moon was hidden behind the clouds, and scarce a star was seen in the firmament, and the cold wind blew, and the drizzling rain descended, which kept all but the wicked or the houseless wanderer within doors, the murderer may have arranged his plot; or even upon the very ground over which its shade is cast, he may have carried it into execution; and the old tree may have listened to the cry of the murdered man, and seen his blood as it mixed with the green grass around it. Centuries ago, the Druid may under it have offered his human sacrifice; and near it, may have rattled in the night wind the chains and bones which hung upon the gibbet. What tales it could tell, if it could but speak to us, of England in the olden time; and what revelations could it furnish of events, but now imperfectly pictured forth to us in the fictions of history! It has heard the old men talk of Alfred and of Canute, of the Conquest and William the Norman; the tales of the Plantagenets and the Lancasters have been told in its presence; it could speak to us of Magna

Charta and of the Crusades, of Harry the Eighth and the Reformation; it heard men talk with glistening eye of John Hampden and of Cromwell, and how they stood up gloriously against tyrants, and overthrew them; it listened to their deep murmurs at the tyranny of James, and to their shouts of delight at the accession of the Prince of Orange; it heard them while they talked in whispers of the Plague, and of the number dying daily, and how they were carried in carts, and thrown uncoffined into the grave; and it has seen how the world, amidst its ups and downs, has been going forward all the while; and how, from all things being a monopoly of the few, the rights of the many have come gradually to be recognized, so that the "greatest happiness of *all*" is likely yet to become the politics of the world. Old tree! wilt thou not open thyself to us, and reveal the secrets to which thou hast been a party?

There is one lesson which we may very properly

learn from the contemplation of an old tree. Amidst all the changes which have occurred around it, and notwithstanding the storms which have beaten upon it, it has stood firm and unmoved. How calmly it has witnessed the joys and sorrows, the crimes and miseries, of the world! Oh, to be as patient as the old tree amidst the storms and battles of life; ever, amidst changes and uncertainties, fulfilling our high duty and destiny!

I never like to see an old tree cut down. When the woodman's axe approaches it, and I observe upon it the mark which dooms it to destruction, my soul protests against the sacrilege. It seems as if a part of myself were gone, when an old familiar tree is removed—as if one of my ties to this green earth were snapped asunder. But perhaps it is better so. My friends of all kinds are dying away; and it is well that I should sometimes be reminded that I soon must follow them.

SPIRIT OF LOVE.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

"The spirit of love floats everywhere."

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be!

I send it in each wandering gale unto thee—
Each whispering tone to tell of vanished hours;
I send it in the voice of streams to woo thee—
In the soft breath of odorous leaves and flowers,

In the light stir of forest-boughs, fast filling
My list'ning heart with memories of thee,
I send the spirit of my deep love, thrilling
Unto thine own with its soul-melody.

I send it on the glancing wings that hover
bove thee, in the blue, transparent air;

Each bird-note echoing on thine ear, O rover,
A tender message to thy heart shall bear.

The crimson morn—noontide—the twilight falling;
Night, with the steadfast stars we love so well;
The meek-eyed moon the oiden times recalling—
In *each*, the spirit of my love shall dwell.

I send it in the beautiful, which liveth
Undying in the far depths of thy soul,
And in this voiceful spring, whose presence giveth
To *all my* hopes a happier control.

Afar, afar, upon the wings of morning,
I send the spirit of my love to thee,
Beyond the seas, where'er thou art sojourning,
O'er utmost earth, remote as it may be.

PREJUDICES AGAINST INNOVATION.

WHEN we consider the opposition which *every* change has had to encounter before it has been thoroughly adopted, we cannot be surprised by the spirit which has been evoked by such innovations as interfere in an especial manner with cherished associations. The changes in national costume forced on a people have been ever productive of the most bitter feelings, and often of the most fatal consequences. It is well known that an alteration in the uniform of the sepoy was the cause of one of the most fearful tragedies on record. It will be remembered that some military men at Madras, in the year 1806, ordered the helmet worn by the European light infantry to be substituted for the national turban, and prohibited the distinguishing marks of their respective castes worn by the native soldiers on their foreheads. These innovations were deeply resented, and an awful vengeance followed the new regulations. The particulars of the dreadful massacre are recorded in the public journals of the day. Of the European companies, upwards of 164 were cut off, with their officers—many British officers of the native troops, the sick in the hospital, and every person found in the officers' houses, were put to death—and 800 of the sepoyes were killed. The obnoxious regulation was withdrawn, but for a long time the spirit of disaffection continued to spread in all directions. The prohibition against the Highland costume is known to have produced deep and bitter feelings, for it was most fondly associated with all that was most dear—martial prowess, and the ties of clanship—and so picturesque, that it seemed to belong to the very scenery and poetry of the country. But a few years since, the public journals detailed the grief into which the Jews in one of the northern countries of Europe were plunged by the law which obliged them to change their accustomed garb; their weeping and wailing was described as most pitiable. One of the most pathetic airs ever composed, is said to have been the lament for the culan, or long lock worn by the Irish, and which they were compelled by law to cut off.

Some changes have, however, been so judicious, that we should be utterly at a loss to conceive how they could ever have been resisted, were we not aware how everything is

endeared by custom; and thus we find an explanation for the obstinate pertinacity with which old inconveniences were clung to. Every invention to lighten labor or save time has met with opposition from some quarter, in some cases entirely from interested motives, which have, not unfrequently, outweighed incalculable advantages. The expedient devised by a benevolent person, to prevent the deleterious effect of their employment to the needle-pointers, was of no use; health and years of life being willingly sacrificed for the high wages proportioned to the risk which was incurred. Dreadful riots followed the introduction of the power-loom. Indeed, every improvement in machinery has met with opposition in some direction.

There is no observation more just than that made by Sidney Smith, when he says, "There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions—turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, &c." There is, indeed, scarcely even an article in common use, that has not been made the object of so much invective or ridicule, that we wonder how they ever came to be considered necessary to comfort. Coaches, when first seen in England, were looked on as evidences of sloth and effeminaey derogatory to the English character. Umbrellas, when first brought over from Italy, were not less the objects of dislike and ridicule. A person seen to carry one through the street was sure to be hooted and laughed at by the mob, as a mere dandy of his day. The prejudice against forks, when newly invented, was so great that they were supposed by many to be a device of Satan to offer an affront to Providence, who had furnished human beings with fingers for the conveyance of food to the mouth. It has been no unusual thing thus to ascribe some of the most useful discoveries and inventions to diabolical intervention. Antimony and bark, now held as such inestimable drugs in medical practice, were supposed to have been brought into notice through the same evil agency. Bark had been brought into Europe by the Jesuits, who distributed quantities of it among the poor who were laboring under intermittent fevers and agues. The cures which it wrought, and the quickness with which they were effected, were made the





great objection to its use. "The cures," said they, with a significant shake of the head, "are too rapid." A preacher, from his pulpit, denounced it, as having been prompted by the devil.

Inoculation for the small-pox was first tried in England on seven condemned criminals, who, on recovery, were pardoned. It might have been supposed that such a successful experiment of its efficacy would have established its value; but it had no such effect, and medical men continued to inveigh against it for a time. Pamphlets were written, condemnatory of the impious attempt to interfere with the decrees of Providence. In the sermon of an admired preacher, it was insisted on that all who infused the variolous ferment were hellish sorcerers, and that inoculation was the diabolical invention of Satan. These tirades had considerable effect on the public mind, and for a long time retarded the benefit of the great discovery. Vaccination, in its turn, became the subject of bitter invective. The tales propagated against it filled the minds of the weak and ignorant with horror; pamphlets were written, and sermons were preached, to put the unsuspecting on their guard against this new device of Satan. "God," said they, "gave us the small-pox; it is sinful to interrupt it by the cow-pox." Hand-bills were pasted on the walls through the streets, warning the people against it. In some of them, a detailed account was given of one who had submitted to vaccination, and who soon had horns growing out of his head. It is thus a medical contemporary and opponent of Jenner wrote on the subject—"Future ages will read with wonder the history of the cow-pox credulity of our nation; and of the headlong precipitancy with which the children of this country were committed to a medical experiment at the risk of their lives. This modern *exposing* of children sinks our boasted human tenderness beneath the guardian spirit of instinct. That a people should be found to contaminate their offspring with a poison taken from the brute creation, of the origin, nature, and effects of which they had not the smallest knowledge, will stand among the incredible tales of some future Pliny."

We all know the cruel persecutions which Galileo underwent for his astronomical discoveries; thrice imprisoned, ordered to recant his heretical theory of the earth, and his work on the Ptolemaic and Copernican systems publicly burnt; Virgilius, bishop of Salzburg, condemned to expire in the flames the heresy of which he had been guilty in his assertion that there were

antipodes; Cornelius Agrippa, accused of being a magician, and compelled to flee his country, for having exhibited some of the philosophical experiments which we are accustomed to see every day—deprived of his resources, and ending his days in an hospital; Galen, driven from Rome by the persecution of the physicians, who ascribed his success to magic; Harvey, seeing his great discovery of the circulation of the blood made the subject of a bitter controversy, and so protracted, that he scarcely lived to see his theory established.

But it would be needless, and lead us into too great length, were we to enumerate those whose labors met with no better reward than the calumnies of superstition and the persecution of bigotry. Even in the better times which we have seen, we know that geologists had to hear, and strange to say, still have to hear, that the tendencies of their pursuit lead to the most deplorable results. "When," said Robert Fulton, "I was building my first steam-boat at New York, the project was viewed by the public either with indifference or with contempt, as a visionary scheme. My friends, indeed, were civil, but they were shy. They listened with patience to my explanations, but with a settled look of incredulity on their countenances. As I had occasion to pass daily to and from the building-yard, while my boat was in progress, I have often loitered unknown near the idle group of strangers gathering in little circles, and heard various inquiries as to the object of this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, or sneer, or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense—the dry jest, the wiser calculation of losses and expenditure, the dull but endless repetition of the 'Fulton folly.' Never did a single encouraging remark, a bright hope, or a warm wish, cross my path. Silence itself was but politeness veiling its doubts or hiding its reproaches. At length the day arrived when the experiment was to be put into operation. To me it was a most trying and interesting occasion. I invited many friends to go on board to witness the first successful trip. Many of them did me the favor to attend, as a matter of personal respect; but it was manifest that they did it with reluctance, fearing to be the partners of my mortification and not of my triumph. I was well aware that in my case there were many reasons to doubt of my own success. The machinery was new and ill-made; many parts of it were constructed by mechanics unaccustomed to such work; and unexpected difficulties might reasonably be presumed to present themselves from

other causes. The moment arrived in which the word was to be given for the vessel to move. My friends were in groups on the deck. There was anxiety mixed with fear among them. They were silent, and sad, and weary. I read in their looks nothing but disaster, and almost repented of my efforts. The signal was given, and the boat moved on a short distance, and then stopped, and became immovable. To the silence of the preceding moment now succeeded murmurs of discontent, and agitations, and whispers, and shrugs. I could hear distinctly repeated, 'I told you it would be so—it is a foolish scheme—I wish we were well out of it.' I elevated myself upon a platform, and addressed the assembly. I stated that I knew not what was the matter; but, if they would be quiet, and indulge me for half an hour, I would either go on, or abandon the voyage for that time. This short respite was conceded without objection. I went below, examined the machinery, discovered that the cause was a slight mal-adjustment of some of the work. In a short period it was obviated. The boat was put again in motion. She continued to move on. All were still incredulous; none seemed willing to trust the evidence of their senses. We left the fair city of New York, we passed through the romantic and ever varying scenery of the Highlands, we descried the clustering houses of Albany, we reached its shore, and then, *even then*, when all seemed achieved, I was the victim of disappointment. Imagination superseded the influence of fact; it was then doubted if it could be done again, or if done, it was doubted if it could be made of any great value."

The application of steam has been an achievement of which science may well be proud. The predictions of what it was yet to accomplish, were not met with the spirit of persecution which assailed former discoveries and inventions from which the human race has reaped most precious benefits. But most certainly they were at first received with coldness, and often with ridicule.

The celebrated "London Quarterly Review," in 1825, in an article, on "Canals and Railways," said: "We scout at the idea of a *general* railroad, as altogether impracticable, or as one, at least, which will be rendered nugatory in lines where the traffic is so small that the receipts would scarcely pay for the consumption of coals. As to those persons," it says, "who speculate on making railroads general throughout the kingdom,

and superseding all the canals, all the wagons, mail and stage coaches, post chaises, and in short every other mode of conveyance by land or by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice."

The Review goes on to quote, We find a countryman of Mr. Telford writing thus:—"We shall be carried at the rate of 400 miles a-day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steam-boat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned." "It is," the Review adds, "certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, by means of a high-pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while on shore, that they are not to be scalded to death, or drowned by the bursting of the boiler, and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off or breaking of a wheel. But, with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate. Their property they may perhaps trust; but, while one of the finest navigable rivers in the world runs parallel to the purposed railroad, we consider the other 20 per cent. which the subscribers are to receive for the conveyance of heavy goods almost as problematical as that to be derived from the passengers. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway for any sum."

This article, when written, responded to the sentiments of the most influential part of the community; and it is curious to observe how utterly unprepared the public were for the fulfillment of predictions which they ascribed to a wild enthusiasm, and which they considered it a duty to keep in some kind of check. But science and genius have gone beyond the expectations of the most sanguine; and all seem ready to grant, that what they may yet lead to is beyond human calculation. Discoveries are no longer looked on with mistrust and timid apprehension; but *what next?* is the feeling, if not the question, of all. Steam and electricity, those powerful agents, are already affecting the destinies of man in all directions, and rendering our earthly abode every day more like that of purely spiritual beings, who pass through space with unobstructed celerity, and exchange words and thoughts from the most remote distances.

DIGNITY.

FROM THE WASTE-DRAWER OF A CLERGYMAN.

COULD any superior intelligences take an interest in observing the current of our social life, as naturalists contemplate the habits of inferior races, what a fund of amusement would they find in the working of human notions of dignity! No class of beliefs is entertained with so much of variety and paradox. One nation's legends on the subject are in complete opposition to those of another, and the faith of almost every age is contradicted by that of its successor. In the caliphate of Bagdad, the public executioner ranked next to the prime minister, and his official title was Mesour, or the happy; while in Europe everything connected with the same office was deemed so disgraceful that the magistrates of a German town were once obliged to proceed in a body, with all the insignia of civic authority, and commence the repairs of the gallows, in hopes that their example might induce some workmen to complete that favorite engine of Gothic law. The Danes reproached Alfred of England with reading Latin like a priest; and now Virgil and Horace may be said to lead the van of an English gentleman's education. When Lord Shaftesbury, being high chancellor, informed his royal patron in full levee that, "for a subject, he believed himself the most profligate man in his majesty's dominions;" and a country squire, descending on the insolence of his servant, observed that "the fellow forgot his station, and swore like a gentleman," the suitabilities (to venture a new plural) of elevated positions must have been somewhat different from the present acceptation. Well might the old poet say, "The glories of our birth and state are shadows, not substantial things." Distorted shadows some of them have been, and it is well that they at least are not substantial. Ideas of dignity, if not restricted, are certainly common to mankind; and, whether originating in vanity, self-esteem, or a desire for the respect of others, much of the absurd and preposterous has in all times hung about their demonstrations, and future investigators will smile at those of the nineteenth century.

Dignity has been the source of many an old and troublesome institution. Hence came the

easte system of India, interwoven with eastern mythology, and established in earlier times, under various modifications, in all the nations of the earth. From the same root was derived the science and mystery of heraldry, so important in Europe's untaught and pageant-loving days. Thence, too, originated the whole ceremonial of etiquette, known to the world's courts and castles, from the nine prostrations of the Chinese before the statue of the sun's brother, alias the reigning emperor, to the famous ordinance of Queen Charlotte, against saluting any but titled ladies.

Among the remnants of Celtie literature there is a satirical poem, called "The Woman of Three Cows," which contains a sharp expostulation with an ameient dame for the *hauteur* she exhibited, in virtue of the above-named possession. Others rest on some imaginary or self-devised distinction. The industrious lady mentioned by Addison, who would have her daughters spin huckaback for the household, but only on little wheels, as large ones, however expeditious, were used by common people, and therefore inadmissible, was an example of the kind in her age. There are also those who put on borrowed glory like a garment, and become great in their relations. A titled cousin or a distinguished uncle has been the innocent cause of injury to the social habits and manners of many a family.

A German poet, who, by the way, lived and died a bachelor, gave it, as the result of his experience, that the near relations, and particularly the children, of celebrated *litterateurs* were in general disagreeably vain, and apt to cut a more eccentric than respectable figure in life. The single poet might have been given to fault-finding with other people's children for their natural pride in a distinguished relative, but honors entirely derived have seldom been either gracefully worn or turned to good account. Nearly allied to this form is family pride. That Gothic pillar has supported the dignity of unreckoned numbers in the course of centuries. The Dalmatian who could not plough his only field because his ancestors had been chiefs of the Haiduks, confided in it quite as much as Louis XVI. of France,

when, just before the first revolution, he issued a decree, ordaining that none should expect presentation at court who could not exhibit a clear pedigree of four hundred years. The assigned cause of this ordinance was, that sundry family trees of doubtful origin had sprung up in the preceding reigns: and there is an anecdote in point of Vauban, the celebrated military engineer. He had done the state some service in frontier fortifications—at least, Cardinal Richelieu thought so—and it was proposed to reward him by means of an order; but Vauban was of plebeian descent, and the ribbon could be bestowed on nothing less than nobility. The cardinal was considerate enough to send him an intimation of the intended honor and its obstruction, with a consolatory hint that under his patronage any herald could make out a genealogy. “Tell the cardinal that I thank him,” responded the truly noble engineer to this courtly message; “but say also that I am not in the habit of paying for pride with truth;” and history mentions that Vauban received the order.

Family pride, though not unknown at any historical period, appears to have been peculiarly the growth of the feudal times. It was well fitted for a state of society in which the few were lords and the many their vassals; but little did those proud barons, who gloried in ancestors and quarterings, think what burlesque editions of their trust in family honors should appear in more equalizing ages. The sweep who commanded his son, on pain of being disinherited, to give up all thoughts of a neighboring tailor’s daughter, as a connection beneath one whose grandfather had swept the flues of Windsor Castle, must have caught the mantle of their spirit, though its descent was far. One of the most ludicrous circumstances of this kind that probably ever occurred, took place between two emigrant Highlanders in this country. They were of the same patronymic, but had taken different sides in an electioneering question, and one of them, the better to influence the votes of his emigrant countrymen in the locality, reminded them of his descent from chieftains, whether real or imaginary it is needless to inquire, by assuming the well-known title of “the Macnab;” upon which his opponent, not to be outdone at once in rank and voters, announced himself to the amused public as “the other Maenab,” and each bore their respective titles, it is said, much longer than they were found agreeable. The pride of family may have served a good purpose at times, when it operated after the fashion of the Barmecide’s advice to his son—“Consider thine ancestors only to excel them;” but it is to be feared that, with those by

whom it has been most cherished, the having of ancestors, in the ordinary acceptation, was deemed sufficient excellency. To no idea of dignity have greater sacrifices been made. There is a dark picture, true to history, though often repeated in the fictitious literature of France. It is an aristocratic family, reduced to absolute penury by the extravagance of elder barons, and the code of the noblesse which forbade any of their branches to engage at all in business, occupying an apartment or two in a vast but decaying chateau, whence, from one generation to another, the sons and daughters, all excepting the heir, were transmitted to convent and monastery as soon as they reached eighteen, being literally born to the veil and cowl.

Such details verify the remarks of a modern philosopher, that pride is the Juggernaut of the moral world. The autobiography of Count Chateaubriand presents us with a companion-sketch taken from his father’s household. They kept but two aged servants, and lived in a few rooms of their huge castle, including the great saloon, one end of which served them for a drawing-room and the other for a dining-parlor. They saw no company, had no books to read, and seldom went out even to church, for want of equipments suited to their rank. The head of the family spent his time in musing over his fallen fortunes, and supported his dignity by rarely speaking to his wife and children, who were expected to keep silence in his presence. The only amusement permitted to his noble birth was that of the sportsman, and, having no other hunting ground, he shot owls as they flew out of the ivy of his towers on summer evenings, and in winter pored over a moth-eaten chest of family papers in an old turret chamber called his study.

The inconsistency which runs throughout human affairs, whether of faith or practice, is prominent in many notions of dignity. At Venice, in the days of her glory, none but the nobility were allowed to game, yet, it is curious that, in that city as well as in other old commercial towns of Italy, such as Florence and Genoa, mercantile pursuits, so far from being considered vulgar, were almost confined to the aristocracy during the middle ages, while they were regarded as utterly plebeian over all the rest of Europe. An ancestor of the revolutionary orator, Count Mirabeau, who was of Italian origin, and had established himself with his merchandise at Marseilles, once had a dispute with the bishop, who, by way of contempt, called him a merchant. “A merchant of spicè I am,” rejoined the Italian, “but you are only a merchant of holy water, and that closed the contest.

Somewhat akin to self-magnifying notions on the ground of birth and descent, is that overwhelming veneration for the dignity of superior rank. A notable devotee of the order was the naval captain who, when referring to the captain of a Spanish privateer in the sea-faring days of William IV., observed that "the Spaniards had the honor to be taken by the vessel on board of which his royal highness served." A chemist once performing an experiment in the presence of Louis XIV., was still more reverential: "Sire," said he, with a profound bow, "graciously deign to permit these substances to coalesce in your august presence."

During the exile of Charles II., his mimic court was kept in a constant ferment by the rivalry of Lord Herbert, and Clarendon, the well known historian, for the possession of the great seal, which had lain for years at the bottom of an old trunk, and was long superseded by one of the parliament's fabrication in England. Perhaps some scent, or hope of the chancery, "hung round it still;" but, at length, when all Europe had either openly or tacitly recognized the authority of Cromwell, and the whole court, according to Clarendon's own letters, owed at least three months' board and lodging, which he piously hoped some of their descendants might pay, the historian of the Rebellion was victorious, for the king suspended the seal by a black ribbon round his neck, and Lord Herbert is said to have died of grief at his disappointment. Clarendon lived to carry that seal before the restored king on his march to Whitehall, with the chancellorship and all its substantialities in full possession—lived to gain much outward greatness, do some shabby things, and fall out of royal favor, carrying with him only the hatred of the multitude and a broken reputation, over which partisans have ever since disputed. The story of Clarendon's fall affords an example of the doings of dignity quite

as curious as those contemplated in his elevation, though of a different kind. The chancellor's enemies at court could never make the king forget his long and faithful services, till they hit upon the expedient of saying to Charles whenever he appeared, "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster." The monarch, whose habits and character sanctioned such a form of address, immediately took alarm that his dignity should be suspected of stooping to instruction, and Clarendon's dismissal was determined.

How deplorably frequent are the corresponding cases of private life! Wise and loving counsel has been despised, the bond of mutual interest forgotten, and the friendship of years set at naught by the dignity of both peer and peasant in fear of presumed dictatorship. Are there any who have never heard worthless associates mention a man's best friend, or it may be his help-mate, in the style of "Old Rowley, there comes your schoolmaster?" The pranks which dignity is apt to play with people's manners are but too generally known. Perhaps a seat in either church or dining-room, beside a lady impressed with the necessity of supporting it, would furnish the most familiar if not the pleasantest illustration. Some philosophers have remarked that an overstraining after dignity is the liability of the masculine rather than the feminine character, and its absence is certainly an advantage to the latter. In all stations, the desire of respect is not only natural but praiseworthy, nor is it less so that men should avail themselves of fortune's aids for the purpose; but the respect of even ordinary minds, whatever machinery of airs or circumstances may be brought to bear upon them, can only be secured by conduct which is really respectable. Socrates once being asked what were the most honorable among men and things, answered, "Those that are wisest and best;" and his reply embodied the truest notions of dignity.

THE IDEAL.

BY R. H. STOCKDARD.

A soft ideal, long beloved,
But long beloved in vain,
In memory's gallery hangs alone,
The picture of my brain!

It is not young, nor beautiful;
But worn with sin and care,

Like her who washed the feet of Christ,
And wiped them with her hair!

But oh! the sweetness of the face—
The sadness of the eye;
It haunts my soul by day and night,
And will until I die!

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.

HAPPINESS is that bright particular star whose genial rays are ever pleasing to the human eye and exhilarating to the human spirit. What the law of attraction is to the physical world, happiness is to the moral world; it attracts and centres in itself the feelings and emotions of the heart, and the thoughts and aspirations of the mind. Every human being is in pursuit of bliss, however much he may be mistaken in his conception of it, and the means which he uses to obtain its possession. The essence of it is divine and pure, and it is the result of a due appreciation of, and due conformity to, the will of God, as it is revealed in creation and the Bible. By this we mean that God is the author of all happiness, and that man can only secure it by shaping his conduct according to those lines of duty that are written in light and love in his works and word. When we speak of happiness, we do not allude to that illusory and chameleon-like thing called pleasure, by which so many of our fellow-creatures are deluded. Not that we object to rational and lawful pleasures—we rather commend them; but we consider them as subordinate means of happiness. They are only tributary streams, emptying themselves into that deep and unfathomable sea of happiness which was designed to fertilize and bless the world of humanity. The elements of bliss are around, above, and within us; we read of them in the past, we see them in the present, and we dream of them in the future.

It is truly lamentable that so few, comparatively, should understand the real nature and characteristics of happiness. Some seek it in ambition, power, and pomp; others in the trifles and gewgaws of life; and a third class wear the manacles of passion, appetite, and lust; and yet they think that they are bound by the golden chain of happiness. Their mental vision is obscured, and their moral nature perverted, so that they cannot perceive and value so heavenly a thing. They mistake the instruments of happiness for the thing

itself, and too often, alas! misuse them, so as to convert them into positive curses. We do not agree with Scotia's plowman-bard,

That man was made to mourn:

the germs of happiness are implanted in our nature, and we are accountable for their development and perfection. We can fully sympathize with Byron when he says,

Our nature's false—'tis not in the harmony of things,

because he felt the truth and power of what he wrote. His heart was out of tune with all surrounding objects, and consequently there was discord instead of harmony. If we allowed ourselves to be influenced by appearances, we should be led to infer that misery (or the opposite of happiness) was a necessity of man's nature. The empire of this million-phased monster is extensive, and he rules with a rod of iron. But however much we may deplore the existence of misery, it is a consolatory and well-ascertained fact, that it is not a necessary evil, but that it is to a great extent self-inflicted, and therefore may be remedied by personal and social reformation. Man was made for happiness. It is an inheritance given to him by his Maker, but it has been lost through sin and folly. But there is a possibility of regaining it again; and that which is now a dream, a wish, a prayer, may become a great fact, a splendid reality. The sources of happiness are laid deep in man's moral and intellectual nature. Men must be taught to look for them there, and not in the pleasures of sense. The former are of paramount importance, the latter are fleeting and transitory. No happiness is so holy as that of purifying and exalting our moral feelings, and developing and enlarging our mental faculties. By this means we shall fit ourselves for the enjoyment of everything that can bless and elevate humanity.

Sing to Me.

SUNG BY MISS CATHARINE HAYES.

MUSIC BY C. A. OSBORNE.

mf

Oh! sung, oh! sing youth, to friends me past and gain, With
Friends of my friends gone,

f

plain - tive voice that well-loved strain; It brings back childhood's
Scenes of bright days, . . . long, long flown, Though you . . . can ne'er be

hours, its sun - ny fields and bowers, When the heart was free from pain.
mine, While mem'ry's light doth shine, Your joys are all my own.

OH! SING TO ME.

Oh! sing,
Oh! sing,
sing that strain a - gain
sing that strain a - gain
And all my ear - ly
And all my ear - ly

joys re - store.
 joys re - store.
 Oh! sing,
 Oh! sing,
 sing to me that strain, that strain,
 sing to me that strain, that strain,

cres.

strain,
strain,
And let me be the child a - gain;
And let me be the child a - gain;
Oh! sing, Oh! sing to me a -
Oh! sing, Oh! sing to me a -

f

tan - - - do.

gain
gain
that strain,
that strain.





LEONARD BACON, D. D.

EARLY PIETY.

BY REV. DR. BACON.

THE piety which takes its date from early youth; which grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength of the mind in all its faculties; which sheds its benignant influence on all the features of the character; and which has full opportunity to exert its purifying and ennobling tendency, while the very substance of the soul, as it were, is yet unformed and plastic, acquires a consistency, a symmetry, a strength and "beauty of holiness," which is rarely acquired in any other way. The character of such an one is worth more to the church, worth more to the honor of God, and to the interests of man, than the character of the same individual could be, had he spent many years in mere worldliness, and then at last, after all his habits of thought and action had acquired the stubbornness of age, first experienced the power of religion.

The young have the entire period of their activity before them, and may be permitted to spend many years in works of usefulness. Let the old man be converted, as he totters along on the margin of another world; and what is there which he can do for God or for men? His own soul is indeed saved from passing into eternity unreconciled to God, and unforgiven; but what is there which he can do, what works meet for repentance can he perform, as the shadows fall dark and heavy on his path, and the gray evening of that night in which no man can work, is already closing around him? What can he do to advance the salvation of the world? What can he do to send down to after ages a strong and holy Christian influence? He can only offer to God a few faded and decaying fragments of existence; he can only breathe out, with the tremulous asthmatic utterance of age, one feeble dying testimony, and he is gone to that land of silence where there is no work, nor knowledge, nor device. But the young Christian, while he may be trained, as we have already noticed, to a higher and nobler measure of piety, may also be allowed to devote, to the active service of God, all those years which the aged convert regrets having spent to no important purpose. If his life is spared, he will soon be sustaining his part in the

vast and complicated drama of human action. All his influence on the men of his own generation, all his influence on the well-being of the ages that shall follow him, is something yet to be; and now that he has first given himself to God, we may hope to see that influence consecrated to the noblest and holiest ends. We may hope that in all the relations which he is yet to sustain in life, domestic, social, and public, as well as religious, he will be serving God and advancing the best interests of man. We may hope that through all the channels of human influence, he will be continually sending forth upon the world a salutary energy; and that ere his head shall blossom for the grave, he will have done much to breathe into the character of ages yet unborn, the spirit of Christian intelligence and Christian virtue. That "aged one" who could say when the time of his departure was at hand, I am ready to be offered, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, was converted while he was yet "a young man."

The most important peculiarity in the constitution of society under which we live, that indeed into which almost every other peculiarity may be resolved, is the perfect freedom of opinion and of moral influence which is here secured to all; the fact that here there is nothing to check or control the mutual influence of the individual members of the community. Every man has an opportunity to exert on society all the moral influence of which he is capable. Here are no privileged orders, no hereditary distinctions, no ecclesiastical establishments, no ancient and sacred immunities, no unrepeatable constitutions, to bound or curb the tides of popular opinion. The character and the mutual influence of individual citizens, is under God, the only thing on which the destinies of the nation hang. Whatever the people will is done; and they will just that which their character, and their influence on each other, lead them to regard as desirable. Government is nothing; law is nothing; constitutions and compacts are nothing; public character and public opinion, in other words the character and opinions and mutual influence of individuals, is everything. And while the influence of indi-

viduals is so momentous, and the power of public opinion so unlimited, every man is at liberty to push his influence in just what direction he chooses, and to the greatest extent which his faculties will allow. If a man chooses to propagate intemperance, libertinism, infidelity, atheism, any form of profligacy, or any monstrous or abominable doctrine whatever, he has every facility for doing it. If a man is careless what opinions prevail, or what sort of influence he exerts, there is nothing to hinder him from being borne whithersoever the conflicting winds and currents may happen to carry him. If a man is impelled by the benevolence of Christianity, and glows with desires to inculcate on others the same principles which are so rich a treasure to himself, no power can restrain him from doing it. If individuals of kindred spirit, whether few or many, choose to associate for the more extensive propagation of what they regard as truth and virtue, they have no need to petition any body for the privilege of doing it; they cannot be hindered from doing it, save by the absolute subversion of the first principles of our social constitution. Christians are allowed to do all the good they can; infidels, so long as they abstain from actual violence, are allowed to do all the evil they can; and there is no power but God's which can prevent the inert, neutral, and indifferent portions of society from being swayed by just that party which proves itself the most united, earnest, and efficient in its efforts.

Nor is this all. It needs no spirit of prophecy to predict, that the greatest results are soon to be decided in regard to the destiny of this nation. But what shall be the character, and what the condition, of the millions that shall people our territories, and of their countless posterity, is a question not yet decided. Whether Christianity or infidelity is to form their characters, and to model and inspire their institutions, is a question not yet decided. Whether they are to be one people, free, united, intelligent and peaceful, or are to be divided into hostile states, under strong and military governments, watering each other's fields with blood, and giving each other's harvests and dwellings to the flames, is a question yet to be decided. Whether the vales and mountain-tops of this wide empire shall be adorned with the spires of Christian churches; whether the Sabbath shall smile on all the cities and hamlets of the land, bringing to the universal population its weekly repose and its holy influences; or whether the temples of infidel reason and the temples of a degrading superstition shall triumph over the temples of Immanuel; and

the orgies of atheism, the howlings of fanaticism, and the pomp of superstitious worship, shall drown the voice of pure and spiritual devotion, are questions yet to be decided. Soon, even while the generation which is now young, is on the stage of action—soon, even by their character and their conduct, these results, now so uncertain, that affect so deeply the well being of this vast portion of the human race, will probably be determined and developed.

The great moral conflict which is now going on in this land, is, in fact, a conflict on the question whether light or darkness, truth or falsehood, vital religion or sheer impiety, shall get the control over the rising generation. Neither party in this conflict, calculates on effecting any extensive revolution in the minds of those who have already attained to the age of maturity. It is on the young that the hopes and fears and efforts of both, are centering. Every youth imbued with the spirit of evangelical devotion, and trained for intelligent and decided Christian action, will probably be a witness for the truth, a strenuous supporter of virtue and godliness, an earnest opposer of all evil, a self-denying partaker in every benevolent and Christian effort, in that most momentous and critical age, on the confines of which we are already standing. So, on the other hand, every youth whose sober habits are perverted, and whose mind is poisoned, by the adroit and indefatigable efforts of infidel demagogues, calculating on the future suffrages of a corrupted and besotted people, will probably becomes ere he is himself aware of it, a frantic infidel, making his forehead like brass, and braying forth his blasphemies against all that is holy. While "the combat deepens," and the energies of the parties are more desperately put in requisition, the influence of each individual will assume an importance the greater, and a responsibility the more fearful, in proportion as it is the more closely connected with the final issue.

With what importance then does this thought invest the piety of the young. On the character of the generation which is to follow us, are depending great results, not only in respect to our own country, but no less in respect to the well-being of the human race. The enterprises which have been so auspiciously commenced in these days, will soon devolve on the Christians of another age. On those who are now in early youth, or in childhood and infancy, it must soon devolve to prosecute these enterprises with a holier zeal, and with an energy invigorated by the nearer prospect of universal victory; or to abandon them and let the whole creation continue to

groan and travail in pain together as until now, waiting to be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. How important then, is the conversion, the early conversion of those who are soon to act under responsibilities so momentous. Every such conversion, we may hope, will, in a few years, tell on the conversion of the world. Every youth who now becomes a humble, decided, self denying Christian, will soon possess, if his life is prolonged, the energies of manhood, guided by mature devotion, and impelled by an equable and fervent zeal; and will be called to exert those energies, we may hope, at that critical point in the history of the world's salvation, when every mite of influence contributed to the cause of holiness, will derive an augmented value, from the instant pressure of thick-coming events.

Nor can we fail to notice the dark and peculiar atrocity of that wickedness, which aims at the corruption of the young. All wickedness tends to propagate itself, by its native contagion. But there are men with whom the propagation of evil is not only a matter of course, but still more a matter of choice and calculation; men who take a fiendish pleasure in extending the principles and the practice of sin. There are men with whom it is a business to instill into the minds of others, especially of the young, such prejudices and opinions, and to excite there such passions, as will ensure their bitter and persevering enmity against religion and virtue. There are everywhere, especially in our cities, men, the very recruiting sergeants of the great enemy of God and man, who love to gain a baleful influence over the inexperienced and unsophisticated young; to introduce them gradually, as the decay of conscience in the bosoms of the poor victims will allow, into the haunts and mysteries and orgies of iniquity; to teach them the language of devils; to put to their lips, and lure them to taste, the fatal poison, hot with the fires, and mixed with the sorceries of the world of perdition; to bind them hand and foot, the slaves of Satan; to shut them up by the power of prejudice and passion, and by the mutual domination of copartnership in sin, so that no better influence,

no voice of love, can effectually reach them; and thus to secure their moral ruin in this world, and, if there is any truth in the Bible, their perdition in the world to come. Could we hope to reach the ear, and to ring one startling note on the dull conscience of such a man, we would tell him, It is not merely for the deep grief of those fathers whose hopes have "expired under the contagion" of your example and your principles; it is not for the anguish of many a broken-hearted mother, or the tears and shame of many a desolate sister, it is not for these alone that we regard you with abhorrence. Nor is it only for the fact that you are sealing these individual souls for a miserable eternity; awful as is the thought of what you are doing in this respect, it is not for this only that we shudder to look upon you. It is that you are corrupting another generation, and training these victims for a wickedness as atrocious as your own; are, sending them down to be in their turn and in their age the assassins of virtue and the murderers of souls, it is for this that you deserve to be loathed and abhorred by all who love the happiness of man. You cast deadly poison into a river, to flow down with its current, that all who dwell on its banks and drink of its waters may die. Your guilt has an atrocity unparalleled. Go, scatter the seeds of pestilence, light up the flames that shall consume our cities, perpetrate what stupendous wickedness you will, but leave us the virtues of our youth uncorrupted. All other calamities we can survive; all other calamities time will alleviate; all other calamities a benevolent Providence may ultimately convert into blessings to our posterity; but, for once, corrupt effectually and universally, as you are doing within your limited sphere, the principles and morals of our youth; and for that poison there is no antidote, in that moral desolation there is no hope, there can remain for other generations only a fearful looking for of the fiery indignation, which never fails to come on a people corrupted and rotten. Judge then what is your crime in the estimation of a holy God. You are laboring to destroy your country, and to spread a pall over the hopes of the world.

F A R E W E L L .

This shall be my prayer for thee,
That the Hand we may not see,
Still may guide and comfort thee.

Othermore I may not speak;
I am mortal, I am weak,
And my bursting heart might break.

Be thou happy. May thy feet
Trip through life, and find it sweet,
And in heaven we yet may meet.

Life, with all its ebb and swell,
Death, with hollow-sounding knell,
Centre here, in "Fare-thee-well."

OLD ENGLISH SACRED POETRY.

From the death of Chaucer to the reign of Henry VIII. a blank ensues in English literature. The Reformation which began under Henry, while it gave a vast impulse to the human mind in every department of thought, most especially affected the species of literature we are considering. The book of books was then unsealed; and we at the present day, when Bibles are in every house, can hardly conceive with what eager eyes its pages were pored over, and with what panting hearts its truth and promises were meditated. The stream, that had been for ages dammed up, was set free. The imagination, that had been priest-bound, leaped for joy to find itself at liberty to "wander through eternity," and form a paradise for itself, without consulting the formulas of the Church. Then Poetry, that had left the earth a prey to ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, descended again from the heaven to which she had flown, and resumed her sway over the hearts of men. The imaginations and affections, that had been shut out by spiritual despotism from the garden of religion, and had been driven to the haunts of vulgarity and earth-born vice, returned to drink at the holy wells that had so long been closed; the faith of the Christian and the aspirations of genius, which had been most unnaturally dissevered, were again united; the devotion of the worshipper and the enthusiasm of the bard flowed once more in the same channel; poet and prophet became one; the first fruits of genius were laid upon the altar; and God was honored, as he should have ever been, in the gifts he had bestowed.

And it might with reason have been expected, that the Scriptures, upon being opened to the public eye, should awaken and bring to life whatever of poetry lay concealed in the community. They are not only depositories of truths valuable to every individual, because connected intimately with every individual's present and future welfare, but they abound in brilliant pictures for the imagination; their solid and substantial contents are inlaid with the diamond ornaments of Eastern poetry, which throw a splendid lustre over their pages, making them as delectable to the taste, as they are invigorating to the moral and spiritual nature of man. It is true, the first attempts at sacred verse in England were rude, of which the version of the Psalms in Edward the Sixth's time,

by Sternhold and Hopkins, is an example. But a new era was about to commence. The sky of English literature was red with the rising glory of Spenser, and his Faery Queen walked forth with blended majesty and sweetneess to captivate all hearts. The poet designed in this work, it seems, "to represent all the moral virtues, assigning to every virtue a knight, to be the patron and defender of the same; in whose actions the feats of arms and chivalry, the operations of that virtue whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed; and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, are to be beaten down and overcome."

Among the early religious poets is Robert Southwell. He belonged to the society of Jesuits, and in 1592 was imprisoned on a charge of sedition. After an imprisonment of three years, he was condemned and executed at Tyburn. We copy the following verses from his lines "Upon the Picture of Death."

"The gown which I do use to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat,
And eke that old and ancient chair
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I."

"My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no, I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I."

Francis Davison is another of the early poets. He was the son of Mr. Davison, Secretary to Elizabeth. The genius with which he was gifted formed a beautiful compensation for the reverses of fortune that visited him. Like David, whom he copied, his harp was his companion in the wilderness of his sorrows, and it seems to have been ever vocal with the sweet strains of piety and love. The following verse from the 130th Psalm has music for the ear and the heart too.

"My soul, base earth despising,
More longs with God to be,
Than rosy morning's rising
Tired watchmen watch to see."

Giles Fletcher was author of a sacred poem called "Christ's Victory," first published in the year 1610. We agree with Mr. Willmott, that in the

following stanza "every word is full of beautiful meaning." A writer who could pen such lines ought surely to be rescued from dust and worms.

"No sorrow now hangs clouding on their brow,
No bloodless malady empales their face,
No age drops on their hairs his silver snow,
No nakedness their bodies doth embase,
No poverty themselves and theirs disgrace ;
No fear of death the joy of life devours,
No unchaste sleep their precious time deflowers,
No loss, no grief, no change, wait on their winged hours."

The life of Wither was a long one, and was crowded with interesting incidents. He lived during a period of great excitement and feverish activity, and his ardent temper forced him into the thickest press of the times. One of his earliest productions was a satirical poem entitled "Abuses Stript and Whipt," written by him in a season of disappointment, and, as is frequently the case with satire, more productive of harm to the writer than of good to the community. His imprudence in this work caused him to be thrown into prison. Here he suffered much; but his vigorous mind, conscious of honest intentions, rose above his situation, and he composed in the Marshalsea prison many poems, among others, "The Shepherd's Hunting," a pastoral of great beauty. The following extract from "A Prisoner's Lay," will show that Wither could derive from his gloomy dungeon the most sublime reflections.

"Or when through me though seest a man
Condemned unto a mortal death,
How sad he looks, how pale, how wan,
Drawing, with fear, his panting breath :
Think if in that such grief thou see,
How sad will 'Go, ye cursed' be !"

"Again, when he that feared to die
(Past hope) doth see his pardon brought,
Read but the joy that's in his eye,
And then convey it to thy thought :
Then think between thy heart and thee
How glad will 'Come, ye blessed' be !"

We wish we had room also for the exquisite address to Poetry from "The Shepherd's Hunting."

After Wither's liberation, appeared his poem called "The Motto." "Not the least singular part of 'The Motto,'" says his biographer, "is the frontispiece. The author is represented sitting on a rock, with gardens, houses, woods, and meadows, spread beneath him, to which he points with his finger, holding a ribband, on which is written *Nec habeo*, 'Nor have I.' At his feet is a globe of the earth, with the words, *Nec curro*, 'Nor care I.' The poet himself sits with eyes uplifted towards heaven, from which a ray of light descends, and from his lips proceed, *Nec carco*, 'Nor want I.'"

Among Wither's numerous works was the

"Preparation for the Psalter," "a specimen of a voluminous commentary upon the Psalms, which the author never completed." We give two verses from his paraphrase of the 148th Psalm.

"Let such things as do not live
In still music praises give :
Lowly pipe, ye worms that creep,
On the earth, or in the deep ;
Loud aloft your voices strain,
Beasts and monsters of the main.
Birds, your warbling treble sing ;
Clouds, your peals of thunder ring ;
Sun and moon, exalted higher,
And you, stars, augment the quire.

"Come ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place,
And, amid this mortal throng,
Be you masters of the song.
Angels and celestial powers,
Be the noblest tenor yours.
Let, in praise of God, the sound
Run a never-ending round ;
That our holy hymn may be
Everlasting, as is He."

Wither was present while the city of London was ravaged by the plague in 1625. His fortitude and piety are evinced when he gives the reason why he did not, like multitudes of others, desert the dangerous place. He says that he did "in affection thereunto make here his voluntary residence, when hundreds of thousands forsook their habitations, that, if God spared his life during that mortality, he might be a remembrancer both to this city and the whole nation." He gives a natural and impressive account of his experience during this sad period, in his poem called "Britain's Remembrancer."

In 1611 he published "The Halleluiah, or Britain's Second Remembrancer"; and with this poem, says his biographer, "the poetical life of Wither may be considered to have terminated." The remainder of his mortal career, which extended far into the shades of old age, was anything but poetical.

Francis Quarles was born in 1592. The best known of his poetical works is his *Emblems*, which is supposed to have appeared in 1635. The following extract illustrates his peculiarities.

PSALM.

"Ah ! whither shall I fly ! What path untrod
Shall I seek out, to 'scape the flaming rod
Of my offended, of my angry God ?

"Where shall I sojourn ? What kind sea will hide
My head from thunder ? Where shall I abide
Until his flames be quenched, or laid aside ?

"What if my feet should take their hasty flight,
And seek protection in the shades of night ?
Alas ! no shades can blind the God of light.

“What if my soul should take the wings of day,
And find some desert? If she springs away,
The wings of vengeance clip as fast as they.

“What if some solid rock should entertain
My frightened soul? Can solid rocks sustain
The stroke of Justice, and not cleave in twain?

“Nor sea, nor shade, nor shield, nor rock, nor cave,
Nor silent deserts, nor the sullen grave,
Where flame-eyed Fury means to smite, can save.

“Tis vain to flee; till Gentle Mercy show
Her better eye, the farther off we go,
The swing of Justice deals the mightier blow.

“The ingenuous child, corrected doth not fly
His angry mother's hand, but clings more nigh,
And quenches, with his tears, her flaming eye.

“Great God! there is no safety here below;
Thou art my fortress; Thou that seem'st my foe,
'Tis Thou that strik'st the stroke must guard the blow.”

And the man who wrote this is satirized by Pope
in the *Dunciad* thus:

“Or where the pictures for the page atone;
And Quarles is saved by beauties not his own.”

Gentle, pious Herbert comes next in the gallery
of old worthies and sacred poets. At one time
he had hopes of political preferment, but these
were blasted by the death of many of his noble
friends, particularly of James: and although
much disappointed, he brought himself, at length
to a surrender of the “painted pleasures of a
court life,” that he might devote himself to the
work of a Gospel minister. The following lines
on Grace are from his “Temple”:

“My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve;
O, let Thy graces, without cease,
Drop from above!

“If still the sun should hide his face,
Thy house would but a dungeon prove,
Thy works night's captives; O, let grace
Drop from above!

“The dew doth every morning fall,
And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove?
The dew, for which grass cannot call,
Drop from above!

“O come, for Thou dost know the way,
Or, if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
Drop from above!”

We abruptly conclude our brief article with
the following version of the 137th Psalm, by
Richard Crashaw:

“On the proud banks of great Euphrates' flood,
There we sate and there we wept;
Our harps that now no music understood,
Nodding on the willows, slept,
While unhappy, captive we,
Lovely Sion, thought on thee.

“They, they that snatched us from our country's breast,
Would have a song carved to their ears,
In Hebrew numbers, then (O cruel jest!)
When harps and hearts were drowned in tears:
'Come,' they cried, 'come sing and play
One of Sion's songs to-day.'

“Sing! Play! (ah! shall we sing or play,) To whom
If not, Jerusalem, to thee?
Ah thee, Jerusalem! ah, sooner may
This hand forget the mastery
Of music's dainty touch, than I
The music of thy memory.

“Which, when I lose, O may at once my tongue
Lose this same busy speaking art,
Unperched, her vocal arteries unstrung,
No more acquainted with my heart,
On my dry palate's roof to rest
A withered leaf, an idle guest.”

WHITHER GOEST THOU?

I stood upon a lofty hill,
And look'd upon the deep;
Below, a ship so calm and still,
Lay like a thing of sleep.
Soon, roused by gentle winds, afar,
The snow-white clouds of sail
Lessen'd, as some bright morning star,
Before the sun grows pale.
I watch'd its course till lost to view,
Behind the swelling hills of blue.

I saw, in thought, a human soul,
Dreaming of peace below;
I heard a solemn summons roll,
Like a mournful voice of woe.
Startled it woke from its pleasant dream,

And slowly took its flight
To the silent land, where things that seem,
Never delude the sight.
Upward it went till lost to view,
Hid by the overarching blue.
O ship! O soul! together bound
On journey long and lone,
Where shall thy resting-place be found
Within the great unknown!
For who shall pierce the distant sky
With weak and mortal sight;
Or see beyond the realms that lie
Outstretch'd in glory bright?
We can but raise our hearts for thee,
To Him who rules the sky and sea.

THE STRANGER'S GR

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

A FEW months since, while wandering over Europe, we saw in a cemetery, which is well known to foreign travelers for its solitary beauty, the grave of an American. The sight to us was one full of sadness, for it brought to our memory sorrowful scenes and hearts. We thought of those touching lines of Mrs Hemans:

"The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

"One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Above the noble slain:
He wrapt his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain.

"And one—o'er her the myrrh showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band."

The grave was grassed over and some stranger's hand had planted a bunch of violets at its head. It was a breezeless morning of June when we rested upon a rustic seat near the grave, and while we stayed there, thoughts of one, who was once dear to us, were busy at our heart.

Arthur Vinton, was the only son of a widow who lived humbly but respectably in a little village of New England. His father had been the pastor of his native town, but perished when Henry was young, leaving his wife a boy and girl, the cottage, and a half dozen acres of soil. As Arthur grew up he became not only his mother's pride but her stay and support. We have not time to delineate all the young man's struggles to gain an education, or tell how faithfully he loved his mother and his sister Agnes. He was passionately fond of painting, and from a mere boy had talked of going to Italy as the dearest wish of his heart, but *how* he ever could get there, steeped as he was in poverty, he knew not. Whenever he talked of going his mother sighed, and Agnes kissed his forehead, saying: "you will not leave us *so* desolate!"

But a rich man who saw some of his performances at last offered, benevolently, to send him two years to Rome. When the offer came Henry

was in poor health but his dark eyes lighted up with hope, his heart became buoyant, and he soon was ready to start. It was in vain that Agnes wept upon his shoulder, that his mother looked pale and sighed. I shall come back famous, and will "make you rich!" he said, and when they saw how his heart was set upon going they said no more. The stage was to call before day-break for him at the cottage, and late at night he laid his head upon his pillow—but not to sleep. He saw that his mother's heart was breaking, and that his gentle Agnes was drooping beneath her sorrow. It was a quiet village, they were all in all to each other; and only *such*, the poor and neglected, know how hard it is to part with a loved one.

Early in the morning he rose, and greeted his mother and sister. He knew by their faces that they had not slept any that night. He tried to make a breakfast but had no appetite. At last the stage drove up, and in the little porch in the morning starlight he bade them "Good-by!"

Those who leave homes scarcely ever know how lonely and sad are the places they desert. All that day Agnes felt as if her heart would faint, so cheerless and utterly desolate was their home. It was not for a week that she dared go up to his little chamber. Some of his things were there still, a brush he had used in painting, a few pictures, and a volume of poetry. She sat down, and leaning her head forward upon the table, cried as if her heart would break.

By this time Arthur was upon the ocean, and had felt the sublimity of its grand scenery. There was a constant succession of new sights and he was not lonely; but he did not forget for an hour the dear hearts at home.

After a long voyage the vessel arrived at Leghorn, and Arthur started on towards Rome. A strong desire forced him to turn aside far enough from his route through Florence, to go to Pisa, in Tuscany, and see the famous Leaning Tower there.

When he left the ship he was not well, and when he arrived at the ancient and beautiful city of Pisa, he drove to an Inn and went to bed for

he was ill. The reader will anticipate the rest. The next day the poor young man was in a delirium, and was dying with fever. Physicians and medicine could not help him, for he gradually sank beneath the disease.

One afternoon—it was in August—he lay in his chamber and a western window lay open close by his side. A pretty Italian girl was watching near him, when suddenly he opened his eyes calmly, and looked out of the open window.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly. The Italian bent over him to catch his words, and murmured something in her native tongue. The language at once reminded him of where he was. "Am I very ill?" he asked.

"Ah! yes, signor" replied she "but we *hope* you will not die!"

The truth shocked him—he saw by her woful look that he *must* die.

"My mother—Oh! my mother, and Agnes!" he said softly, while tears rolled down his cheeks. The girl comprehended him; and as if to soothe his heart, pointed to a picture of Christ on the wall. His eye fixed upon it and a pleasant smile came upon his face. What his thoughts were we cannot tell. The Italian girl took her seat by the easement, and looked out upon the beautiful scenery, while her tears dropped fast upon the flowers in the garden below. When she looked again at Arthur, there was a smile upon his face; but how fixed were the features, how marble the eyelids! A slight shriek escaped her, and then she knelt and kissed his forehead—for he was dead.

Many miles away from Italy, sat Mrs. Vinton one day, in her small cottage, with Agnes, plying her needle, at her side.

"It is strange, mother, we dont get a letter from Arthur—is it not?" said she.

"He is very busy probably at first, in finding him a home and a place to commence his labors, she replied, endeavoring to look upon the sunny side of the matter.

"Yes mother, but I know he would write as soon as he got to Rome—he knows how lonely we are here."

Just then a neighbor's child knocked at the cottage-door, with a letter from the post office.

"Oh! a letter from Arthur, mother—a letter from Arthur!" fairly shouted Agnes. As soon however as the letter was dropped into her hand she turned very pale.

"What is the matter, child?" said Mrs. Vinton, hereby alarmed.

"It is not Arthur's handwriting—it—oh! mother, mother, I can't open it!"

The mother opened it—it was from the American Consul at Florence, and it communicated news of Arthur's death, and said that his trunk and personal property, of whatever kind, had been shipped to New York. We dare not try to describe the scene which followed the opening of that fatal letter. The remembrance of it even now oppresses our heart. There are scenes of sorrow in this world where no stranger may intrude, and this was one of them. Years have passed away since then, and the widow's cottage is going to decay. Mrs. Vinton is not there; and Agnes is not there; but their graves are made in the village church-yard. The shock was too much for the frail widow, and she died. After her death Agnes supported herself for two or three years by teaching school, but she was spirit-broken; and when the village-bell tolled for *her* funeral, the villagers were not surprised, for they had predicted it months before.

In the outskirts of the town of Pisa, in Tuscany, there is a pretty and lonely cemetery. There is a grave there also with a simple slab at its head and Arthur Vinton's name is upon it—it was erected by an old schoolmate of his. The spot is scented with flowers, and the cypress moves its solemn branches there; the grave itself is garnished like a nuptial bed. The Italian girl planted the flowers there, and nursed them in memory of the fair stranger who perished in her father's inn.

"And parted thus they rest, who played,
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth—
Alas! for love if *thou* wert all,
And naught beyond, on earth!

THE LAW OF THRIFT.

"TAKE care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," said one; and the experience of every-day life gives to the saying the force of an axiom. Many a *millionaire* has owed his envied position to a respect for pence in the outset; Jacques Lafite would never have risen to be the *Cresus* of modern France, did he not entertain it—did he not regard trifles: and many a once wealthy man can trace his downward course to penury to a reckless disregard of small sums—in short, to a contempt of pence. Everything around us teaches us that we should entertain a proper respect for small things, as the foundation of great ones: the universe is composed of atoms—the coral reef is upheaved by the labor of a tiny insect in the depths of the ocean—trifles make up the great sum of life itself.

With those, who have only their health and muscles for a fortune, and who, like the silkworm, must spin all their riches out of their own bosom—industry and frugality become, as we have said before, solemn duties, which they have no more right to neglect than they have to cast aside their implements of toil, and refuse to work for their daily bread: and yet how often do we see the artizan, with a numerous progeny clustering around him, with a fond wife depending on his exertions, neglect, although he has ample opportunities, to lay by one penny to aid in the hour of sickness, or to help his family should death call him away. It is a bitter thought for a dying man, that they who crowd around his bed with anxious solicitude—they who for so many years he has loved and cherished—who have been a comfort to him in trouble, and a solace in the dark hour of adversity—that the dear being who has journeyed with him so cheerfully along the stony path of life, and who ever had a smile of hope for him, and a kind word to bless him when his soul was heavy—who always entered into his wishes, and sympathised with his emotions—whose warm and faithful heart, overflowing with a chaste and confiding love, was ever busy in scheming little plans to give him pleasure, and to anticipate his unuttered wishes: it is gall and bitterness to a dying man to think that this dear creature and his little ones, should be left unprotected in the wide world alone—in the midst of unsympathising strangers, and the prospect of the workhouse as the only refuge from

starvation. A bleak and torturing thought is that, to wring the expiring heart of a dying man! It is seldom, indeed, that one who has passed his life so thoughtlessly, can enjoy that inward consolation, and that sustaining hope, which ought, at the moment of death, to fill the soul of a Christian: his anxious mind cannot untwine itself from its painful reveries, and he breathes his last without the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

We consider it, then, and imperative duty that all who have the power, should save, that they should husband up, little by little, an increasing store for their future wants. Some will say, that by doing this we are showing how little faith we have in Providence; but they that say so, speak unadvisedly, and might as well argue that, if we saw a child in the water, and could save it, we ought not to do so, but trust to Providence for its rescue. It is our duty to be provident, careful, and frugal: it is our duty, because the God of heaven bade us gather up the fragments that remain, and to allow nothing to be lost. We must not act, in this railway stirring age, like the wagoner in the bog, but embrace the opportunities which God has given us, and use his gifts with prudence. Others will say, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof, and advise us to think less about what may happen to us by and by; but they draw false reasoning from another holy passage, for if we become the humble instruments of our own preservation from pecuniary want, does that prove less our gratitude to Providence, for having given us the means to do so? Yet this is a maxim, which, when indiscriminately applied, has sometimes wrought the ruin of many, both good and noble. James Ballantyne, the partner of Sir Walter Scott, on his death-bed affirmed, that many of those calamities which overtook them, and which involved the ruin of the great literary magician, was owing to the weakness of Scott in shrinking from the appearance of danger, and from his aptness to carry too far the maxim, that "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

Many who have the wish to be frugal will scarcely know how to begin: they have lived so long the thoughtless spendthrift, that they cannot be thoughtful all at once. They will mention the trifling sum that forms their weekly earnings, and ask, how is it possible to reserve even a little,

out of such a pittance? It is a cheerful proverb that tell us "Where there is a will there is a way;" and the homely truism is a suitable answer to all who ask, How can I save?

There are few working men who, if they have the desire to be economical, will not call to mind some useless luxury, in which they are in the habit of indulging, and from which they could easily refrain. Taste and caprice have invented an infinite variety of superficial wants, in these modern times, which are as unnecessary to our happiness, as some of them are injurious to our bodies. The morning glass, the evening pipe, or the Saturday's night revel, might be profitably dispensed with, both to the health and to the purse. The savings may not be great at first, but frugality will have gained the ascendancy; and it is astonishing how much prosperity will follow, and how many opportunities will offer, of adding to the little store, if prudence and industry are on the watch. Retrench, in every reasonable manner, your expenses, and strictly adhere to the admirable axiom of the Roman poet—

Infra

Fortunam debet quisq; manere suam.—OVID.

and recollect the words of Dr. Cotton, that

Your portion is not large indeed,
But then, how little do you need.
For Nature's calls are few;
In this the art of living lies,
To want *no more* than may suffice,
And make that *little* do.

There are few who have not, at one time or other, felt, how useful a few pounds would have proved, in advancing their future prospects; and who have not, at such times, looked back with regret to their past extravagance, and to their thoughtlessness, in spending stray sixpences. It is only when we count up such trivial sums, that we are convinced of their importance, or are at all capable of judging how much we have lost by squandering them. The old tale of the poor drover, who gradually scraped enough together to purchase a calf, and, from that small beginning, went on until he became the possessor of many thousands a-year, is an instance of frugality worth remembering; yet let it never be forgotten that, "although the apprehensions of future wants may justify a cautious frugality, they can by no means excuse a sordid avarice." Bearing this in mind, the lives of misers, whilst they pourtray the evils of an inordinate passion to acquire, also illustrate a truism, well deserving the attention of all who are anxious to practice frugality without covetousness.

Let not a regard for little things be thought a manifestation of avarice. The Rothschilds, Barings, Coutts', Girards' and Astors' would never have amassed their almost fabulous fortunes, had they not constantly regarded little things, and looked well after the pence. Jacob Clement, who died a few years ago in London, leaving a fortune of three hundred thousand pounds, began life as a pot-boy at an inn. His first situation was as a waiter; but he had perseverance, practiced frugality, and encouraged habits of saving; had he neglected such habits, he would probably have died a waiter. There is wisdom in that saying of the miser, who maintained, that "a farthing is the semina of wealth, the seed of a golden progeny;" and often has its truth been remembered, not only by misers, but by those whose virtues have only been equalled by their prosperity.

The sketch of the life of John Overs, whose daughter, Mary Overs, founded a large and influential church in London, which bears her name, is exceedingly graphic and interesting.

John Overs was a miser, living in the old days when Popery flourished, and friars abounded in England. Some of his vices and eccentricities have been chronicled in a little tract of great rarity, entitled "The True History of the Life and Death of John Overs, and of his Daughter Mary, who caused the Church of St. Mary Overs to be built." But in giving the particulars of his life, we do not vouch for their authenticity: the tract resembles too strongly a chap book, to bear the marks of honest truth; yet the anecdotes are amusing, and the tradition of the miser's pretty daughter reads somewhat romantic.

John Overs was a ferryman, and he obtained, by paying an annual sum to the city authorities, a monopoly in the trade of conveying passengers across the river. He soon grew rich, and became the master of numerous servants and apprentices. From his first increase of wealth, he put his money out to use on such profitable terms, that he rapidly amassed a fortune, almost equal to that of the first nobleman in the land; yet, notwithstanding this speedy accumulation of wealth, in his habits, housekeeping, and expenses, he bore the appearance of the most abject poverty; and was so eager after gain, that even in his old age, and when his body had become weak by unnecessary deprivations, he would labor incessantly, and allow himself no rest or repose. This most miserly wretch, it is said, had a daughter, remarkable both for her piety and beauty; the old man, in spite of his parsimonious habits, retained some affection for his child, and bestowed upon her a somewhat liberal education.

Mary Overs had no sympathy with the avarice and selfishness of her parent; she grew up endowed with amiability, and with a true maiden's heart to love. As she approached womanhood, her dazzling charms attracted numerous suitors; but the miser refused all matrimonial offers, and even declined to negotiate the matter on any terms, although some of wealth and rank were willing to wed with the ferryman's daughter. Mary was kept a close prisoner, and forbidden to bestow her smiles upon any of her admirers, nor were any allowed to speak with her; but love and nature will conquer bolts and bars, as well as fear; and one of her suitors took the opportunity, whilst the miser was busy picking up his penny fares, to get admitted to her company. The first interview pleased well; another was granted and arranged, which pleased still better; and a third ended in a mutual plighting of their troths. During all these transactions at home, the silly old ferryman was still busy with his avocation, not dreaming but that things were as secure on land as they were on water.

John Overs was of a disposition so wretched and miserly, that he even begrimed his servants their necessary food. He used to buy black puddings, which were then sold in London at a penny a yard; and whenever he gave them their allowance, he used to say, "There you hungry dogs, you will undo me with eating." He would scarcely allow a neighbor to obtain a light from his candle, lest he should in some way impoverish him by taking some of its light. He used to go to market to search for bargains; he bought the siftings of the coarse meal, looked out eagerly for marrow-bones that could be purchased for a trifle, and scrupled not to convert them into soup, if they were mouldy. He bought the stalest bread, and he used to cut it into slices, "that, taking the air, it might become the harder to be eaten." Sometimes he would buy meat so tainted, that even his dog would refuse it; upon which occasions, he used to say that it was a dainty cur, and better fed than taught, and then eat it himself. He needed no eats, for all the rats and mice voluntarily left the house, as nothing was cast aside from which they could obtain a picking.

It is said that this sordid old man resorted one day to a most singular stratagem, for the purpose of saving a day's provision in his establishment. He counterfeited illness, and pretended to die; he compelled his daughter to assist in the deception, much against her inclination. Overs imagined that, like good Catholics, his servants would not be so unnatural as to partake of food whilst his body was above ground, but would lament

his loss, and observe a rigid fast; when the day was over, he intended to feign a sudden recovery. He was laid out as dead, and wrapped in a sheet; a candle was placed at his head, in accordance with the Popish custom of the age. His apprentices were informed of their master's death; but, instead of manifesting grief, they gave vent to the most unbounded joy; hoping, at last, to be released from their hard and penurious servitude. They hastened to satisfy themselves of the truth of this joyful news, and seeing him laid out as dead, could not even restrain their feelings in the presence of death, and actually danced and skipped around the corpse; tears or lamentations they had none; and as to fasting, an empty-belly admits of no delay. In the ebullition of their joy, one ran into the kitchen, and breaking open the cupboard, brought out the bread; another ran for the cheese, and brought it forth in triumph; and the third drew a flagon of ale. They all sat down in high glee, congratulating and rejoicing among themselves, at having been so unexpectedly released from their bonds of servitude. Hard as it was, the bread rapidly disappeared; they indulged in huge slices of cheese, even ventured to eat aside the parings, and to take copious draughts of the miser's ale. The old man lay all this time struck with horror at this awful prodigality, and enraged at their mutinous disrespect: flesh and blood—at least, the flesh and blood of a miser—could endure it no longer; and starting up he caught hold of the funeral taper, determined to chastise them for their waste. One of them seeing the old man struggling in the sheet, and thinking it was the devil or a ghost, and becoming alarmed, caught hold of the butt end of a broken oar, and at one blow struck out his brains! "Thus," says the tradition, "he, who thought only to counterfeit death, occasioned it in earnest; and the law acquitted the fellow of the act, as he was the prime cause of his own death." The daughter's lover, hearing of the death of old Overs, hastened up to London with all possible speed; but riding fast, his horse unfortunately threw him, just as he was entering the city, and broke his neck. This, with her father's death, had such an effect on the spirits of Mary Overs, that she was almost frantic, and being troubled with a numerous train of suitors, she resolved to retire into a nunnery, and to devote the whole of her wealth, which was enormous, to purposes of charity and religion. She laid the foundation of "a famous church, which at her own charge was finished, and by her dedicated to the Virgin Mary."

Whilst we abhor the abuse, and think it well to guard others by hideous examples of its folly

and vice, we can appreciate and participate in its general use. We look upon it as a solemn duty in men, whether regarded as citizens or fathers of families, to practice a prudent economy; and the man who is frugal without being avaricious—who is parsimonious without being sordid—we regard as fulfilling one of his greatest social duties. If economy is a virtue, wastefulness is a sin; and yet how many weekly glory in being thought extravagant! Ruined spendthrifts will boast of their meanless prodigality and their wasteful dissipation, as if in their past liberal selfishness they could claim some forbearance for their pre-

sent disrepute, or some compassion for the misfortunes into which their own heedlessness has thrown them. The learned, too, will disdain all knowledge of the dull routine of economy, and proclaim their ignorance of the affairs of life, as if the confession endowed them with a virtue; but perfection is not the privilege of any order of men, and many who ought to have been the monitors of mankind, whose talents have made their names immortal, imbibed their lives, and impaired the vigor of their intellects by their thoughtless and wanton extravagance.

YOUTH.

SUGGESTED BY COLE'S PAINTING.

BY REV. E. JOHNSON, JACKSONVILLE, ILL.

SPLENDID phantoms fill thy vision—
Youth, upon life's flowing tide—
Pictures of that land Elysian,
Whence thy dreams of hope have hied.
Scarcely seems the swift boat moving,
To thy too impatient mind,
Since *thy wish*, more swiftly roving,
Leaves *thyself* so far behind.
Bright against you empyrean,
Stands the fane that shrines thy soul.
There how soon shall victory's pean
Round the lofty columns roll!
Yes, how soon, oh eager mortal,
Shall those shining courts be thine;
Fair within whose glittering portal,
Wait for thee the storied Nine.
Well I know such pleasant dreaming
Sends that lustre to thine eye;
And, with feverish fancies teeming,
Makes thy pulses wildly fly.
Lo ! upon the shore beside thee,
Thou hast left the angel friend,
Who was kindly sent to guide thee,
Till the voyage of life should end.
Still she seems in love to linger,
On that calm, enchanted shore,
As if sad to loose her finger
From the helm it pressed before.
Ou, if thou wouldest turn from linking
Airy thoughts, and lofty schemes,
And for once of her bethinking,
Ask what truth is in thy dreams.—
“Youth,”—she then would say unto thee—
“Sailing down this rapid tide,
Painted joys are those that woo thee
Far and fleeting from my side.
“Yonder palace, though appearing
But a league thy bark before,

Thou mayst keep forever nearing,
But shalt enter nevermore.
“As the child, at morning hieing
Toward the red horizon's rim,
But at evening sad and sighing,
That the skies have cheated him.—
“Thus, although in swift recession
Life's gay banks may pass thee by,
Yonder fane, with like progression,
From thy touch shall swiftly fly.
“Gold and Fame in fullest measures,
At thy feet, their gifts may pour,
But these never reared the treasures
Beckoning thee from yonder shore.
“Never raised they for a mortal
Shelter from affliction's dart,
Or, within their shining portal,
Spread fruition for the heart.
“'Tis a phantom thou art viewing,
False and fatal, though so fair;
And when weary with pursuing,
Naught shall greet thee—but despair!
“Take me back, oh youth ! I pray thee
To the helm that knows my hand,
And this life-stream shall convey thee
To a fair and happy land :
“To a temple where are singing
Peace and Joy, in silver notes ;
O'er whose dome, its shadow flinging,
Love's white banner ever floats.
“There, life's voyage serenely ending,
And the bark moored by the shore.
Shall thy song, with seraphs' blending,
Tell thy raptures evermore ?”
Tell me, eager youth, I pray thee,
Hath that voice thy spirit stirred ?
Or shall its appeals to stay thee
Powerless be, as if unheard ?

LUTHER AND HIS WORK.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

On the 17th July, 1505, a young man, who was studying at the University of Erfurt, in Germany, invited his friends to his lodgings, to pass the evening together. The frugal supper was over; they had some cheerful exercises in music. At the close, he told his companions, that it was their last meeting together in this free capacity—"To-morrow I become a monk." This was Luther. He had been intended by his father for a lawyer, but the death of a friend, and a peril of death he had been in himself, made him resolve to abandon the world. In the heart of this man, the Reformation was to enact itself before it came forth to history. Mark his thought at the date of the supper. As a student teacher, lawyer, he could not be holy enough, could not be secure enough of heaven. The monastery is holy, the monk is holy. By this means I shall attain to heaven. The European man has come up out of the hold, has left his parents, his friends, his studies below. He presses up to join those noble men who have continual access to God. Honestly he strove to be a monk, did monkish duties with earnestness and zeal, found, to his sorrow, that he had *not* left the world behind him, and had sore battles in the inner man. It was his thought that divine influences entered the soul by attending to Church ordinances. With streaming eyes he waited for these influences; for the pardon of his sins, above all. He knelt at the altar, and sought for it; he came back to his cell, and sought for it; he wanted sleep, that he might find it. One morning the brethren find his cell-door shut, and have to force it open. Fra Martin is stretched upon the ground insensible. One of the monks took a flute and played an air that Luther loved, and gradually he was restored. He was not at peace with God. He was a monk, but the unrest remained. He did all a monk's duties, but it was not removed. His soul was full of trouble.

It is the birth throes of the European heart bringing forth Faith. The thought was at work in Luther, but he could not yet give words to it, that the priesthood shut out the light of heaven from the people. He had stumbled upon a dusty Bible in the Erfurt University Library. The

people knew nothing of it; the monks had forgotten it. Here is God's own Word, he said; here God speaks out direct to me. He began to study the Bible in the original. Other monks, in whom the good work was going on, gave countenance to him. Others, again, told him to mind his monastic duties. He did mind them. He swept the monastery, begged for the monastery, prayed in the monastery, did penance; but his soul was not at peace. "This black heart of mine," he cried; "these sins, day after day, hour after hour; this prepetual inclination to sin—who shall free me from all this?" His soul's trouble brings his body to the brink of the grave. An old monk entered his cell. He repeated the words of the creed, "I believe in the forgiveness of sin." He told his young brother it was not enough to believe that David's sins and Peter's sins were forgiven. The commandment is, that "we believe our own sins forgiven."

The word was uttered; the light had dawned; Luther was standing face to face with the infinite mercy of God. He has entered into the peace which passeth understanding. "I have been begging, and sweeping, and praying, that by repeating these acts I might *procure* the pardon of my sins." And, lo! my Father has been standing by me all the time, holding it out to me, beseeching me to believe, that what I was seeking for by monastic works was mine already by his infinite grace. And yet Luther's own mind was not wholly free. His brethren sent him to Rome on some monastic business. He ran from church to church, doing those exercises which were prescribed for the salvation of his soul, shocked at everything, and yet believing everything. Behold him one day on his knees, climbing up Pilate's staircase. He who does this shall have an indulgence—a boon of future mercy from Heaven. It was too late for the German monk. The Erfurt Bible was in his heart. And ever as he climb another step—by this climbing of a material stair, striving to possess more of God's life—a voice from the bottom of his heart cried to him, in tones of thunder, "Luther, Luther, not by climbing stairs; not by works of this sort! The just shall live by faith."

The work was done. That side of the Reformation which was a protest against the clergy-church, was realized in the heart of this man. Luther's preaching was practically, although at first he was not conscious of it, a denial of official priesthood. He said, "It is a business of thine own, my brother." This, too, was a denial of it. But it was when he stood up in his Wittenberg pulpit, and, out of the fullness of his own experience and his knowledge of the Word, pointed, on the one side, to the sins of those who heard him, and, on the other, direct to the mercy of God, that the great protest was made. That a man might be saved without the priest—that salvation did not flow to the heart through the Church: this was the new thing he uttered. He came to light still clearer. His industrious piety received large accessions of knowledge. He came to see that a great evil had dominated over the consciences of men. "The ecclesia—the Church—does not exist," he said, "for the people. The clergy alone are the Church. *They* only partake the symbol of brotherhood. Is not every man a brother? Is not the Lord brother to every man? What means the incarnation if He is not? It was my flesh, not priest's flesh. The Word has hallowed my flesh. My human nature has thereby been brought into contact with the Word of God. I am related direct to that Word. So are all men. All men who recognize this relation recognize also that they are priests. The believer is a priest; may stand for himself in God's presence; does not need a fellow-man to go into that presence for him."

In this aspect, the Reformation was a new rending of the veil—a new assertion of the doctrine, that separate official priesthoods had ceased, and that each believer stands for himself, an anointed priest at God's altar, to perform a priest's function there. "If a priest is killed," said Luther, in one of his earliest tracts, "the whole district is put under ban. Why not just the same when a poor peasant has been murdered? We are all priests." In other words: Europe is crying, "Good for us to be safe in the hold when storms are ahead, and to have no care. But we have awaked to see that there is no hold. The hatch is gone: the deck is torn up. We are in an open boat. And God is calling us to look with our own eyes upon the terrors and the splendors of His universe, and to listen, each soul for himself, to the Word which *He* has spoken."

We speak of the past. We talk of Pope and Protestant now, no man making us afraid. With Luther it was not so easy. He did not feel it to be easy. How often, he says, during the first

year or two, did I ask myself if it were not presumption in me! His journey to Rome opened his eyes. Then came Tetzel, selling indulgences. The two elements of the Reformation rose up in Luther against this proceeding. First of all, he saw it to be a lie, that mere writing on a bit of paper could forgive sins. Next, he was indignant that, by means of this lie, good German money should go to Rome. He denounced Tetzel, exposed the falsehood, challenged the whole priesthood to debate the matter with him. No one minded the Saxon monk at first. By and by, however, he is found to be dangerous. A papal bull is issued against him. His books are to be burnt. He himself is to repair to Rome. What will Luther do? He invited the members of the university and the officials of Wittenberg to meet him, at nine o'clock in the morning of the 10th December, 1520, at the east gate, opposite the Church of the holy Cross, and there, not without solemnity, he did what never European man hitherto had courage to do, committed the bull, and all papal pamphlets and books connected with it, or the question at issue, to the flames.

The game is up. "The mighty hunter," as Luther called the Pope, demanded the victim. His peril was great. He is summoned to Worms, to meet the emperor and the German princes, to answer for his doctrines. And on to Worms went emperor, prince and peasant, all anxious to see the man who had dared to lift his voice against the Pope. "Do not go," said his friends. "I will go," said Luther, "if there were as many devils in Worms as there are tiles on its house-tops."

On the 2d of April, 1521, he sets out. Turning to Melanthon, he said, "If I am put to death, cease not, oh, my brother, to teach and remain firm in the truth. If thou art spared, what matters it that I perish?" He stepped into a low wagon, with block wheels, which the magistrates of Wittenberg had provided. From Wittenberg to Leipsic, from Leipsic to Nuremberg, from thence to Weimar—all was gloom. Everybody looked on him as a man marching to his grave. Next he came to Erfurt. Here, when a little boy, he had sung at the doors of the rich for bread; here he had been a distinguished student; here he first saw a Bible. There is no gloom in Erfurt. Their old scholar comes back. They come out on horseback to give him welcome; they line the streets to give him cheer. "Thou must preach to us," they said. The herald consented. He was led into the church. Often had he swept its floors, and opened and locked its doors, in days long past. And now he is in the pulpit. His text was, "Peace be unto you: and when Jesus had so said, he showed them his hands

and his side." "Life comes from Him," he said. "One builds a church, another goes a pilgrimage, a third fasts, a fourth puts on a cowl and goes barefoot. All vanity this. But Christ hath risen from the dead: *this* is the work of salvation." From Erfurt to Gotha; from Gotha to Frankfort. In Frankfort, they took him to a school, and he blessed the boys. One stage more, at Oppenheim—and then!

At last, on the morning of the 16th, he is in sight of Worms. His heart is leaning on the Lord. At Oppenheim, he had composed a hymn and set it to music. When he beheld the tower of the ancient city, where the fate of the Reformation was to be decided, he rose up in his wagon, and sang the hymn. The Germans sing it to this day. We give Carlyle's translation:—

"A safe stronghold our God is still—
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'er taken
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour—
On earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can;
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper man,
Whom God himself hath bidden.
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Jesus Christ is his name,
The Lord Zebaoth's son;
He, and no other one,
Shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o'er,
And watching to devour us,
We lay it not to heart so sore—
We know they can't o'erpower us.
And let the prince of ill
Look grim as e'er he will,
He harms us not a whit.
For why? His doom is writ—
A word shall quickly slay him.

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But, spite of hell, shall have its course—
'Tis written by his finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, houses, children, wife,
Yet is their profit small;
These things shall vanish all—
God's city, it remaineth."

Next morning he is summoned to appear. He stands there, in the old imperial hall, alone, in the presence of princes, nobles, dignitaries of the church, and the young emperor. A manly modesty overpowers him at the first. He asks one day to prepare his answers. On the 18th April, then, in the afternoon, he is borne by soldiers through the crowded streets of Worms, into the

imperial presence once more. Yesterday, the emperor and the princes were struck by his timidity; to-day, by his frank, unboastful openness. "I am here," he said, "to answer for my books. In one part of those books, I say that man is saved by God's mercy, and not by going pilgrimages, and doing penances, and the like; this part I dare not retract. A second portion of my writings is directed against papal abuses and tyranny; this part, the abuses existing, it would be wrong to retract. In a third portion of my works, I have used personalities and hasty words which, in my more retired moments, I regret; this portion I most heartily give up." He added, "I am a man; I *may* have formed wrong notions. If there be anything in my teaching opposed to Scripture, show me what it is; and that which is so opposed I will retract: no more." The official who questioned him was not satisfied. "Thou art to answer simply, not to preach to us; yes, or no; retract or not retract." "Since, then, your impartial majesty and your highnesses demand a simple answer, I will give you one. Unless I am convicted of error by the testimony of Scripture, I cannot, and will not retract. . . . I have done. God help me. Amen."

This was the culminating point of Luther's protest; the upbreaking of the dark morning cloud. And yet this formed but a poor portion of the work Luther did:—Preaching, teaching, writing books, sermons, pamphlets, translating and commenting on the Bible, and bearing the whole burden of the churches. From this point, forward, flows the outer history of the Reformation.

For those who wish to study Luther, we shall mention the two works of Ranke—his History of the Popes who have reigned since the Reformation, and the History of the Reformation itself. A book easier to read, but theatrical and one-sided a little, is D'Aubigné's; and Robertson's "History of Charles V." and Michelet's "Life of Luther." We especially recommend this last book. It is made up of extracts from Luther's letters, sermons, and table-talk. Luther depicts Luther in it; and you are struck by finding yourself in the company of quite an ordinary-looking mortal. There is nothing of the "great man" about him; no airs, no assumption of superiority. It is not a monk who is beside you; it is a man who was never meant to be a monk—a homely, rather jovial man, who will take a can of beer with you of an evening, and play his flute, and be delighted with your song.

"People fancy," he once said, "because I am joyous and jovial, that I recline upon a bed of

roses. God knows how far wrong they are." Yes, indeed, they were wrong. Under all that joviality, there was a soul enlarging itself, by severe discipline, by active thought, by untiring prayer, to know more and more of God. But it was a soul that led its life in secret; that knew the value of the counsel, "When ye fast be not as the hypocrites." Luther was no hypocrite; was not even sanctimonious; had notions on many things which would be counted loose in our day. But he was honest; spoke out the word which it was right to speak, whether it was rebuke, or sermon, or joke, and had no reserves; he gave you his frank opinion, and the ground on which it rested; if he discovered he was wrong, as frankly he retracted.

We look upon his conduct in relation to the peasants' war, as, perhaps, the highest outcome of this honesty. This war was a direct result of his work; I mean, it was one of the evils which flowed out of the principle of private judgment. If Luther was right in revolting from the Pope, the peasant is right in revolting from his prince. Everybody saw that it was a result of Luther's principles. The German nobles, who had sympathized with the reformer hitherto, turned to ask him what this meant. If Luther declare for the peasants, the princes will forsake him; if he declare for the princes, the peasants will lose confidence in him. What does Luther care? There is a word which it is right for God's speaking-man to speak, and he straightway speaks it out. "Ye princes, ye men in power, in this outbreak ye are not without blame. These peasants are God's instruments to punish you for your luxury and oppressions. Trample them; but God will raise peasants out of the stones to afflict and to bring you to do that which is right. . . . They will no longer submit to your crying extortions. You lavish, in fine clothes, fine castles, fine eating and drinking, their hard-won produce; and what *you* must do first and foremost is, to put a stop to all this vain luxury of yours, to close up the holes through which this money runs, so that you may leave some little part in the peasant's pocket." He then addressed the peasants:—"You have lifted the sword, peasants; Luther did not lift a sword. If truth sufficed to overturn the Pope, have ye not faith enough in truth, that it will overturn the oppression of princes? Struggle—I forbid you not; but struggle by the truth. The truth will conquer. If you and the princes come to blows, presume not, on the one side or the other, to call yourselves Christians. It will be a war of pagans—nothing else. Christians fight not with swords or arquebuses; but with the cross, and with patience; after the example of

their general, who handled not the sword, but unresistingly suffered himself to be bound to the cross. Their triumph consists not in domination and power, but in submission and humility. If you abide by reason, by truth, I too will join you; if you take the sword, it is my determination to throw myself in all confidingness at the feet of God, and take part against you." They did take the sword, and he took part against them.

Great, indeed, was Luther's confidence in the power of truth. He translated the Bible, that men might be saved by it—the Koran, that they might see how beggarly falsehood was; and to the truth he continually ascribed the credit of all that was doing. "While I am drinking beer in Wittenberg, with Philip and the doctors, the Word is saving the world," he was accustomed to say.

For those who know Luther only through the pages of D'Aubigné—who have been accustomed to see him in the pink light of a mere hero—it will be quite refreshing to go fairly through Michelet's book. What a mere man this overruler of the papacy was! What pathos, what beauty, lay in that heart of his. Once he looked out, and saw a little bird settling for the night upon a branch of a tree. "There thou settlest, poor bird," he exclaimed, "the infinite dome of heaven above thee, and the great earth beneath, and goest to rest without fear." It was a delightful thing to spend an evening with him. His broad, beneficent nature expanded into the sunniest, playfulest kindness. His talk was full of wisdom, of humor, of genuine insight. Nature, art, humanity, philosophy, theology—he was at home in them all. Floods of light came forth from him in single utterances, given freely, without effort. His mind was open as a child's for truth. It is most exhilarating to be beside him when he first discovered, studying the Greek language, after the Reformation has begun, that *metanoia* did not mean *penances*, but a *change of life*.

You know, amongst other courageous things he did, that he cast off the monk's cowl, and married a nun. Catherine de Bora was her name. She had to beg her bread from door to door after her husband's death. With his wife, he lived a noble domestic life, and yet quite an every-day one.—How playfully he bantered her, laughed at her attempts to fathom the deep thoughts of her husband. "My Eve," he called her—"my Kit—my lord Kit—my rib Kit—that most learned dame, Catherine Luther de Bora. Ah, Kit, thou shouldst never preach! If thou wouldest only say the Lord's Prayer always before beginning, thy lectures would be shorter." In the history of his married

life, you will not miss acts of highest benevolence—of hospitality afforded to those who could not return it—of just dealing with old servants. Luther and she were often very poor. The princes took his preaching, but left him to live as he might. He never would take money for his writings; the booksellers got all the profit. At one time, he took to turning wood for a little money; at another, to gardening. Yet, in the midst of all this hardship, when he had not a coin for himself, he would take the silver drinking-cups he had got as keepsakes from the princes, and give them to poor students.

We have mentioned his home feelings. We were much touched by his exclamation, when he heard of his father's death—"I am old Luther now." There was insight in this word. We remember, too, a beautiful letter he wrote to his little boy, namesake of his father, about a lovely and smiling garden—the garden of celestial life—full of children, dressed in robes of gold, who

played under the trees with beautiful apples pears, cherries, nuts, and prunes; and had drums and fifes, and music of all sorts. And little Hans would be admitted to this garden, if he be a good boy. So simple—so like a child, could the man who hurled down popes, whose words are still "half-battles," write on the proper opportunity.

The time came when he was to write no more. He was absent from his Catherine, at Eisleben, attending a Protestant Synod. It was the 17th February, 1546. He felt that he was dying. "Pray brethren; oh! pray for the spread of the Gospel," he said to his fellow-laborers. Then he took a turn or two in the room, and lay down.—"Friends, I am dying. Into thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." "Reverend father," said Dr. Jonas, "do you die firm in the faith you have taught?" Luther opened his eyes, which were half closed, looked fixedly at Jonas, and replied, firmly and distinctly, "Yes." That was the last word he uttered; then, his great spirit went home.

EARTHLY SORROW.

Why should man, with bitter grieving,
Mourn the hopes his heart deceiving,
Which, though false, array'd in beauty,
Rise in youth before his sight?
These are but the desert-vision
Tempting to a wrong decision,
Leading from the path of duty,
But to fail when comes the night.

Not for wanton ease and pleasure,
Life unlocks its secret treasure;
Not to those who idly seeking,
Take its cross but miss its end;
Life is meant for calm endurance,
Lighten'd by the blest assurance
That a glorious dawn is breaking
For the hearts no sin can bend.

Who but dreams of life, unknowing,
Ill or pain, from nature flowing,
To its purpose lives a stranger,
Only worse to be deceived:
While the man who grief awaiteth
Sorrow as a furnace rateath,
Where the soul is freed from danger,
Though of early hopes bereaved.

Earth is beautiful: but yonder,
Where our holier musings wander,
Lies a country far more glorious,
Heirdom for the sons of care;—
Grieves but move us to obtain it;
Through His might who died to gain it;
Over death itself victorious,
Bliss eternal we may share.

A WISH.

Oh, would I were a flower bright,
To charm and ravish mortal sight,
And shed perfume around!
Radiant in the sunbeam's light,
Bathed in dew on starry night,
With gorgeous lustre crowned.

Smiling on the hazy morn,
The glorious glowing golden dawn
Of life and glistening light,

Smiling 'neath the moon's pure beams,
Drinking deep its silvery streams,
With all its charms bedight.

The tempest hour being come,
Unblessed by either moon or sun,
To hang my drooping head;
And when the darkness took to flight
To hail once more the ambient light,
And dying odor shed.

“SPEAK TENDERLY TO THE ERRING.”

BY REV. CHAS. HOOVER.

THE following history embraces facts which are but too common, illustrative of the perils of young men, and of the little interest that is felt for their souls even by nearest friends, and by those whose special office it should be to seek and save the lost, and be a guide and a helper to the wanderer. With the hope that it may prove a profitable chapter, I shall here introduce the leading facts of his history as he communicated it to me.

Henry H——, the young man I am speaking of, was the son of respectable parents, of very moderate pecuniary means, but amiable and intelligent, and much esteemed in their neighborhood for their various excellent qualities. Our family and the H's, were on very friendly terms, and long after misfortune had broken up and scattered them, they were remembered by us with more than ordinary interest. Of all our child acquaintances, Henry was one of the most peculiarly interesting. Beautiful in person and affectionate in disposition, he was also remarkably thoughtful, serious, and inquiring, so that when he was but about six years old, every one predicted that he would one day become a preacher and a great man. Just at this time, sudden calamity came with desolating power upon Henry's family. His father in the prime of manhood was drowned. A sudden squall overturned a sail-boat in which he was one of a party of pleasure, and he, with several others perished. This sad event was soon followed by the scattering of the family. Henry was taken in charge by a wealthy old quaker gentleman farmer in the vicinity of the city, with whom he remained till he was twelve or thirteen years old, and where his appetite for reading and instruction were abundantly indulged. He made surprising attainments for one of his years and opportunities. Finding in the books of science which fell into his hands, the frequent occurrence of Latin terms, he applied himself of his own accord to the acquirement of that language; and afterwards, in like manner, undertook the Greek, and before he was fourteen, and without a word of instruction, he readily mastered Virgil in the

former, and the New Testament in the latter language, and had also formed a considerable acquaintance with several modern tongues. This, however, was a very small part of his knowledge. His reading was immense. He devoured every thing he could lay hands on in the shape of a book. There was to be sure little or nothing of system in his studies, for he read without guidance whatever came to hand, and his acquirements were a vast chaos of facts without form and void, and darkness brooded over all. But his memory was faithful and seemed never to relinquish a fact which it had once grasped. About this time he read those two pernicious books, Paine's Age of Reason and Volney's Ruins, but by a singular Providence, Bishop Berkley's Minute Philosopher, one of the ablest answers to infidelity ever written, though somewhat abstruse, fell into his hands, and entirely satisfied his mind as to the speculative truth of Christianity.

And now, for the first time in his life, he began to feel his personal need of religion. His residence had been removed to the city, and he began to be interested in the faithful preaching of the gospel, a thing as new and as strange to his ears as if he had lived all his life in a heathen land. Does Dr. Skinner, now of the Mercer street Church, New York, remember the meetings that used to be held in Mr. Patterson's Church, in Philadelphia, and in the school-house in the rear, in which he and Dr. Cox, now of Brooklyn, both then young men, with Mr. Burch and the now glorified Patterson participated? Among the deeply anxious souls that then and there cried out, “what must we do to be saved?” was this young man; and there, after many days of anguish bordering on despair, he found that peace which the world cannot give. After a suitable time he was received into one of the city churches, and commenced his public profession of discipleship with the strongest desire and purpose to be wholly devoted to the Lord. For two or three years his religious ardor appeared not in the least to abate. His enjoyment in private religious duties was great. His peace flowed like

a river. Every day was a Sabbath, and every Sabbath a foretaste of heaven. His thirst for knowledge meantime was as great as ever, but better directed. With an increasing love for the Scriptures, his attention was directed with new interest to the languages in which its revelations were originally given. The Greek Testament became his pocket companion, and was studied daily. He now studied the Hebrew, and enjoying the advantage of a competent instructor, made rapid progress. The advice of friends, and his own views of duty concurred in regarding the ministry of reconciliation as the calling for which Providence designed him. And although he was not now his own master, having become an apprentice some time before, and although the prospect of realizing his new purpose was remote, he marked out for himself a plan of study, and devoted to its prosecution all the time he could call his own, abstracting many an hour from the time usually allotted to sleep.

Thus, all things promised well. But the fiery trial of the young Christian was at hand. Two or three of the youths in the same office to which he belonged, invited him one pleasant day, to join them in a sailing excursion. He accepted and went, not dreaming for a moment that any harm could arise from it, or that it would be liable to misconstruction. The time was spent pleasantly, jovially, but yet innocently, not as a religious exercise certainly, but as a perfectly harmless recreation. In a day or two, however, Henry was taken to task by one of his fellow church-members, a few years older than himself, and charged in a very severe and harsh manner with having disgraced religion and violated his vows, by going with a pleasure party of ungodly young men. Henry's constitutional infirmity was extreme sensitiveness, and these reproaches, the first he had ever heard, withered his very soul. He was conscious of innocence, but the thought of being singled out and pointed at as having disgraced religion, by those too, with whom he had walked to the house of God and the prayer-meeting, sunk deep into his heart. Very soon the story grew like that of the black crows, and it was now said that Henry and his companions in the sailing party had been drinking rather freely. The story was utterly false, but it answered the purpose for which Satan invented it. It crushed Henry's young affections, destroyed his confidence in those fellow professors whom he had formerly regarded as examples, and alienated him from the prayer-meeting, and after a time from the church where he had recorded his vows. His young, sensitive, affec-

tionate nature had received a blow from which he could not recover. He shrank from intercourse with those who had inflicted it; shut himself up in his closet, and nursed his grief in solitude and silence.

Henry's employer was a Presbyterian elder, and a man of the world; he owned a pew in the church, *and a box in the theatre*. Henry was offered the use of the family ticket whenever he should feel inclined to attend, and occasionally, to relieve the tedium of his lonely and uncared for life, he accepted the offer, and in process of time, became a pretty regular attendant upon the drama, though I believe he was addicted to none of the vices which are usually connected with theatre-going young men. With him it was a mere literary recreation; he saw a play as he read a poem, and all his habits in other respects were moral in the usual sense of that word. His church, however, was now for several years entirely neglected, and his Sabbaths were spent at home,

And now, note one fact: Henry, under the supposition that he had committed a dreadful sin by spending a few leisure hours in sailing with two or three of his office-mates, who were not church members, was virtually driven from Christian society by the harshness of a blind zeal; and after he had withdrawn, almost heart-broken, and shut himself up to mourn alone, this mere child in years, this infant in religion, this unfriended orphan boy, is then left to stray at his will, and there is none to follow him, and in the loving spirit of the gospel, endeavor to heal his wounds, real or imaginary, and encourage him in the path of duty. One kind word would have saved that boy. But for years he lived as I have described, and no officer or member of the church upon whose books his name still stood, inquired after him or cared for his soul. Even those who were so dreadfully shocked at the dishonor brought upon religion by his sailing excursion, seemed to forget there was such a person in the world. Exposed to all the temptations of great city, with none to guide him, no father to counsel him, no mother to pray for him, no sister to win him to virtue's side, no church to watch over his wayward footsteps, what wonder if he should be wicked forever. * * * *

Several years after these things, my father was called upon one morning by a stranger, who informed him that a young man was lying at a low miserable grogery on the outskirts of a town, in a deplorable state, brought on by excessive drinking; that his situation required immediate attention; and that he had been heard to name my father as a former friend of his family.

Without being able to imagine who the unfortunate outcast and wanderer might be, my father immediately set forth to see him, taking me along with him. We proceeded according to the direction of the stranger, and soon reached the dismal rum-hole that had been described to us. Making known our errand, we were shown into a back room, dark almost as night, filthy as a sty, with several beds in it, on one of which, covered with a horse blanket, lay the object of our visit. My father spoke in a kind tone, some words of inquiry to the unhappy man, which were answered only by sobs, convulsive sobs, that seemed to shake the room, and we awaited in silence the subsidence of his agony. At length, turning to my father and grasping his hand, we beheld the haggard features of Henry H. My father wept like a little child. Enough was known of Henry's situation to decide our course. The poor fellow had to be clothed from head to foot before he was fit to be removed; after which, he was taken to our house and ministered to as his situation required, after a long course of inebriation.

We soon had the happiness of seeing him himself again. He was encouraged to believe that all was not lost; that divine grace would be sufficient for him if he forsook his evil way, and that there were friends who felt for him and were ready to second his endeavors. The thought that any one cared for him, and that his return to the path of duty would cause any one to rejoice, affected him exceedingly. The rock on which he had split, indeed, as the foregoing narrative shows, was the impression produced by injudicious treatment, that no one loved him or cared for him. On this subject, with his sensitive spirit, he had become a monomaniac; one step more made him a misanthrope, and he swung from his moorings in the social system, as multitudes had done before him. But now his disappointed heart was invited to try again, to come back into the magic circle of sympathy and love, and Christian communion, and with an expanding heart he came. We were daily and glad-hearted witnesses of the gracious change in his feelings, and of the modest, childlike, yet determined spirit with which he recommenced the Christian course. O how his bosom swelled with affectionate gratitude for the smallest token of sympathy or solicitude for his well-being. His sense of the mercy of God in reclaiming and forgiving him was at times overwhelming;

I have seen him sit often for a long time, his eyes closed, a smile of peace and joy on his countenance, while tears would chase each other down his cheek, tears of mingled penitence and joy, and he was not conscious enough of their presence to wipe them away. His personal experience of the harsh and uncharitable judgments of men, had a powerful effect in rendering him slow to utter or believe evil reports; and he was always ready to espouse the side of the accused, maintaining it as a practical duty as well as a legal maxim, to hold accused persons innocent until proved to be guilty. His whole soul interested itself in the erring and the wretched, and he would say that he desired no higher honor than to be a gospel missionary in hospitals and prisons.

Circumstances rendering it as convenient as it was agreeable, Henry remained a long time a member of our family. I have incorporated with these simple annals his not uncommon history, because it interested my own heart, and because it may be useful in cautioning others against rude and unfeeling censoriousness which repelled Henry from the church to the world, and well nigh wrecked his soul forever; and if the eye of some backslider, far gone in the ways of sin, should light upon these pages, let him pause and return, and bowing with a broken heart at the cross of Calvary, find peace to his guilty and troubled soul. Church members and church officers too, may learn a lesson from this story. Often, while great zeal is manifested to get people into church, very little concern is felt for their subsequent course. A great deal of attention is shown to a young man when he first becomes concerned about his soul. The minister, the elders, the members of the church notice him, converse with him, give him religious advice, and lead him to religious meetings, till he joins the church, and then nobody has anything to say to him. If he conduct himself properly, very well; but it will not be owing to any particular efforts made by others for his advancement in the spiritual life. If he goes astray, he will hear of it, not from some Christian brother calling on him in a kind and loving spirit to confer with him alone, but in whisperings, and backbitings, and harsh censures. These are hard sayings, but alas, too true. Would that the time might speedily come when the church shall be purged from its unbrotherly spirit, and be baptized anew with the baptism of love!

THE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

BY MISS M. C. TROWBRIDGE.

HOME and its joys, is a theme old—yet ever new, fruitful, inexhaustible; a green spot in the world's waste wilderness, an oasis in the desert. The weary traveler may have looked upon it times without number, yet has each view refreshed, gladdened, invigorated his spirit. Still it is a mournful truth that the roses plucked from beneath the shelter of the domestic roof, are not thornless. If it be granted that every other element of perfection is sometimes found here, it must be admitted that one is wanting. The joys of home may be sweet, may be precious, but they are not permanent.

Let the history of as united, affectionate, and devoted a family as ever gathered around the household hearth, be written out, and the last chapter, if no other, will sadden the heart and moisten the eye, as it records sad partings, and points to the family vault, where those so united in life together, lie in the cold embrace of death; unless, indeed, their final resting place is more justly described in these familiar lines of the household poet:

"They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one house with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

But is it true that all the love and confidence, the mutual forbearance, the disinterestedness; all the pure and holy affections quickened into being by the existence of these family ties, are to be entombed in the family vault? Is there never to be a family re-gathering, where these budding affections shall find a congenial atmosphere, in which they may expand and develop in beauty and loveliness, of which earth's holiest affections are but a type, a shadow?

Many a trusting heart, looking within the veil, will answer, "If these all died in faith, they shall meet again to part no more!" True! but not again as a family. Of the many mansions of the blest, we have no warrant to suppose that one will be opened for their reception as a family, when the family circle may again be formed, and the family altar consecrated.

Let us cast no shadow upon the hope of a joyous re-union which now sustains the spirit of many a mourner for departed ones. Let such exclaim with Martha, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day;" or with the bereaved king of Israel, "I shall go to him but he shall not return to me." We cannot doubt but there will be overflowing joy in the mutual recognitions and retrospections of members of the same household in a future state of being. But however great the joy of such re-unions, or whatever their nature, we know that the ties of family, as existing on earth, will not be perpetuated beyond the grave; for we are expressly assured that there "they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God." Will then the family relation find no counterpart in forms of existence beyond the grave? Has the nursery of filial and fraternal affections here no relation to, no direct bearing upon, the duties, the relations, the affiliations of another state of existence.

Suppose the family circle enlarged till it embraced the globe, every fellow being giving you a brother's welcome to the inner temple of his hearts purest affections, and warmest sympathies; that all were bound to you by ties as strong, as sacred, as fraternal as those which unite the hearts of the members of an affectionate household; that by every one you were greeted with the warm heart, and beaming eye of devoted affection, the present narrow stream of fraternal love, swelled to a broad ocean by the contributions of countless numbers of loving hearts. Or suppose you were suddenly introduced to such a scene and assured that the family relations you had hitherto sustained, were designed to prepare you to participate in its joys.

But does not the Divine Record lead us to believe that the affections which are first drawn out around the household hearth, are to be transferred to another family circle, the communions, the felicity, the joy of which shall be, in measure, proportionable to the augmented numbers comprising the family group, and the strength, the perma-

nence, the perfection of the ties which bind them to each other? Does it not lead us to believe that the discipline of the family on earth is beneficently designed to prepare its members for membership in a family embracing all, and infinitely more than has here been suggested? Does not each sundering of family ties here impressively remind us of their frailty, that they are but types and shadows of a glorious substance, a heavenly reality?

How impressive are those portions of Divine Truth which are designed to open our hearts to the conception of this family relation, to its reality even on earth, and to the filial and fraternal duties involved in it. How opposed to pride, to misanthropy, to selfishness, such declarations as these, "For he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen? Every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.

When the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, came down to impart to fallen man that knowledge of the true God, which is eternal life, in what language did he seek to convey to his hearers a true conception of their relations to this infinite Being? Was he sent to speak of Him as the Almighty God, the Mighty

One of Israel, the I am That I am? Listen to the appellation, most frequently chosen by the Divine Teacher. "Your Father who is in Heaven; as if his heart of infinite benevolence would fain have gathered the whole human family, and placed them in the arms of their One common Parent, binding them to him, and to each other, by a tie never to be sundered so long as the Everlasting Father lived to protect, sustain, and bless, the children of his love.

Were we habitually to regard our homes as the nurseries in which our spirits were being disciplined for membership in the one family of the Redeemed, would not the light of a holier home be shed upon them, increasing every joy and alleviating every sorrow? Were there more of the filial in our communion with our Heavenly Father, and more of the fraternal in our intercourse with our Christian brethren—more of the spirit of that aged disciple, who having survived all her kindred, could still say "I have brothers and sisters more than I can number; for every child of God is one of them"—should we not more nearly resemble Him, who when on earth declared, "Whosoever shall do the will of my Father who is in Heaven, the same is my brother, and Sister, and mother."

"REJOICE IN THE LORD."

BY MISS L. M. SEYMOUR.

Dost say thou art happy since fortune hath smiled,
And dressed thee in robes of her costliest state,—
Thy rank hath set high, and thy coffers hath piled,
Thus writing thy name 'mong the rich and the great?

Dost say thou art happy since genius is thine,
To weave round thy being a bright magic spell,—
And show all above thee a lovelier sign
Than pencil can paint, or thy tongue ever tell!

Dost say thou art happy, since loved ones are near,
To wake in thy bosom affection's sweet thrill,—
And give thee responsive in smile and in tear,
Affection whose life-pulse e'en death cannot still?

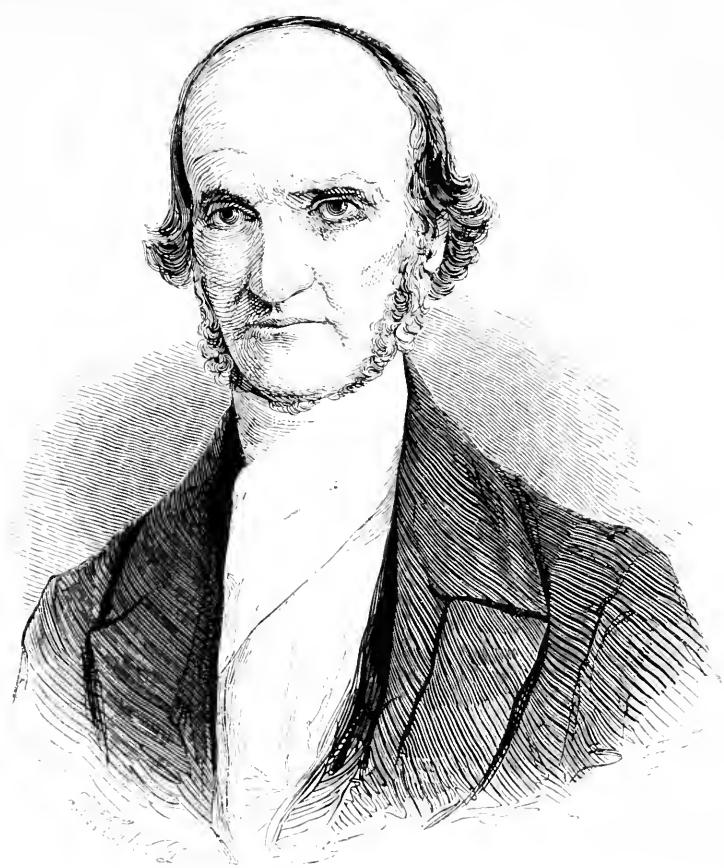
Nay, what are the favors that fortune may fling,
If He with those favors refuseth to bless?
And is not thy genius a wearisome thing,
And what are the sweets of the loving caress!

Dost say thou art happy when deep from thine heart,
Upspringeth a yearning the world cannot meet?
Which only may rest in the holier part
That Mary once chose as she sat at his feet?

Dost say thou art happy before thou hast found
The peace that the Saviour has promised to give?
The peace which like rivers will flow all around,
Will comfort and gladden so long as thou live?

Dost say thou art happy, when low in the grave,
Thy future seems shrouded in darkness and gloom?
Gloom 'naught can dispel or illuminate, save
That Light which triumphant first rose from the tomb.

Oh look to thy Saviour, where happiness is,
In measure exceeding all mortal e'er dreamed:
Thus thou shalt wax stronger and brighter in bliss,
Till thine are the transports which fill the redeemed!



STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

ALL men have heard of the Seven Wonders of the World, of ancient times. The following serial account of them is taken from a respectable and learned work of the date of the reign of James I. of Great Britain. For the positive truth of all that is here told about the seven wonders, we must decline being responsible; for a change in the spelling only are we answerable, believing that no good end would be gained by retaining it in its now obsolete form. It will be observed that our old author quotes several of the best writers of Greece and Rome in support of his statements; and even in the present less credulous time, we could scarcely find more trust-worthy vouchers. Where the wonders yet exist, however, as in the case of the Pyramids, the matter takes a different shape. If there ever was a pyramid that covered "eight days" journey of ground, it has not lasted to our day, assuredly.

Such as have read ancient historians, orators, and poets, do find, that they make mention in many of their books, of seven marvels or wonders of the world, and that they were in divers places. All they that have written do consent to six, but concerning the seventh there are variable opinions, and likewise a great difference in placing one before another. Notwithstanding, I purpose to speak first of the Walls of Babylon, which are ranked in the number of these wonders, and upon good reason, because the greatness of the place, as also the situation thereof, seemeth incredible.

Concerning those walls, according to the soundest opinions, namely, Justine, and also as Tregus Pompeius saith, they were founded by the famous Queen Semiramis, mother to Nimus. Diodorus Sicus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and Paulus Orosius do maintain the same, with the greater part of our Gentile authors. Nevertheless, St. Augustine, and Josephus in his "Antiquities," say, that they were builded by Nimrod, assisted by the proud giants then living. But be it, that the foundation or reparation of them was done by Semiramis, it is sufficient that they were greatly ennobled by her.

The situation of the city was with a plain on the one side, and on the other ran the river of Euphrates. The model and figure of this city was in a quadrangle, and the walls wonderfully high, as also wrought with marvellous cunning. The matter was of stone, joined with lime and

cement, growing in the mines of that country, but especially in the great lake of Judea, where some time stood Sodom and Gomorrah, named Asphaltida, which yieldeth such a kind of slime or mud, as bindeth like pitch or glue, the very strongest that is to be found. Historians do disagree about the height and largeness of the circuit, which might happen through the diversity of the measures they then used. Pliny saith, that the circuit of those walls was threescore thousand paces; so that one of the squares was fifteen thousand. He also saith, that they were two hundred feet in height, which foot exceeded by three fingers' breadth the measure of the Roman foot; and the thickness was fifty feet of the same measure, which was indeed a matter very admirable.

Diodorus Sicus said, that the walls contained in all round about 360 stadii, and that they were so broad and wide, as six chariots might easily be trained in front together, without offending one another. The bridges, the mounts, the towers, and the gardens, Semiramis caused to be made, which were works of great astonishment. It is credibly set down in records, that she kept daily at this work three hundred thousand men, out of all the kingdoms which were subject to her. Quintus Curtius addeth thereto eight stadii more in length, and said that they were an hundred cubits high; but Paulus Orosius saith, that they were 480 stadii in length, which amount (taking sixscore and five paces in every stadium) to threescore thousand paces, as Pliny said. Strabo said and affirmeth, that they contained three hundred eighty-five stadii, and also that they were so broad, as the former named chariots might in that manner go on them, and yet not hurt or hinder one another in their passing along together.

Moreover, authors do report marvellous things of gardens made upon the arches and towers, wherein grew trees of unmeasurable height. Jolius Solinus confirms the same with Pliny. Some among the authors do avouch, that the walls without were engirt with ditches, full of water, as large and deep as an indifferent wide river. In this city there was a hundred gates of metal, very admirable. And for conclusion, all that is written of the greatness and height of the walls, may well be credited, because, in truth,

this city was the proudest in the whole world, and long time held the universal monarchy, which is an especial argument of her greatness. And the same is also described by Aristotle, when he saith, that being once taken with enemies, they that dwelt at one end or side of the city, had no advertisement thereof, till three whole days space after.

The second place of the World's Wonders, we give to the Colossus of the Sun, which was at Rhodes. It was a statue, or a figure of a man, offered by the Gentiles, and dedicated to the Sun, and some say to Jupiter. It was made of metal of an incredible greatness, and in height also like a huge tower; so that it could hardly be imagined how it was made and raised in that manner.—Pliny, who discourses on all things, saith, that it contained threescore and ten cubits in height; and although, at the making of it, there were many good workmen continually laboring yet were they twelve years before it could be perfected, and it cost three hundred talents. He that undertook the workmanship thereof, was named Cares, an Indian by birth, and scholar to Lysippus.

This statue was so immeasurably great, as it seemed, that the earth could not any longer sustain it, because, according to Pliny and Paulus Orosius, it stood not above six and fifty years; at the end of which time it fell, by reason of a great quaking and trembling of the earth. After which fall, and namely in the time of Pliny, many went to see it as a thing to wonder at. For, saith he, there were few men found that could embrace the great fingers of this statue; so that the very least of his fingers was greater than any other statue's, how great soever. And yet he speaketh of an hundred other colosses of meener stature, which were also at Rhodes.

Returning then again to our wonderful colossus, I say that it lay there ruined a very long time ago, even till the days of Pope Martin I., which was in the year 600, when the infidels, and the Sultan of Egypt, their captain, came upon the Rhodians, and according as Platina writeth in the life of Pope Martin, and Antonius Sabellicus, in the third part of his book, they carried away that which they found of the relics of this colossus, and they find nine hundred camels to be laden with the metal.

In the third place, we determine the Pyramids of Egypt; and undoubtedly, if that be true which historians have written of them, they are things deserving admiration. These Pyramids were certain buildings, which began beneath in quadrangle form, and so rose up (in a diminishing manner) a huge height, in the shape of a pointed diamond.

Among all other pyramids, historians make particular mention of three which were in Egypt, between the city of Memphis, which is now Cairo, and the isle that now maketh or createth Nilus, named Delta, one of which is ranked among the seven wonders. For it is said, that to the making thereof, there were continually employed three hundred and threescore thousand men, and the work lasted twenty whole years. Many do affirm it, and particularly Pliny, in speaking more amply, alleging twelve authors for his warrant, as Diodorus Siculus, Strabo, Pomponius Mela, Herodotus, Ammianus Marcellinus, and many more, whereof, some say, that the foundation and groundwork of this pyramid covered and contained eight days' journey of ground; others say seven, and most agree on six, and as many (little more or less) in the height. Pliny saith, that each quadrangle or square contained 853 feet in breadth. The stones were marble, brought out of Arabia, and Pomponius Mela maintaineth that the most part of them were thirty feet in largeness. Whereby may be gathered, that so many thousand men must need be busied, some in cutting and squaring those stones, others in bringing and carrying them, and others in laying them, besides the mighty multitudes employed for fetching them so far off, and about other necessary occasions.

Of the other pyramids the like is spoken, at least of the other two forenamed, one whereof was made by the vanity of the kings of Egypt, who were the very richest in all the world.

I find it recorded also, that those pyramids served for sepulchres to their kings. And whosoever doth well consider the multitude of Hebrew people that served in Egypt, and by whom the kings made their cities and fortresses to be builded, will not be much amazed hereat, in regard that it is very certain, that six hundred thousand men on foot, besides a great multitude of women and small children, departed out of that servitude, and that all of them were employed, and served in those wonderful works; whereby it is no marvel at all, that such buildings should be made.

The fourth marvel or wonder was the Mausolea, (now called *Mausoleum*). Artemisia was wife to Mausolus, king of Caria, a province in the greater Asia. This woman (according to Aulus Gellius, and other historians) so dearly affected her husband, as it was generally recorded for a most notable example. Her husband, the king, dying first, she lamented his death with tears and complaints, more than were of ordinary custom. Needs would she erect a tomb or sepulchre for him, answerable to the extraordinary love she bore him; and such, indeed, it proved to be, that

it was recorded amongst the seven wonders of the world. The stone of the whole structure was of a most excellent marble, consisting of four hundred and eleven feet in circuit about, and five and twenty cubits in height; it had also about it, six and twenty columns of admirable stone, and likewise of as famous sculpture.

The building was open on all sides, with arches of seventy-three feet in wideness, and it was framed by the hands of the most exquisite workmen then to be found. The perfection of the work was such, and that on the whole body so sumptuous and beautiful, as partly it was therefore called Mausolea, and in regard also of the king, for whom it was made; so that even to this very day, when any tombs of such superficial art are made, they are called mansoleas. Of these things mention is made by Pliny, Pomponius Mela, Herodotus; Strabo also remembereth them, so doth Aulus Gellius, and many other historians. It is found written, that Artemisia, after the death of her husband, lived in continual tears and mourning, and that she died before the work could be fully finished; having drunk the bones of her husband, beat into powder, which she burned and buried in her own body, that it might be the sepulchre for his.

The *fifth* edifice of these wonders, was the Temple of Diana, whom the Gentiles adored as a goddess, and it was builded in the city of Ephesus, in Asia, in the province of Ionia. Of this temple, great speeches were made throughout the world, so that one named Democritus wrote a particular book thereof. Pliny, writing of this temple, saith, that the Amazons caused it to be built, and that it contained four hundred and five and twenty feet in length, and two hundred and twenty feet in largeness. The work was so admirably artificial, that it had 220 years to the perfecting. It was built in a lake, to prevent the peril of earthquakes; and it is said withal, that on the foundation was laid great store of coal dust and wool thereupon, the better to make firm and sure the moist and marshy place. It had an hundred and seven columns or pillars of most excellent marble, and each of them was made by all the kings of Asia; thirty-seven of them were of most curious, cunning and sculpture, and all the others of the choicest marble.

All historians do consent with one accord, that the pillars of this temple supported the planked ceiling of wood, the most excellently wrought that could be devised, and that this whole covering was of cedar, and all the doors and wainscoted works were of cypress.

Yet afterwards, a villain, seeing this solemn and sovereign building, conceived a lewd desire to burn it, as, indeed, he did. And being taken

for the fact, confessed that he did it to no other end but to leave a famous renown of his deed to the world. Solinus and Strabo both say, that he was named Herostratus, and that of him came up the usual proverb, that when any man would strive to be famous for some vicious deed, people would commonly say—This is the renown of Herostratus.

The *sixth* wonder was the idol or image of Jupiter Olympus, which was in his temple in Achaea, between the cities of Ellis and Pisa; and the place was named Olympus, as also the temple, in regard of Jupiter Olympus, of whom write both Strabo and Pomponius Mela. They maintain that this statue or image, which stood in the temple, was much renowned, as well for artificial perfection and admirable workmanship, as also for the greatness thereof. It was made of porphyry, some say of ivory, and by the hand of Phidias, the most excellent carver and engraver for imagery, in gold or ivory, that ever was; albeit, Pliny nameth divers others. Strabo saith, that the excellency thereof consisted in the greatness; and yet the matter which made it more admirable, was in the being wrought of porphyry, knit and united together of infinite small pieces. Some say that Phidias was taxed with one only imperfection, to wit, that he had not proportioned the image to the capacity of the temple, because he had made it sitting, and so great, as when due consideration was made, what the height thereof would have been, if he had made him standing upright on his feet, the temple had no way been able to have contained him. Nevertheless, the renown of this image did most highly illustrate the place.

Now, concerning the *seventh* wonder, some say that it was a tower which stood in the Isle of Pharos, near to the city of Alexandria, in Egypt. Pharos was a small island, long and narrow, seated on the coast of Egypt, over against the mouth of Nilus, which, in former time (according to Pomponius Mela and Pliny) was wholly, as it were, engirt with firm land, and afterward in the times of these authors, the sea embraced this firm land, excepting only a bridge, whereby men went from the one place to the other. In the firm land is the great city of Alexandria, builded by Alexander the Great, which city was afterwards a colony of Julius Caesar. In this isle (named Pharos, after the name of a great pilot, who belonged to Menelaus, and was there buried) the kings of Egypt erected a tower of marble, marvellous in height and cunning workmanship, upon a mountain environed with water; the artificial performance of which tower was such that it cost 800 talents, which value four hundred and fourscore thousand crowns, after the computation of Bud-

æus. And it was built for no other purpose, but to set up in the night-time a lighted fire thereon, beacon-wise, to guide and direct such ships as came to take landing there; and this tower, according to the greatest opinions, was erected by King Ptolemaeus Philadelphus, and the master architect that made it was named Sistratus, which is confirmed to us by Pliny.

Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," highly praiseth the height and workmanship of this tower; and saith, that it was also called Pharos, as taking name of the island.

Thus, this tower was the last of the wonders, although by divers it is not named in their number, but instead thereof, the hanging gardens of Babylon are reckoned, whereat we have already hinted. Cœlius Rhodiginus, discoursing on the seven wonders of the world, doth not insert this tower of Pharos, but the Obelisk of Semiramis, which was 150 feet in height, and 24 feet square

in a quadrangle, so that the whole circuit was 90 feet, and this stone was so taken whole, out of the mountains of Armenia, and by the command of Semiramis, brought into Chaldean Babylon. But in truth, when due consideration is made, how it should be taken out of the quarry, brought thence, and erected up on end, it might appear a matter incredible, if antiquity had not yielded things as strange, and certified to us by authors well deserving belief, yea, and of other great obelisks made by the kings of Egypt. Pliny describeth how they are fetched forth of their quarries. Of the pyramids, obelisks, statues, and colosses, mention is made by Polyphius, in the beginning of his book, called "Hypnerotomachia." Therefore, I need not to make any further relation of them, fearing I have offended already, by presuming upon the reader's patience, in what hath been said concerning these seven wonders of the world.

R U N G A .

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

"Not far from Shingona Holly stood a temple of the idol Runga. * * * There was a lamp standing before the idol but it had gone out; and there was a garland of flowers hung around its neck; but it was withered; and as the beams of the roof had fallen in, the image was covered with dust and dirt."

Near the village of Shingona, in a fertile Indian plain,
Stood a massive idol temple where the demons held their reign;
There it stood upon a hill-top, with its gloomy pillars high,
As it lured the pilgrim onward, standing out against the sky.

There the worshipper of Runga, with his many offerings came,
Falling down in adoration at the idol's sacred name;
And they flocked around the altar, and their offerings humbly laid,
As they cried aloud to Runga, and their willing homage paid.

And they cried aloud to Runga, but he never heard their prayers,
And they cried from morn till evening, but he never soothed their cares;
And they rung their bells to call him, but he never stooped to hear,
For an idol deaf was Runga, though they wept the bitter tear.

There the poor benighted Hindoo, in his darkness long was led,
While the sighing millions perished, and were numbered with the dead,
But the idol that they worshipped, and the god that they adored,
Was of wood grotesquely graven, yet they blindly called him "Lord!"

Then there came a Christian teacher, and he said to all the throng,
 " Will ye worship still your Runga, whom ye now have worshipped long ?
 Do ye make a god of Runga, and in him put all your trust ?
 He is helpless ! If you leave him he will crumble into dust.

" Let alone your idol Runga ! Take no further care of him !
 He can't save himself from ruin, neither head, nor foot, nor limb !
 And he cannot save his temple, but to ruin it will fall,
 And your eyes will see that Runga is no god on whom to call."

Then the poor benighted Hindoos pondered as they stood and heard,
 And they said to one another, " There is reason in this word ! "
 And they looked at ancient Runga, and they left him there alone,
 Coming back to see him standing, senseless as a block of stone.

Lo ! the lamp upon his altar flickered till it died away,
 And the light was strange and gloomy, for it had no sunny ray ;
 And the ancient faith in Runga died in many a trusting breast,
 When they saw the darkness gather round the temple's honored guest.

Then the richly chosen garland from the Indian garden strung,
 Lost its bloom and quickly withered, though around an idol hung ;
 And its freshness and its fragrance, with its gorgeous beauty died,
 In the mouldering gloom and silence which the brooding god defied.

And the temple is decaying ! From the gilded roof o'erhead
 All the massive beams are falling where the worship long was said ;
 And the ceiling on old Runga, in a thick enfolding crust,
 Wraps the idol in the silence in a kindred shroud of dust.

Even so as fell old Runga shall the countless idols fall !
 And the darkness of oblivion shroud them with its funeral pall !
 While the voice of love and mercy bids the worshippers draw nigh
 Where the radiant cross of JESUS gives redemption from on high.

In the dark yet living temple shall a heavenly light appear,
 While the spirit turns to JESUS with its love's most grateful tear ;
 And the flowers shall shed their fragrance in the wealth of their perfume
 And in blissful fields shall ever with the Rose of Sharon bloom.

THE PAST AND THE FUTURE.

When I think of the past, and with quivering glances
 Look back on my spring and my summer suns,
 I feel it is true, that, as age advances,
 Life's river more coldly and darkly runs.

Yet far be the spirit of fretful repining,
 That life's dewy morn cometh back no more—
 That I bask not again in the noon of its shining,
 And dream the bright holiday ne'er will be o'er !

All fled though they are, and though memory weepeth—
 Frail sorrows she--over time's decay,

The disciplined spirit a tranquil eye keepeth
 In faith of the dawn of eternity's day !

And though darkling and cold, beneath evening's shadows,
 Speeds on to its ocean life's sin-billow'd stream,
 'Twill gush out afresh in the ever green meadows,
 As " clear as the crystal," and " still " as a dream

And by its bright banks, love-enamell'd and glowing
 With glories transplanted from Eden's pure bed,
 Will Blessedness walk, royal trophies bestowing
 On all who have wash'd in *the blood that was shed*

ROMANCE OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

B Y ION.

THE beautiful, the noble, and the good are all about us; even on our every-day path, the life which is about us lacks not for the poetry which filleth all things. How many-phased is this life about us! Here may we read tales of high chivalrous devotion, of deep-souled, earnest heroism. It, too, has its tales of true and tenderest pathos, its sorrows too deep for utterance, its tragedies stern and terrible. Mystery is about it and in it. Now you hear a wild exulting shout of jubilance and glee, and in a moment a prolonged and agonizing wail of most tragic sorrow. You see the bright beaming face, covering perchance the gnawed and cankered heart. There is the seemingly staid, sad countenance, hiding, it may be, a soul full of secret, hypocritical gladness. And all about you, you see a dread struggle and battle of life—some combatants with closed lips, and firm unblenching eye; others, with trembling aspect, giving vent to oft-repeated sighs and groans. Oh, the mystery of the burden of life! We pace our busy, crowded streets, our thoughts the while winging their way through old historic lands, and scenes, and ages, recking not of the sad sorrow which is eating away the heart of the maiden who has just passed us, spite of her heroic struggles to forget the cause of all her misery; nor of the soul-conflicts of that young man, as he nightly tosses on his restless pillow, in vain endeavoring to solve the mystery that surrounds him; nor of the desolateness of that old man who had just buried the last friend of his youth, and whose sorrows heavily press upon his bowed head. And how we miss the gladness which abounds in the world, spite of sin and sorrow, when we transport our thoughts

to some far distant clime and age! Beautiful nature is everywhere present, and that to make us glad. All pleasant sights and sounds will greet our eyes and ears if we will but open them and attend. The bright, happy faces of friends are ever ready to smile upon us. Children—often so like dew-drops on the flower of life, soon dried up by the scorching sun—these with their innocent gay prattle we may have for our companions:

To look upon the fair face of a child,
Feels like a resurrection of the heart,
Children are vast in blessings; kings and queens,
According to the dynasties of love.
The might and the delight of nature lies
In them, and for them earth is what it is.

Then there is in the frolicsomeness of youth, and the harmonies struck out by the meeting of two fair souls who decide evermore to sing in concert; and those gay hearts, who bear everything cheering, having a merry laugh and witty jest at life's petty ills, yet withal full of general genial seriousness; and the gentle, loving ones, ever ready to soothe the sorrowful, and relieve the weary and over-burdened; these and numberless other sources of joy and gladness we miss when we neglect to read the book of life about us.

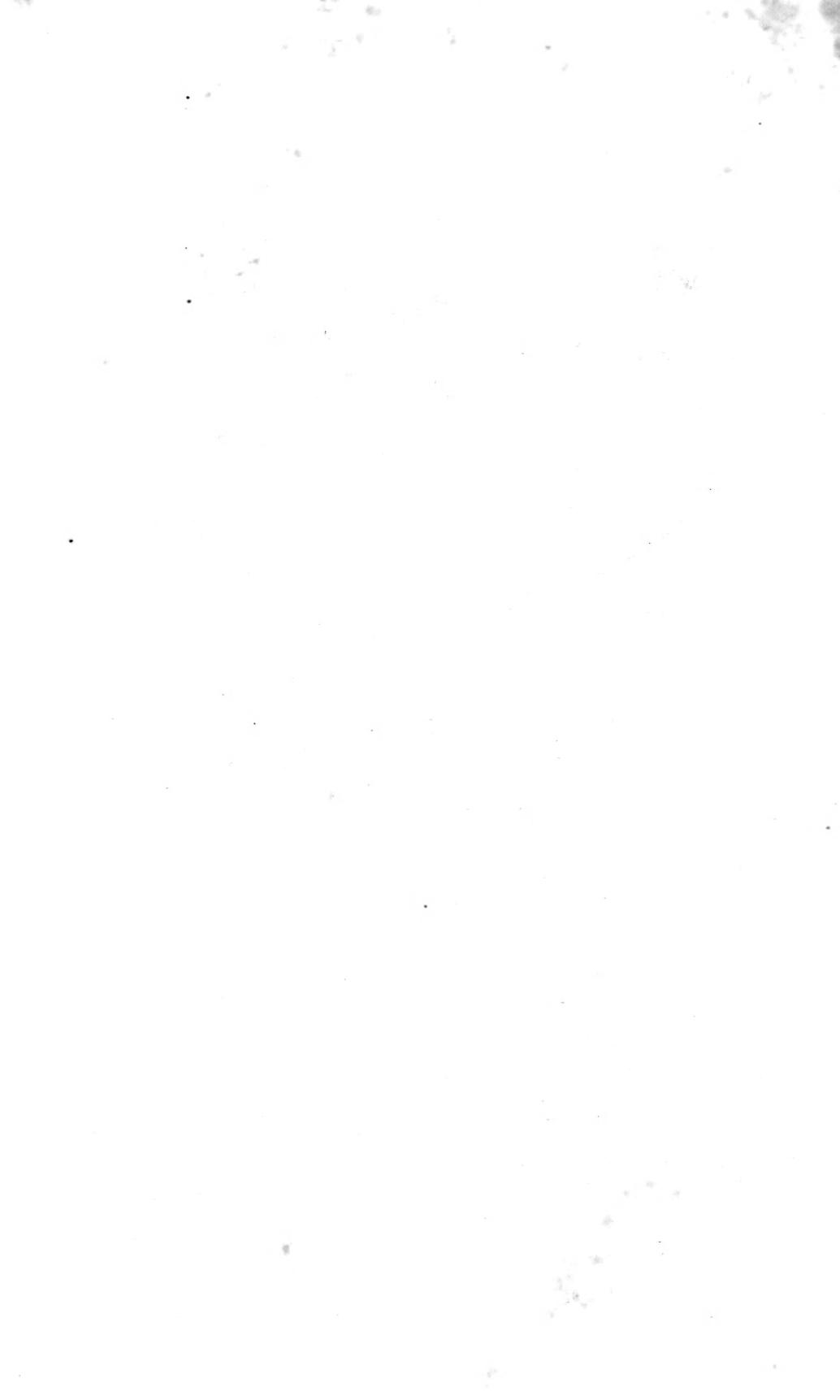
Life is a great poem, full of tragedy and pathos; comedy and laughter, mad fun and sad sorrow; having strange plots and *dénouements*, but bearing the impress of a great unity, manifesting a serious Godward earnestness of purpose; and nowhere can we study this great poem so well as on our daily life-path, in the life which is about us.

STANZAS.

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldest not save.
There let the winds weep, and the plover cry;
But go thou by.

Child, if it were thine error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by—go by!





Why do Summer Roses Fade?

WRITTEN BY J. E. CARPENTER.

COMPOSED BY GEORGE BARKER.

Andante con Espressione.

PIANO

FORTE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are for the piano, with the left hand in bass clef and the right hand in treble clef, both in C major and B-flat minor. The tempo is Andante con Espressione. The bottom two staves are for the voice, with the soprano in C major and B-flat minor. The vocal line includes lyrics: "Why do summer roses fade? If not to show how fleeting." The score uses dynamic markings such as > for accents, p for piano, and sforzando marks ($\ddot{\cdot}$) on certain notes. The vocal part has a sustained note on the first 'o' of 'fading'.

WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE?

All things bright and fair are made, To bloom awhile as if afraid, To

cres.

join our summer greeting? Or do they on - ly bloom to tell, How brief a sea - son

p

love may dwell, Or do they on - ly bloom to tell, How brief a season love may dwell?

f

Then while summer roses last,
Oh! let's be friends together,
Summer time will soon be past,
When autumn leaves around us east,
And then comes wintry weather.
Surely as the summer day,
Friendship, too, will pass away.

But though summer roses die,
And love gives place to reason,
Friendship pass without a sigh,
And all on earth pass coldly by,
It's but a wintry season.
And friendship, love, and roses too,
The spring-time shall again renew.

THE MARTYRDOM OF POLYCARP.

BY REV. RUFUS BABCOCK, D.D.

AMONG the various objects which excite human admiration, few are comparable with the high achievements of man himself. In the world's history, the brightest page is filled with the record of those who have nobly dared, and nobly done, and nobly died. Perhaps it was hardly to be expected,—while obtuseness or indifference to moral distinctions was so generally prevalent,—while the moral sense was so little exercised and cultivated,—while so much disguise was intentionally cast around the purposes of the more prominent actors,—that much accuracy of just discrimination should be manifested, in meting out to each his righteous award.

The word, *martyr*, originally meant only a witness; and the corresponding derivative words had a signification equally definite and limited. In process of time, as the circumstances under which the act of witnessing became scarcely less interesting than the testimony itself, the two became combined, and, by a natural and easy transition, this adventitious idea, in the end, usurped the place of the primary. In many minds, the term, martyr, now suggest only the idea of a sufferer, not a witness. In others, the two ideas are still combined.

Towards the latter end of the second century of the Christian era, under the reign of the younger Antoninus, whose philosophy, much as it has been extolled, did not preserve him from the caprice and cruelty of becoming a persecutor of a portion of his subjects, the imperial decree for this purpose was again issued. Imagination may follow the pretorian guard, which bore this rescript from imperial Rome to her subject cities of Asia Minor. The swift galley, freighted with the deadly mandate, may be followed, as she swept her proud course along the shores of classic Greece, and, threading her way between the smiling islands of the Archipelago, entered a long winding bay, upon its eastern boundary. As the evening sun gilded its peaceful waters, how little in harmony with the murderous purposes of that noble galley are all the surrounding objects! At the head of that bay, on the declivity of a mountain, running down to its very shore, there then stood (and still stands, after destruction ten times repeated)

the city of Smyrna, the queen of Anatolia, extolled by the ancients under the title of "the lovely," "the crown of Ionia," "the ornament of Asia." "Chosen," says our countryman Stevens, who recently visited it (and whose charming volumes, depicting it and innumerable other objects of interest and instruction, who has not read?)—"chosen with that happy taste which distinguished the Greeks in selecting the sites of their ancient cities, its bold slope, which extended quite down to the bay, covered by tiers of houses rising one above another, now, but not then, interspersed with domes and minarets, the monuments of the Moslem faith; and crowned on the summit of the hill by a large and solitary castle." That galley, so deeply freighted with destruction, reaches the shores, and the officer in charge hastens to the proconsul's palace, with the bloody mandate in his hands. The next day's sun shall witness the execution of this stern decretal.

"Search out these doomed men," said this appointed executioner of Rome's authority. "In the meantime, let no means be spared, to prepare, to excite, to exasperate the minds of all the populace, against those who are to be the subjects of imperial vindictiveness. Let the Jews be embittered against the votaries of that Messiah, who is by them so much abhorred. Let the artisans, whose craft has been endangered by the deserted shrines of our temples, be invited to exterminate the sect which threatens their overthrow. Let all the inveterate, long smothered prejudice against these innovators, be now aroused and rekindled. With all these means, see to it that the love of excitement, of games and gladiatorial sports be turned in the same direction. Let the multitude be stimulated to crave fresh victims, and applaud even the most sanguinary execution of the laws." When prejudice is thus backed by unlimited power, it is easy to see with what fearful celerity such orders might be executed.

We must pass over, with slight notice, the events which transpired during the first few days of the pouring forth of this persecuting fury. Why should we dwell on the anguish and torture inflicted, by scourging the flesh, till its power of

endurance was exhausted; then stretching the mangled and swollen frames of these victims on the rough points of sea-shells, or upon the alternate heads and points of spears; then casting their gory bodies, while life yet remained, to the most voracious wild beasts! But these forms of torture, revolting and horrid as the bare mention of them may seem, were, in reality, among the mildest which their ingenuity excercised itself in applying to these unoffending, unresisting subjects.

One of these victims, a young man of unusual distinction and promise, named Germanicus, was particularly eminent, as a martyr. And though the proconsul,—moved, it may be, by his youth, his noble family, and lofty bearing,—strode earnestly to persuade him to have compassion upon himself, and, by complying with the idolatrous practices required of him, save himself from the tortures and cruel death which otherwise awaited him, he hesitated not, but even irritated the wild beast which was led forth against him. Upon this "glorious death," as subsequent historians denominated it, the whole multitude, amazed at his courage, and at the fortitude of the whole race against whom this persecuting rage was directed, began with one voice to call for the aged patriarch, as a more distinguished victim than those who had already suffered. He had not, amid these scenes, presumptuously courted persecution and danger, nor did he timidly shrink from it. By the warm persuasions of his friends, he was at first induced to retire before the furious storm. But now, that the public voice thus called for him by name, and the officers came to arrest him, though a further opportunity of escape was open to him, he nobly rejected it, saying, with the spirit of willing self-sacrifice, "The will of the Lord be done." With a benevolence worthy of the disciple of him who prayed for his murderers in death, he ordered suitable refreshments to be set before those who came to arrest him. Then, when he had offered up an humble prayer,—remembering in it, with minute particularity, all that had been connected with him,—breathed forth with such fervor and humility as melted the iron-hearted soldiers who had seized him, they led him to the city. But who are these, in a chariot of state, that come to meet the venerable prisoner by the way? They are no less personages than Herod the Irenarch, or head officer of the police, with his father Nicetes. They persuade him to take his seat by their side, and with insinuating deference to his gray hairs, they strive to win him from his steadfastness of purpose. "What great harm can there be in addressing divine honors to Cesar, and offering, at least, one

grain of incense upon the Idol's altar?" At first he remained silent, and they, encouraged, renewed their solicitations. Perceiving their misconception of his feelings, with great dignity and calmness, but so firmly as utterly annihilated their hopes of success, he answered, "I shall never do what you advise me." Then they turned their flatteries to the coarsest abuse, and thrust him from their car with inhuman violence. Injured by the fall, he bore the indignity with uncomplaining meekness, and, fast as the tottering steps of age would bear him, he hastened to the stadium. The proconsul was already there. To the question, "Who art thou?" he fearlessly replied, "I am Polycarp." The renewed attempts of this vice-regent of Rome, to induce the venerable man to swear by Cesar, or perform some other act, incompatible with the sacred dictates of his conscience, he steadily resisted.

"Revile Christ, and swear; then will I dismiss you," said the proconsul.

Polycarp replied, "Eighty and six years have I served him, and he never did me wrong; how, then, can I now blaspheme my king that has saved me?"

The governor still continuing to urge him to swear by the genius of Cesar, Polycarp said, "Hear my free confession: I AM A CHRISTIAN; and if you would know what Christianity is, grant me a day and listen to me."

The proconsul said, "I have wild beasts at hand; I will cast you to them unless you change your mind."

He answered, "Call them; for we have no reason to change from the better to the worse, but it is good to turn from wickedness to virtue."

Again he urged him. "I will cause you to be consumed by fire, should you despise the beasts, and not change your mind."

Polycarp answered, "You threaten fire, that burns for a moment, and is then put out; but you consider not the coming judgment, and the fire of eternal punishment, reserved for the wicked."

The Governor, astonished at his confidence,—that he not only refused to retract, but continued undismayed, his countenance brightening with joy,—sent forth the herald to proclaim in the middle of the stadium, "Polycarp confesses himself a Christian." This was equivalent to pronouncing the sentence of death against him; and that blood-thirsty populace, idolaters and Jews, with united vociferation, cried out, "This is the teacher of Asia, the father of Christians, who causes our gods to be forgotten, teaching the multitude neither to sacrifice nor worship them."

"Burn him alive!" "Burn him alive!" was now shouted and reechoed through the throng. Fuel was collected from every side, with surprising avidity; their victim stood bound before them. He required no fastening to the stake, but calmly said, "He that now gives me strength, will enable me to remain unmoved, even upon the pile."

Then breathing forth an humble prayer, more full of lofty virtue and true piety than heathen philosophy ever conceived,—in which, be it remembered, his privilege of bearing witness, in this martyr death, for the truth of the religion of his Lord, was distinctly and gratefully recognised,—he was made to suffer the cruel punishment prepared for him. His brethren and fellow-disciples then gathered up his bones, and deposited them in an appropriate sepulchre.

Let us consider the elements of real greatness evinced by the true martyr. Wisdom, benevolence, self-control, a firm tenacity of purpose, which remains unshaken in most adverse circumstances, and cheerful, generous self-denial, for the accomplishment of any noble end, especially one which is widely promotive of human happiness, have pretty uniformly received the approval, as they deserve the homage and the imitation of mankind. But where else will these be found in such perfect combination and harmony, as in the character of him who bears witness for the truth, on some topic of transcendent interest and value, and who is willing to seal that testimony with his blood? He sees the truth clearly. Its value, its adaptedness to promote the happiness of those around him, is obvious to his view: and when he sees that truth assailed, its illuminating influence checked, its power and progress impeded, he is also called, it may be, to abjure it. How many opposing influences conspire to bar up his way, and turn him from the high and holy purpose of bearing his "witness of sufferings," in behalf of that truth! Self-preservation, the love of life,—that strongest of our impulsive principles,—conspires with fear of suffering, or of shame, while a temporizing expediency, which puts on the garb of prudence, joins in the effort to cause him to falter. But all these combined do not outweigh his regard to truth, and his benevolence to those who need its salutary influence. How noble, too, that exhibition of firmness, which preserves from irresolution, when motives and impulses so powerful, would incline him to hesitate! What self-control, to hush the commotion within, and, undaunted, survey the accumulated terrors without!

This spirit evinces its superiority, not only by the principles which it develops, but by the circumstances and concomitants of its exhibition. Viewed in comparison with some of the objects

of highest admiration, as they are usually regarded, this claim will be made more obvious. The warrior has personal courage; but how low a rank would justice award to it, under the circumstances of its usual exercise! Maddened by a passing excitement,—lured on and sustained by the high-wrought sympathy of the hour,—almost every sense taken captive by some specious or powerful hallucination,—how little, at such a moment, is requisite to carry him onward in the current, even to the peril of life! Very little surely, more than mere animal impulse, and that not of the noblest kind. Those who have willed the contest, and who set the opposing masses in hostile motion, do not generally share the personal peril. These master-spirits, who play the desperate game of war, have long since discovered, and many of them have honestly testified, that high moral excellence is quite incompatible with those fighting qualities which are most estimable in those who are compelled to be pliant instruments of the unhallowed ambition of their master. The common soldier may sometimes think; and the sober exercise of even a few moments' reflection will be sure to unfit him for his employment. Like that private, who was observed musing in melancholy mood, after one of the bloody battles of the Peninsular war, and when asked the reason of his dejection by his commander, replied, "to think how many widows I have this day made for six pence." A score or two of such *thinking* soldiers would be more dreaded in the army or the camp, than the united influence of the most debasing vices. *These* fit men to be the supple tools of arbitrary power. Reflection throws barriers insurmountable in the way. How unlike the courage which needs such appliances and concomitants, is the heroism of the martyr! No maddening passions carry him on in thoughtless frenzy. No confused din of martial music, and the cannon's roar, with shouts, and groans, and bustling strife, make him forgetful of duty and of right, but in the calmness of the soul's collected powers, with a moral vision purified and exalted, he sees truth, immortal truth, to be more valuable than life, and nobly makes the exchange.

The philosopher may exhibit a sincere and ardent love of truth, both in its pursuit and its manifestation. But will the love of it which bears him on so serenely in the closet, and in his silent inquiries and observation,—will this rise to an adequate height to make him the suffering witness in behalf of that truth to others? How many of the amiable and distinguished votaries of Science, to whom she has unfolded her choicest arcana, and laid bare her richest gems, have, with cowardly timidity quailed before the array of deter-

mined opposition ! Galileo could demonstrate the revolution of the earth ; but he could not, or did not, bear an unhesitating testimony to this truth, when prejudice backed by power demanded his retraction. Nor does this case of mental or moral imbecility stand alone in its class. Under similar severity of trial, it would probably be the rule, rather than the exception. Indeed it may reasonably be doubted, whether abstract scientific truth, unconnected with the moral nature of man, has power or adaptedness to elicit, and attract to itself such a degree of benevolence, as the martyr spirit requires.

Statesmen may give proof of decided sagacity ; their plans of government and their codes of laws may indicate vast and profound researches after truth, in the science of government, and high appreciation of its worth. But how few of them have been willing to leave their own testimony of suffering, to carry conviction to the minds of those for whom they legislate, of their own love, ardent, strong, immovable, for "the useful, and

the beautiful," which their own codes and constitutions evince ! True, there have been patriots, who, for their country's cause, to promote in some way its welfare, have nobly given themselves up to death. But the number of such, especially of those who have done it in a spirit allied to martyrdom, is exceedingly small. For, assuredly, by no fair construction, can we include in this number those who take arms of offence, and wield them for the destruction of their fellow men. Hopes of personal success, and of consequent domination, the spirit of self-aggrandizement, and in fine, the low, base aims of mercenary warfare, are generally the preponderating elements in the character of your fighting patriots. The true martyr never dies with arms in his hand, for the plain reason, that the most successful battle can never settle a disputed matter of right. As Newton said of a fine poem, "it proves nothing." Nor can it be made to occupy the place of testimony for the truth.

ROSABEL.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

My Rosabel was bright and fair,
How bright and fair was she !
An angel was my Rosabel,
An angel fair to me !

Her eye was like a fount of light
That in the azure shone,
So clear and blue, I fondly dreamed
Of light when she was gone.

Her golden ringlets fell in waves
Of gently moving curls,
While ruby lips but half concealed
A queenly set of pearls.

Her voice was like a wind-touched harp,
Hung 'mid the perfumed flowers,
When golden eve's soft whispering breeze
Makes melody for hours.

She had a light and airy step,
And moved with matchless grace,
Her footsteps on the gossamer
Would scarcely leave a trace.

She seemed to all as e'er to me,
A gentle, meek-eyed dove,
Whose hand with lustrous jewels shone—
The pearly deeds of love.

Her heart was pure as morning light,
A gushing, sparkling spring,
Where dwelt a spirit musical,
That never ceased to sing.

And I, in many a sleeping hour,
And many a waking dream,
Have tinted pictures of my joy
That still unfading seem.

My Rosabel was bright and fair,
How bright and fair was she !
An angel was my Rosabel,
An angel fair to me,

But such too early pass away,
They seem not long for earth ;
They fade, and find a purer home,
In climes where they have birth.

When first we saw the paling cheek,
And watched her changing eye,
We could not make our hearts believe
That Rosabel could die.

And I—No ! let the secret keep
Its sorrow in my breast ;
I could not think that we must part
When she lay down to rest.

She passed as autumn passed away,
And faded like a flower,
To leave my heart as desolate
As our own cherished bower.

Her lovely spirit passed away,
To heaven's unsighing sphere,
And left me sorrowing, here to wait
My sadly closing year.

And when I think of Rosabel,
My pictures come again,
So filled with life, I think I see
And hear her now, as then.

How bright and fair is Rosabel !
How bright and fair is she !
An angel is my Rosabel—
In heaven she waits for me.

ONE OF THE GRACES.

"The greatest of these is Charity."

"Please, cook," said Mrs. Fleming's house maid, as she entered the kitchen with the tea-things, "Miss Marion wishes you to boil some calves'-foot jelly to-night for poor Mrs. Eastlake. Mistress said you might, and you are to get a calves' foot directly."

Such a rattle and clatter of fire-irons ensued on the issue of this mandate, that there was no doubt in the world what view cook took of the matter; and when the rattle and clatter of the tongs, &c., had subsided, there began a scarcely more pleasant sound, the noise of an angry woman's tongue.

"I go and get a calves' foot! not I. I boil calves'-foot jelly at this time of night! Miss Marion must be crazy. Well, for my part, I think charity should begin *at home*. There's no charity to me in ordering me to slave here after jelly when my day's work has been hard enough."

"Cook, the woman is very bad, and she longs so for jelly, and to be sure you are too kind-hearted to make a trouble of making it," said the milder-spirited housemaid.

"I shan't go for the foot at any rate, and the boy is gone, so how the jelly is to be made, I don't see," said cook, who accordingly sate herself down resolutely to mend her stockings.

A pale, gentle-looking girl was the witness of this scene, and a very observant witness too. She was a dress-maker, and had just come to receive some new spring dresses from the Misses Fleming, with orders to finish them, without fail, by Saturday night. It was now Wednesday evening; the dresses, three in number, were to be flounced nearly to the waist; but young ladies who are very charitable in broth making and almsgiving, sometimes forget that dress-makers' eyes ache, and that their backs grow weary, and that, in fact, they are the veriest slaves that toil for their hard-earned bread; but let them pass. Kate Hall was sitting to rest for a few minutes before commencing her walk homewards, when the conversation just recorded took place.

"Did you say that poor Mrs. Eastlake was ill?" said Kate to the housemaid. "Dear me, and those little children! What is it that is the matter with her?"

"Why, she got about too soon after her confinement," said the housemaid, "took cold, and neg-

lected it, and now she has had inflammation of the lungs, and has been given over; but to-day she is a little better, and the doctor has given her leave to have some jelly, and the young ladies, when they were out visiting their district to-day saw her, and came home and gave orders about the jelly, as I told cook. Poor creatures, it is so melancholy to see the three little children, one a baby too, with no one, as we may say, to look after them. I went there yesterday, and it was quite heart-breaking."

All this time cook was industriously darning, but showed no signs of going to the butcher's for the foot, and as the housemaid could not be spared, because there were visitors, Kate considered, and considered truly, that Mrs. Eastlake stood a poor chance of her jelly. Hastily, therefore, bidding the servants good night, the young dress-maker departed. She did not leave her bundle of muslin, for her mind was not quite made up. She, therefore, toiled all the way up the long hill which led from the Flemings' door with her troublesome burden of dresses, and she stood at the top of the hill awhile hesitating whether to take the turn which led to her home, or to go to the butcher's for the calves' feet. She was not very strong—few dressmakers' girls are—but she thought of those weaker and more suffering than herself, and the resolution was taken. To the butcher's she went. The butcher stood at his door enjoying the haling air of the summer's evening, and amusing himself with the gossip and the talk of the busy village street. Business was over, and he did not look particularly amiable at having to turn in for the foot. However, on hearing it was for Mrs. Fleming, he rather changed his tone, and presented it to Kate, as butchers usually present meat, without any paper or wrapping whatever.

"Can you send it?" said Kate, kindly; "I am not going back."

"Can't send it to-night," said the butcher, "can't indeed. My boy is gone home, and my man and the horse are out. You had best take it, young woman, if they want it to-night."

So poor Kate had to go and leave her bundle down at the baker's, an acquaintance of hers, and to borrow a little basket of the baker's wife, and

then to toil back again to Mr. Fleming's house, weary and hot and breathless, just as the cook, with a face as hot as her own, though from another cause, was proceeding on the errand herself. Cook, although irascible, was not bad-hearted, and she thanked her very warmly. The circumstance was related to the young ladies by the housemaid, and a few commendations were bestowed on "the *obliging* girl." Thus they termed her self-denying act of charity. Yes, *charity!* Think you that the recording angel set down the Misses Fleming's gift, which cost them nothing but an easily-spared coin, under the head of charity, and took no note of the self-denial of the young dressmaker, in an act for which she neither received nor expected human applause?

The jelly went to Mrs. Eastlake the next morning. The ladies' charity and goodness were extolled by the neighbors. Kate sate at her dress-making, and thought. Of what did she think? —that pale, industrious little creature. Not of the gay colors of the lilac muslin with a wish that she owned such a dress; not of the money which she was to receive, and which should buy her something almost as good, and, made in the same fashion, would look quite as pretty. Oh no, Kate was not thinking of herself; she was remembering the poor mother on her sick bed, and revolving in her mind some means to help her. She did not know much of Mrs. Eastlake, but she was her fellow-creature, she was in sickness and necessity, and that was quite enough for Kate. Kate Hall had heard a sermon on charity a few Sundays before (and so had the Misses Fleming by-the-by), which very much impressed her. She thought then, as she looked on the minister, with her blue, earnest, thoughtful eyes. "Ah, if I could but be charitable! but I am a poor girl. I can't give away money, and I have no time to visit sick people. I cannot be charitable." Soon, however, she thought differently as he expounded the true meaning of the words, and she began to hope that in some respect she might be an imitation, though an humble one, of Him who was kind and good to all.

Kate really loved the Saviour, I should tell you, and thus she was prepared to exercise that charity which never faileth, which hopeth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. One remark of the preacher's struck her very much—I am not sure that the Misses Fleming heard it; Kate did, I know—that true charity never existed where there was no *self-denial*. Charity, does not consist in almsgiving merely. The Christian charity of which the apostle speaks, has a far wider, nobler meaning. It does not necessarily require any self-denial to give money to a socie-

ty, or to relieve the necessities of a poor neighbor. There may be much money given, and little charity in such ways, but it sometimes requires considerable self denial to withhold an unkind or a slanderous suggestion about another, and truly it demands much of the spirit of Christ to hope all things, and to believe all things. Where can we find morality so pure and elevated as that of the gospel of Jesus Christ?

As Kate sat sewing, a thought came into her heart that she could help Mrs. Eastlake—she would at all events try; and so her nimble fingers worked away, and she felt as bright and happy as only good charitable thoughts can make us. How the Misses Fleming would have laughed to hear Kate, the dress-maker that they patronized, called *charitable*; she that only earned enough by her hard labor to supply the wants of herself and a crippled sister, with whom, and the God she loved, she was left alone in a world that had not dealt very kindly with them. She had only lately set up as dress-maker for herself. When her mother died a few months previously, she found that she could no longer retain her situation at Mrs. Tavenor's, the principal dress-maker of the little country town, and, therefore, resolved to trust to her own exertions at home for a scanty maintenance, and to nurse and tend her dear sister Bertha.

The love of those two sisters was enough to make a paradise, even of their little lodging. The poor feeble cripple, who had lain five years, suffering under a hopeless spinal disease, just able to do a little of the lightest of the sewing if Kate were very busy, was a kind, happy Christian. Kate had lately, very lately, begun to follow in her sister's footsteps, and now they were going hand in hand to heaven. She that was so weak and frail in body, that she needed to be lifted daily from her bed to her couch, was the strong, hopeful christian, and the counsellor and strength of her darling sister, Kate.

And now you must fancy Bertha as she lay watching her industrious sister. She often watched her, but the quick eye of her love—(Bertha's sickness had not made her selfish)—the quick eye of her watchful love saw that there was something on Kate's mind

"Kate, what are you thinking of?" Kate started.

"Of poor Mrs. Eastlake."

"Are you? and so have I been thinking of her ever since daylight, Kate. Don't you think, dear, we might help her?"

"Sure enough, Bertha, my darling, I long to help her; but see my work, how can I be spared? Here are all these dresses to finish by Saturday,

"But could we not do without the money, Katy?"

Kate laughed.

"Well, Bertha, we very likely *must* do without the money whether I take the dresses home or no; but the Misses Fleming won't do without their dresses, I fear."

Bertha paused.

"Yet the Misses Fleming are such good young ladies, go about so much among the poor; surely they would wait; and I have set my mind, Kate, on your running over to see this poor woman. She has a thoughtless husband, I know; she is almost a stranger here, too, and has no friends; so do, dear sister, leave your work; there, I can pipe that flounce; run off dear, do; I want nothing; go, there's a dear sister."

Kate's bonnet was soon on. "The running over" was literally more than half a mile, for Mrs. Eastlake lived at the extreme end of the village. She had only lately come to settle in S—, where her husband, a thoughtless, and some said, an idle man, had obtained a situation as gardener. They were not so very poor as they were friendless. Mrs. Eastlake had known better days, and passed with her bad neighbors as "very high." Be that as it may, she found, that on a sick bed, she had no one to come and smooth her pillow for *love's* sake; and, oh, what worse desolation can there be?

The Misses Fleming having heard of her sickness had visited her very kindly, had given her plenty of advice, such as to put out her children to nurse, which would have been all very well, only, that putting children out to nurse costs money, and Mrs. Eastlake had but little money. They told her she ought to have a regular nurse, and not to depend on the little ignorant servant girl. Good advice too, but money, money again. An old lady, a neighbor, had come in as frequently in the course of the day as she was able, and the girl of sixteen did as well as girls of sixteen usually do, but that was only moderately, it must be confessed. The Misses Fleming talked a great deal, but, with the exception of sending the jelly, did very little. The case was rather puzzling to them: money was not so much wanted as help, such as they could not or did not render.

Charity is not a loquacious virtue by any means. It is a quiet but active, thoughtful but effective angel. It was nearer Mrs. Eastlake's pillow than she imagined when Kate, the poor dressmaker, stepped in. She had no money in her purse; no jelly, nor blanc-mange, nor wine in her basket, but she had kindness in her voice, love in her expression, self-denial and benevo-

lence in her heart, as she entered Mrs. Eastlake's cottage. Two little children were playing in the garden, unwashed, uncombed, fretful, and quarrelling; the baby of about two months old lay in its cradle, breathing hard, in one of those heavy slumbers, obtained as the slumbers of poor people's children too often are, by sleeping drugs.

Jane, the servant-maid, with her hair all streaming down behind, and twisted up in curl-papers before, was cooking, or trying to cook, at the dirty dusty grate. The husband was out at work, and Kate's visit was most seasonable. There was no occasion for ceremony; Mrs. Eastlake saw in a moment that Kate's motive in coming to see her was one of true charity, not of common curiosity, and from that moment they were not strangers. Kate now proceeded to smooth the pillows, to lay the miserable dirty covering straight, and resolved in her mind that she would bring a pair of her own coarse clean sheets that night. She then sponged the sufferer's face with warm water, all noiselessly, quietly (Kate had had sad experience in sick-nursing), and after making the room as tidy as she could in a first visit, without appearing to take liberties, she went down stairs and spoke to the children. They were more difficult to set to rights than the sick-room. However, she told the maid to wash the two elder, and this being, after considerable screaming, accomplished, she asked the poor mother's permission to take them home with her for a few hours. Now, mark, there was more of the principle of true charity here, than in going without a meal. Kate did not feel disposed to take charge of two turbulent children under five years of age. She had her fears, moreover, that they might annoy her precious Bertha; but she saw that this was likely to relieve the mother more materially than anything else, and accordingly she did it. It was now two o'clock, and she dare not stay, she said, for fear Bertha should want anything; so taking the two little creatures by the hand, who were pleased enough with the change, they proceeded homewards.

It seemed almost a hopeless task to help Mrs. Eastlake, so at least thought Kate, as she toiled this hot summer afternoon up the weary hill, which led to their humble lodging.

Bertha had wanted nothing, she said, but she looked pale with her exertion in sewing, and Kate felt condemned for bringing the children; but Bertha loved little children. Most good, gentle, Christ-like persons do. How can we look coldly on those whom the Saviour blessed? So whilst Kate got the dinner ready—and there was

not much preparation in that—Bertha called the little ones to her couch, and amused them by stories, and then by letting them have the gay snips of the lilac muslin to play with, and the pincushion to fill with pins, which kept them quite amused, and Kate never admired her sick sister more in her life than now. An *unselfish* invalid is a beautiful and an admirable rarity. Bertha was such an one.

Kate was a little anxious, a little flurried, and Bertha had again to cheer her.

"What now, Katy dear? Be quick and dine, and you shall sew very hard, and I will amuse the children, and then you will have time before night to run over, and make Mrs. Eastlake comfortable for the night."

"But the dresses, Bertha?"

At this moment, Miss Fleming came in.

"Oh, Miss Hall, I only called to say, I hope you won't fail to let us have our dresses on Saturday night, in *good* time. We thought you seemed rather doubtful."

"Indeed, Miss Fleming, I am," said Kate. "I don't like to promise if I have any doubt, and I do fear I shall not get them all done. Those flounces, Miss, take so much time."

"But we *must* have them," said Miss Fleming, with rather more asperity than exactly became a "sister of charity." "If you cannot undertake them, I must take one of them to Mrs. Tavenor," but, remembering Mrs. Tavenor's high charges, she added, "Oh, I shall *quite* expect them."

"Miss Fleming," said Bertha kindly, "could you not give us until Tuesday? They shall be finished well, and certainly by that time, but I do not think it is possible to get them done before unless we get assistance, and that, you know," here Bertha blushed, "takes from our profit. We could not make you dresses at the price we do if we hired help."

Miss Fleming, however, was obdurate, and Kate therefore gave the reluctant promise.

The children were taken home at seven, happy and clean. The clean sheets were on the sufferer's bed; the poor baby taken to a married friend of Kate's, a poor woman, but a kind one, who gave the little pining, exhausted creature, the food it needed from her own motherly bosom.

"I will keep it for the night, Kate," she said, as she saw how the babe had nestled down and slept. "It is only the same as having twins for a while, John," said she to the husband, who looked a little anxious, not grudgingly, but he feared for the fatigues of his young wife.

The warm bath and the motherly touch, and careful tender treatment, told on the infant before long, and Kate ran with the good news to Mrs.

Eastlake, that baby was fast asleep at one end of the cradle, and her friend's little Fanny at the other. Mrs. Eastlake slept better that night than for many a preceding one.

"It is twelve o'clock, Katy dear," called Bertha from her little room; "come, come to bed."

"Not yet, Bertha. It is only by sitting up all night that I can finish my work by any possibility. Go you to sleep, dear, for what shall I do, Bertha, if you are worse?"

Morning dawned, and still the young girl sat and sewed. The Misses Fleming slept; and the next day they were out again, blithe, healthy, and refreshed, visiting their sick poor district as usual, and passing for young ladies who did a great deal of good.

Now it is a question whether this visiting of the poor involved any self-denial with the Misses Fleming. To be sure, if the cottages were very dirty, they soon hustled out, and bought a bottle of lavender water of the chemist without delay; but there was little very squalid poverty that came under their notice; and if the day were fine (when it was very wet they did not go out), it was rather a pleasant occupation for them twice a week. Do not misunderstand me; I would not detract from the advantage and propriety of such efforts amongst the poor; but I want you to see how far we may perform such acts in the sight of men, and yet in the sight of God we may be verily wanting. The Misses Fleming could not know that Kate would have to sit up all night long to work at dresses, without which they could have done perfectly well. But why did they not? Ignorance in such a case was a sin, because they might have known. Who that looks on a fashionably-made dress but *must* know that the work which it contains has cost close, hard labor; and that to press for an article of apparel within a given time, just to gratify a whim of vanity, is barbarous cruelty. It is a fault of heart, believe me—a want of kind consideration and charity, for which no alms giving in the world can atone in His sight whose standard of love is, "that ye love one another *as I have loved you*." Oh, for more of that charity which never faileth: which, amongst the "all things" that it endureth, is content to deny itself for another's self!

"Well, Mrs. Eastlake, how nice and comfortable you look this morning," said the Misses Fleming, as they entered the sick-room where the weary girl had already been; "you have got a nurse at last, I hope."

"I have indeed, Miss, but a nurse who comes for love, not for pay."

"Who?"

"Kate Hall, Miss Fleming."

"Kate Hall, our dressmaker! I did not know you knew her."

"I did not, Miss, but I know her now. She came all of her own free will, twice yesterday, and again to-day; got a friend of hers to take my poor baby; kept the children all day yesterday. Oh you don't know what she has done for me!"

The Misses Fleming were young; they knew but little of human nature, and it seemed to them that Mrs. Eastlake's gratitude almost exceeded the obligation; but they did not say so.

Saturday night came, and at eight o'clock a ring at the bell animated the young ladies, one and all. Mary Anne, the housemaid, entered with the dresses. They were fitted at once, and pronounced to "set admirably." Mary Anne still waited.

"Miss Hall hopes, Miss, you will excuse her for asking you to pay her to-night, but she would be very thankful for the money."

"We will call and pay her on Monday," said Miss Marion; "she can't do anything with the money on Sunday, I suppose."

Kate had to struggle for a few moments, but charity triumphed, and I am not sure but that this was the noblest triumph of all. The "charity that never faileth" was that cherished by the Halls. Poor Mrs. Eastlake's illness was lingering and trying enough to test any impulsive or fitful kindness. The Misses Fleming sent wine and jelly now and then, but their visits were less frequent. She did not seem to care for them, they said, and there was no doing any thing to help her, poor thing! Kate thought otherwise; often would she take her work, and sit by the lonely bed-side, cheering her with pleasant tones and hopeful words, correcting her errors, and often reading to her in her long-neglected Bible, till at length the poor creature's heart was opened, and she understood the Scriptures, and received the word with joy. But she faded with the autumn leaves, and scarcely had her new life begun on earth than she was taken from the evil to come into the safety and blessedness of heaven. Who shall say that Kate's mission was a tiny one?

The hour is twilight, the autumn mist is chilling, and few persons are abroad—few but those who, like the little dressmaker, have to toil for their daily bread. She has just left the Fleming's house with her load of dresses to alter, and to make, and to modernize, and is thinking of a happy evening with her dear Bertha, and the book that Bertha is to read, when she feels her dress pulled, and looking round sees the face of an old acquaintance, but so altered, so haggard, that until she speaks she does not fully recognise her. It

was Anne, an old companion of hers at Mrs. Tavener's, who had left her employer two years before to take a situation as lady's maid, and of whom Kate had heard a very moderate account, so much so that she shrank from her.

"Do not shrink from me, Kate, it is my only hope. I am come to you, the best friend I ever had. I am humble now; I am, indeed. I have no character, no home, no friends but you and Bertha. Give me a hearing to-night, Kate Hall, and the blessing of her who is ready to perish will sound in your ears."

Poor Kate! she still shrank and hurried on; but Anne followed with all the desperation of her sorrow, and they reached the lodgings. Happily, the landlady, a very good sort of woman, (so called), but of a very *hard* kind of goodness, was out, and Anne pressed eagerly in, and was soon in the little parlor. Bertha, whose face was not to the door, was hearing little Susy Eastlake say her evening prayer, before sending her home with the kind woman, who, it may be recollects, took care of the infant, and who now took charge of the three motherless children. They stood still to listen; Bertha looked, as she always did, calm, placid, and happy, but paler than usual by the lighted fire, and the little light-haired girl who knelt by her couch was just saying as they entered, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." Anne sobbed aloud, and Bertha looked up.

It was not a strange tale, that of the poor, homeless, motherless, hopeless girl. It was a sad story, but, alas! not an uncommon one. Love of dress and gayety had, in the first instance, induced Anne Forster to leave her honest calling, and to take the tempting situation of lady's maid in a gay and worldly family. Her conduct there had been light and giddy. She had made bad acquaintances—had deceived her employer, and was at length dismissed in disgrace, with a general charge of flighty and unbecoming conduct, quite sufficient to prevent her obtaining another situation. And now she was come to her native village, with a faint hope that those who had known her in her better days would take compassion on her now; but oh, none so disbelieving in her profession of penitence as the inhabitants of S——. "They wondered at her thinking of such a thing as that they should recommend her!" Mrs. Tavener shut the door in her face; Mrs. Fleming's housemaid told her not to dare to come any more; she had heard enough of her doings. And it was only Kate of whom she had any hope—Kate and her sister.

The two sisters heard her story. It was evident that she had been wrong, giddy, and flighty,

but she longed to alter; she said so, at least, and their charity believed it. How meekly and like a child she listened to the faithful Bertha; and with folded hands and an humble heart, sate shrinking from *them* now as one unfit to approach those pure and pious women. They made her no promises, but they did not spurn her. They procured her a bed at an old neighbor's, and spoke words of kindness and hope, giving her the gospel message of reconciliation, you may be sure—and then they knelt down and prayed, and hoped for Anne. Theirs was the charity, you know, that

hopeth all things. What had they in their power to do for this poor girl? Not much, it is true, but they did what they could. They gave her employment—for their business was steadily increasing, and they often needed help. They gave her counsel and instruction, and encouraged her by a little judicious notice to redeem the character for steadiness and propriety that she had lost.

Years afterwards, Mrs Tavenor's business was taken by Kate Hall, and the best assistant in her work-room was Anne, the all but lost Anne.

THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY.



BUNKER HILL AND CALVARY.

BY REV. C. G. CLARKE.

BUNKER HILL is among the household words of Americans. It occupies a prominent place among our most cherished ideas. Its enunciation wakes up the gushing emotions of the soul. Nor will it cease to be the centre of precious recollections, while earth rolls and patriotism lives.

It is right and proper that it should be so; for there commenced the mighty struggle for right—for nationality. The painful events, which there transpired, were harbingers of the final and glorious results of the conflict. The foundations of our national temple—the temple of liberty—were there laid and cemented with blood. Yes, the choicest blood of the land was there poured out like water. The sacrifice for freedom and right was there laid upon the altar. From that spot, and from that fearful hour, sprang into existence a nation—a nation destined by Heaven, we trust, to do more for the renovation, the salvation, of the world, than any other on the footstool.

Already it has done wonders, in opening the eyes of the masses, long under the crushing heel of despotism, to an acquaintance with their rights. It will—it must—do more. We shall bear the torch-light of liberty, and the more precious light of religion, to all the down-trodden and benighted, throughout the earth. Surely, then, Bunker Hill is a mighty word.

But there is another hill more blessed than

that. Up Calvary, the well-beloved son of God toiled, bearing his cross. There he suffered and groaned and died. How much more precious was the sacrifice, there offered up, than the other! The sacrifice was laid upon the altar of love—not of country or of friends—but of enemies. Nor was it offered amid the thunder and havoc of war, but the more fearful rockings of earth, the shakings of the temple's foundations, and the rending of its veil. There the powers of darkness were defeated.

Hence, the mighty Conqueror arose, leading captivity captive, procuring gifts for man. There was achieved our liberty; liberty to draw nigh to God; liberty to devote ourselves to the service of Heaven; liberty to worship our Maker without hinderance or restraint; liberty to hope. There was laid a sure foundation, on which rests the temple of truth, which is to rise glorious and eternal—whose top-stone is to be brought forth in heaven, “with shoutings of grace, grace unto it.” What rich blessings cluster around Calvary! Rich in present enjoyment—rich in future anticipations. Yes, the story of Calvary is to be told on every hill-top and valley of earth. It is to pour consolation into myriads of souls, in their final struggle—turning “the shadow of death into the morning.” It will be the inspiration of the eternal song,

MAN'S EXTREMITY, GOD'S OPPORTUNITY.

BY REV. JONATHAN BRACE.

This sentiment has become a proverb, and like most proverbs, is founded in truth. It is a fact that divine intervention may be expected in behalf of man, and more especially in behalf of *the friends of God*, when *necessity* calls for it.

"Just in the last distressing hour
The Lord displays delivering power;
The mount of danger is the place
Where we shall see surprising grace."

Of the truth of this familiar apothegm, it is not difficult to find illustrations.

Look at the Israelites in Egypt. They were ground down by oppression, and "sighed by reason of hard bondage." A season came, however, when the cruelty exercised against them became extreme,—when they were not only forced to labor, but their very offspring were doomed to die. When this season came, when murder took off the infants, and threatened to extirpate the seed through whom the promised Shiloh was to come,—then, the Lord "showed himself to Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush," and commissioned and endowed him to be the triumphant champion of his abused people.

The Israelites went up harnessed out of Egypt. Pharaoh, repenting of his permission to let them go, "made ready his chariot, took six hundred chosen chariots," and his mighty men of valor, and followed in close pursuit. Nothing however is done on the part of God, till there seems but a step between his people and destruction. When they had reached the Red Sea, which lay as an impassable barrier before them, when mountains rugged and high prevented their escape on either side, and the hosts of the tyrant thirsting for blood were hard upon their backs, then it was, that the salvation of the Lord was shown. "And the Lord said unto Moses, Lift up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea and divide it, and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And the Lord said again unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and their horses." And he did so; the sea returned to its strength,

overwhelming all the hosts of Pharaoh, so that there remained not so much as one of them!

Jehovah had declared that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head." His advent was looked for with interest. Types, shadows, and emblems, prefigured and betokened his coming; yet century after century rolled away, and no Messiah! But when the darkest hour had arrived, when the world was crowded with idols, "when reason, tired and blind," could do nothing for the relief of man, and philosophy nothing,—when Satan, besides possessing the souls of mankind, had begun to claim their bodies also as his, when the sceptre had departed from Judah, the law-giver from between his feet, when the Jews were slaves to the Romans, and Herod an Edomite, king; then, He comes; then the

"Star of the east,—the horizon adorning,
Guides where the infant Redeemer is laid."

Christ entered into a ship, and his disciples followed him. While the sun shone clear, the winds were favorable, the motions of the ship easy, and the waves curled gently around her, their Master "was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow." But when there arose a great tempest, insomuch that the billows beat violently, covered the ship, and threatened to engulf him and them; then he arose, and rebuked the winds and the sea, "and there was a great calm."

The Apostle Peter is apprehended, thrust into prison, and delivered to four quaternions of soldiers to keep him. There he remains, though "prayer is made unceasing by the church unto God for him,"—until the night previous to his contemplated execution. When that crisis came,—the very night before, by a decree of Herod, he was to be brought forth,—brought forth that his enemies might make him a public victim to their rage, put him to death like a wild beast for their entertainment; then, an angel finds his way to him in the gloomy dungeon, and light shines in upon the darkness, and his fetters fall off, and the iron gate leading into the city openeth of its own accord, and Peter is free!

At the commencement of the Christian dispensation, the wrath of the wicked waxed hot against the church; but when this wrath was the hottest, when that barbarous persecutor Dioclesian was so confident of the success of his measures to annihilate the church, as to cause pillars to be erected with the inscription, "*Deleta superstitione Christiana*,"—the Christian superstition is destroyed,—her deliverance under Constantine the Great was just at hand. Constantine succeeded Dioclesian.

After the decease of Constantine, the church suffered severely under the Roman pontiffs. But when truth was adulterated, virtue driven to cloisters, and piety had almost become extinct,—when the grave of spiritual Religion was dug, and she, to human appearances, was about to descend into it, the Lord raised up Luther, and kindred minds and hearts of zeal and courage, who infused into her precious body, vitality and strength. When the Dominican Tetzel was peddling his indulgences in the streets of Wittenberg, the Scarlet Lady throned upon the hills was in her glory, and then it was that she received a wound, from which she has never recovered, and we pray may never recover.

And just previous to our Saviour's second coming, we have reason to think that Zion will be wrapped about with the blackest clouds. "When the Son of man cometh,"—was the significant interrogatory of Christ,—"when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" That is,—religion will be at a low ebb; believers in him be very few. Yet, at this juncture, when the gospel shall be trampled upon, scoffers cry "where is the promise of his coming?" and when the torrent of iniquity shall seem to be bearing down all before it,—Gog and Magog, in the plenitude of their strength and fury,—"the earth corrupt before the Lord, and the earth filled with violence;" then, too, shall "the Lord arise, and his enemies be scattered!"

Other illustrations of the fact,—that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity,"—it were easy to produce. But these may suffice. Jehovah does appear in behalf of men, and especially in behalf of *his people*, in times of despondency and distress.

If we are asked *why* He proceeds upon this principle? several reasons may be assigned. His attributes are hereby glorified;—His attributes of wisdom, power, compassion, goodness, forbearance, and long suffering. His attribute of *wisdom*. It displays superior wisdom to devise means for the removal of *great difficulties*. He is the most learned and skillful physician who can master the most violent and dangerous diseases. And when

matters have reached such a pass that all which *human* knowledge can do is unavailing, God manifests *his* wisdom by a successful interposition. When informed by a messenger of the sickness of his friend Lazarus, "Christ abode two days still in the same place where he was." Not because he did not love Lazarus, but because he would glorify himself in raising him from the dead. In bringing the counsels of the heathen to nought, and making the devices of the prudent of none effect; in turning wise men backwards, and circumventing the crafty designs of the arch apostate, he makes a signal illustration of his wisdom.

His attribute of *power*. The weaker his Church, and the more energetic and malignant her enemies, the mightier that arm which upholds the Church, and conquers these enemies. Hence, when in the case of Pharaoh's hosts, who, breathing out threatening and slaughter against Israel, cried, "I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil; I will draw my sword, I will devour them;" God blew with his wind and the sea covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters; he eminently glorified his power. And very natural was the exclamation of the redeemed Jews, as they beheld horses and riders submerged in the waves, and their carcases driven upon the shore,—"The Lord is a man of war, the Lord is his name, the Lord is our strength."

His attributes of *compassion* and *goodness*. It is the part of compassion and goodness to relieve distress; and the deeper the distress the greater the mercy. When the Church faints; when friends are far from her, and sighs are wrung from her, then the kindness of her covenant God appears. A brother is born for adversity; and so is a father; and when neither can assuage misery, then the pity and benevolence of Jehovah appear in taking us up; and he often waits till then that he may be impressively gracious unto us. "I will heal thee of thy wounds," said he, to Zion, "because they called thee an outcast, saying this is Zion, whom no man seeketh after."

His attributes of *forbearance* and *long suffering*. He shows that he cherishes no malicious feelings towards the creatures he has made, and though they do wickedly, that he is willing to be patient, and grant them space for repentance. Not till the cup of iniquity is quite full, is the struggling bolt of justice loosed, and sent abroad on its mission. Not, sometimes, till the question arises whether his people shall be destroyed, or their foes destroyed, does He destroy the latter.

Further,—by acting upon this principle,—a spirit of prayer and supplication is awakened.

We naturally rely upon our own resources,—dislike to be laid under obligations to another, and are disposed to resort to numerous expedients before supplicating aid. Hence the little prayer that ascends from our earth—for prayer is the breath of want. It is an humble confession of self-impotence, an extorted acknowledgment of another's superior ability. But in man's extremity, he calls upon God, and those who are wont to invoke Him, then invoke Him with increased fervor and importunity. When did the children of Israel cry unto the Lord? When "they lifted up their eyes, and beheld the Egypytians marching after them, and were sore afraid." When did the disciples cry—"Lord save us, we perish?" When a storm of wind came down upon the lake. When did Peter pray? When he saw the heavy swell of the sea, and was beginning to sink. When was the Psalmist most earnest in his pleadings in behalf of himself and friends? When enemies came in upon him and them like a flood. "Have mercy upon us, O Lord," is his cry,—"have mercy upon us,—for we are exceedingly filled with contempt." It is in the hour of perplexity and distress, when men's hearts are failing for fear, and for the looking of those disasters which may befall them,—it is then, that, like the mariners bound with Jonah for Tarshish, they "arise and call upon God;" and since Jehovah enjoins prayer as a duty, and would encourage it, He often brings the children of men into straits, that so they may feel the necessity of it, and appreciate the value of it.

He acts likewise upon this principle, to increase the confidence of his people in him.

Beholding how they have been rescued and sustained in six troubles, they may feel confident that they will be borne triumphantly through the seventh. Hence, David, when remonstrated with against exposing himself to the might and fury of the gigantic Goliath, properly replied— "The Lord, who delivered me out of the paw of

the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And when the Church marks how signally she has been saved, when wofully sunk, she may feel "strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might." As Abraham could not but confide in God, that he would take care of Isaac, after that He had redeemed him from the knife and the flames, by the intervention of the lamb caught in the thicket, so the spiritual children of Abraham may learn from the repeated deliverances of the Church from the ferocious passions of those who would exterminate her, that "Jehovah is in the midst of her, and she cannot be moved."

We may say, too, that such deliverances are well calculated to dishearten the enemies of Christianity. They may see, in these instances of Divine interposition, that there is a vigilant, able guardian of truth, and the friends of truth, and that it is useless to war against it and them. And were they not infatuated they would see that truth and Christianity are impregnable,—that "there is no enchantment against Jacob, nor any divination against Israel." Like the natives who, having chased the pious captain Wilson, and having seen him plunge into the Coleroon, a stream full of alligators, and emerge safe on the opposite bank, were so struck at the hand of God in his preservation, as not to discharge their arrows but retire silent and thoughtful from the pursuit; so *they*, were they not smitten with madness and blindness of heart, would acknowledge that a Divinity is on the side of the gospel and Zion, and all endeavors to destroy either is the height of folly. "Truth crushed to earth will rise again,"—and the Church attend the funeral of all other societies. Indeed, truth and the Church will survive the general conflagration,—will rise from the ashes of the world like the fabled Phœnix, and spring upwards immortal.

The sentiment, therefore, with which we commenced our article, is founded in fact, and is happy in its bearings on God and humanity.

THE PRESS.

A MILLION tongues are thine, and they are heard
Speaking of Hope to nations in the prime
Of Freedom's day—to hasten on the time
When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred
With higher aims than now—when man shall call
Each man his brother—each shall tell to each
His tale of love—and pure and holy speech

Be music for the soul's high festival!
Thy gentle notes are heard like choral waves,
Reaching the mountain, plain, and quiet vale;
Thy thunder-tones are like the sweeping gale,
Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves;
And earth's remotest island hears the sound,
That floats on ether wings the world around.

WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

EARLY LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

It is now some eighteen years since I was a boy, and lived in the country, yet nearly every scene that I then beheld is as fresh before me, as the events of yesterday. Those who have lived in contemplation of the works of nature in youth, rarely lose the memory of one of her charms, though after years may call them to the dusty streets and turmoil of cities. In hours of weariness, and solemn thought, the recollection of pastoral landscapes, and the free unfettered heart of youth,

"Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn,"

comes over one like "airs from heaven." Nature is a mighty healer of sorrow and wrong, and a gentle minister of goodness to those who listen to her teachings. "She speaks a various language," but always one of serenity and beauty. No storm of passion mars her divine aspect, no sorrow mingles in her manifold harmonies. Even the dark and solemn in nature leave a softening and elevating impression on the mind. The cloven peak of the mountain; the deep chasms; the thunder storm, and the illimitable sea; never jar on the most sensitive heart, though its own passions, and the miseries of mankind, are a torture and a discord. It is but the deep bass of the organ; the crash in the harmony; the shade of the picture: and, so far from depressing, lifts us above the level of mortal life and men, and we feel

"A presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion, and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thoughts,
And rolls through all things."

Oh ye dwellers in the dust and noise of cities, ye weary-hearted money-getters, rich and poor, come out into the green world of nature; and bathe your souls in the living waters of beauty. There is a blue sky over the woods and fields, though you hardly ever see it for the smoke of

your manufactories: you walk on hard brick pavements, but the fields are carpeted with grass, and sown with wild flowers. Look at the sickly trees that try to shade your walks, but fail miserably in the attempt; and then come out into the grand old forests of your native land. There you may rove for days in eternal twilight and coolness, breathing odors at every step; your pale cheeks will become ruddy with the rose of health; your thin frames will grow hardy and muscular, and your hearts nobler, and more divine, than they ever can be in counting-houses and gas-light. Your legers may be heavy on the Dr. side, and all good debts; but the book of nature (if I may be allowed an opinion in the matter,) is far richer, and more trustworthy. There is no bankruptcy here, not even in winter, when all is covered with snow and ice. If the fruits are gone then, and the harvests all gathered in, the woods are hung with jewels. Every man may have a private Golconda of his own, and be as rich as he (and the frost) pleases. I have no doubt, from the hearsay of others, (for I have never been blessed myself by the lady in question,) that fortune is a very pleasant thing. I should not object, as a particular favor to some friend, to receive a small annuity, say five hundred per year; but as many thousands could not keep me from the country, and rural enjoyments.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny,
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I then toys to the great children leave;
Or fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave!"

In my last paper of this title, I left myself at Hingham Hill, a juvenile: how long I remained in that beautiful place, I know not; I can remember nothing distinctly after leaving it, till we went to reside in the little town of Abington, some miles distant. There I spent some, nay, I may say all, the happiest years of my existence. I cannot do the town, or my life at that period, justice. I was a simple, happy boy there; and

many a time since I have tried to recall what I felt then, and what all children must have felt in the same circumstances; for all men are full of poetry, and wonder, and beauty, in their early years:

"Heaven lies about us, in our infancy."

Life seemed a dream; nothing was real; or all things were lifted above reality: the dusty road that ran by the door was not a common road; the old barn was not a common barn; the cherry tree, by the stone wall, was as wonderful as if it had been guarded by the Hesperides. Everything was strange and wonderful: there was a shape in mist and cloud, a presence in the blue sky and the light of summer: every day was an epoch, every boy a friend, every little lass a sister and a sweet-heart. Childhood added to the universe

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the poet's dream."

The finest poet does no more, not often as much, as the child: the child feels, the poet describes; and happy indeed is he, if he can describe these things, and the sensations and moods to which they give birth, with sufficient distinctness, or indistinctness, as the case may require, for others to recognize them, and him, as something loved and known of old. It has always seemed to me that the poetry of dreamy sensation is the most difficult and most ethereal of all. Few men succeed in this walk of the Muses. Apollo himself seems to hold the clue.

Our cottage was by the roadside, a small, black-boarded building, which must have seen some twenty years when we moved into it. I see it before me now as plainly as the building next door, which blocks the sky from my window. One half the cottage curtain has slipped from its loop, and blows out through the open sash. An old flowerpot, encrusted with moss, stands in the window. It is a rose. Up the sash steals an ambitious creeper, wild vine, morning-glory, or the common garden bean, as the case may be. A smooth block of stone, one step in height, lies in front of the door, from which a path runs through the closely-nibbled grass in the yard, to the road. From the corner of the house, on the left, a line of picket-fence forms the end of the garden wall. There, in old time, we used to have the greater part of our flowers. They were not over-choicie, I fear: red and white hollyhocks, poppies, and peonies, with other like gaudy attempts in the floral way; now and then a stray rose, or a bunch of fringed pinks, but for the most part

the "common people of nature." I never have been able since to bear the sight of flowers in a garden: they seem in an unnatural state there, like a party of ladies at the opera. Let me have them (both flowers and ladies) in their homes, in the woods and fields, where the dew can wash their cheeks, and the sunshine press them to its glowing lips.

Of all my early pleasures, the chiefest was to rise on a spring morning and look from my chamber window through the tufts of snow-blossomed peach trees, over the misty, fresh, soft green fields below, and beyond the neighboring farm house, on and on, till the gray woods belting the horizon barred my eager vision. The sight of a green field in spring always gives me an unutterable feeling of luxury and pleasantness. I take the landscape into my soul as a lover drinks in the image of his beloved one, and often, in after years, recall the moment that impressed it upon my memory. Not a bough is missing from the trees, not a dew-drop or daisy from the grass, and the very light and shade which then made it beautiful and peculiar, are painted eternally on the picture.

There was an old wood on the right and back of the cottage, where it made an elbow around the corner of the fields, and stretched away in a level line till it was lost in the distance. At one point the trees seemed to have shrunk together to form an aisle; for some ten or twelve feet they opened, and hardly joined their branches over the space. Spots of sunshine, moving eastward or westward, might be seen on the dead leaves which carpeted it, from morning till sunset; and when the sun went down, patches of moonlight lay there like drifts of snow. I was never weary of tramping in the leaves on holidays and after school hours: their sharp, quick rustling is a pleasant sound, and the scent which embalms the whole air exceedingly fresh and delicious. The larger boys of the town were in the habit of setting snares for partridges, though I believe none of them ever made his fortune from the sale of game. Squirrels were plenty, but exceeding shy. We used to see them occasionally scampering from branch to branch; and once or twice a day we were sure to hear some stray mastiff barking in the distance. Tradition, on such occasions, always said that he had driven one to his hole; but as he generally went home without his victim, those who prized the canine race declared it something else, and not a real squirrel. The robin redbreast used to build his nest in the pine trees; and we children loved him for the sake of the

"Babes in the Wood." I have my doubts now about that ancient feat of sextonship; but I love the robin yet, and often dream of his "red stomacher."

But perhaps the forest was more beautiful in autumn than at any other period of the year. To be sure, the flowers we used to gather through the summer were all gone, and berries were not to be had at any price; but the glory of the fading leaves amply compensated for them. I never expect to be so happy again, as when I used to walk up and down the aisles of that old forest, gazing at the illuminated leaves, which interwove like rainbows, and made a dome over my head; and under my feet it was the same: myriads and myriads of leaves, all touched and tinted with the most gorgeous hues from the palette of autumn. The most common colors in this infinite kaleidoscope were yellow and purple, running off into all shades and tints: sometimes variegated and clouded; sometimes barred and flecked; and sometimes of a single hue, blushing through all their stems and fibres. Look where I would, it was a realm of enchantment, more beautiful than a dream; and hour after hour, lapped in the most delicious dreams, I used to wander over the fallen leaves I feared to crush. I always think autumn more beautiful than winter in its effects on woodland scenery: the glittering icicles on the sleety boughs remind me too much of those abominable prisms which dangle from large chandeliers; besides, when the sun melts them, they form an unpleasant reminiscence of dew.

The road, as I have already said, ran past our door, and just above the cottage on the right, for about a quarter of a mile, through the forest I have been describing. On either side the frequent rains had washed from its edges large gullies, which were generally overgrown with low bushes, plentifully sprinkled with briars; nor did they lack, among other attractions, or nuisances, as the reader is inclined to view them, a large supply of spiders, and their webs: these in some degree were forgotten and forgiven, however, for the sake of the blackberries which they surrounded. We might be seen, as we went to school in the morning, stooping over some monster vine, with black lips, when we should have been in hearing of the bell with which the mistress always rang us in. I have an indistinct memory of sundry floggings for being late, and dirty-fingered; but how could I help it, when blackberries grew by the roadside? The flowers of learning were cultivated amongst us; the three R's (reading, 'riting, and 'rithme-

tic) highly valued in that part of New-England; but none of us could, or would resist blackberries!

Before we came to the end of the road, the woods terminated in two or three pastures, at the end of which another road branched off to the right and left: we used to hate the sight, because it led us to our old school-house; nor do I think we were at all remarkable in our dislike, since I have never been able to discover in children of later time any great love for scholastic pursuits. Between you and me, reader, I am inclined to think the whole system of modern education based upon a fallacy. Why children of a tender age should be made to sit on hard benches six hours a day, in the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, conning tasks which never can be of the slightest use to them, theoretically or practically, is more than I have ever been able to determine; nor have I ever been able to find any one who could. If we would bring gymnastics and bodily training in with some of the best of the present studies, we would be the benefactors instead of the tormentors of the juvenile classes. Again, until the curiosity of a child can be awakened and aroused, all that ever can be drilled into him will fail of its desired effect. Learning by *rote* is not learning: wisdom and stimulated memories are two different things, as the world will one day find out.

I remember that in my school-days I was generally perfect in my lessons. I could tell you the height of the Himalaya Mountains, or the width of the Amazon; the extent of the great wall of China, or the length of the Grand Lama's great toe. I was well "filed up" in the different gases, the various "*gins*" of the chemical bar, and could determine to a nicety the amount of air in a vessel which had been exhausted by an air-pump: the amount was "*nil*"; and "*nil*" have been all the advantages that I have derived from this most interesting of sciences. All that I learned at school has vanished like a morning mist, and I believe it is so with men in general. My curiosity was not stimulated as it should have been, and what I learned to-day, as a task, was forgotten to-morrow, as a pleasure. All this will be mended before many years have past, or dunces will be multiplied to an alarming extent.

I believe the old custom of teaching by women has in some degree fallen into disuse in that part of the country now. I passed by the old school some year or two ago, and saw a village pedagogue, a young sickly-looking student, in the ancient desk; but when I was a boy the school-

master was unknown there. My earliest teacher was a woman, and I hope my latest will be.

"The very first
Of human life must spring from woman's breast;
Your first small words are taught you from her lips;
Your first tears quenched by her, and your last sighs
Too often breathed out in a woman's hearing,
When men have shrunk from the ignoble care
Of watching the last hour of him who led them."

Well do I remember the pleasant face of Mistress Richmond, and the blue silk dress that she wore then. She was a mild and beautiful woman, or so she seemed to me in my juvenile days. Many a reward of merit have I received from her fair hands. Do they give them to the children now, I wonder? They were simple, plain things enough—little slips of paper with a bee-hive, or something of that order, for a vignette, and the cabalistic words, "Reward of merit, presented to (blank) for good behavior and proficiency in (his or her) studies. So-and-so, Preceptor." To the mind of some, these little things may seem unworthy of notice, but if you reflect a little, my friends, you will find all the world crazy on the same point. The artist and literary man is desirous of a favorable notice in the pages of some influential review; that is his "reward of merit." The soldier wishes his brave deeds to be chronicled in the Gazette; that and a two-penny medal is his "reward of merit." The merchant desires his name to be good on Change, and in the ledgers of his banking friends; that is his "reward of merit." In fact, I doubt very much if any of us are sinless enough to "cast the first stone" at this folly.

I wonder where my old school-fellows are now. The greater part, if living, are no doubt married, and well-to-do in the world. I know one or two of them are, for I pass their farm-houses, and certain chubby youngsters that there can be no mistake about, every time I visit Abington. They have forgotten me; the ties of boyhood and school friendship are soon broken; but the man who has no greater evil than that to complain of is happy. It is when we grow older, and only then, that our hearts become stable enough to receive deep loves and passions. The child will quarrel with his friend one moment, and make friends with his enemy the next. Where are the old books that I used to study—the dog-eared spelling-book, and the Parley's Geography? Was there a *bona fide* man like Peter, or so profound a word-knower as Noah Webster, or was it all a fiction? And the cracked slate and pencil—have they gone the way of earth? or do they do duty under the dirty euffs

of some urchin of to-day? I saw my old seat in the corner when I was there last, but the books and the slate were gone: the initials that I was whipped for carving were missing too; nor have I yet, as Ralph Hoyt once said, "carved them on the scroll of fame." How we used to play! how idle we boys were in the olden time! School was a torture to us, a pound into which we were driven unwillingly, and we determined to make the best of it, and we did—when we could elude the vigilance of the mistress and the monitors. Poor woman! our idleness and bad temper must have been a sore trial to her. We little thought that her heart might ache, and her head throb, at our peevish stupidity. We were like the world, and had no pity or love for those who taught us truth and wisdom.

"They learnt in suffering what they teach in song."

The school-house branched off to the right from our cottage road; but at about the same distance on the left lay the old blacksmith's shop of "Uncle Nat." (He was everybody's uncle! like those kind-hearted gentlemen of English farces.) No village is complete without a smithy: how could it be, when even Olympus was not itself when Vulcan was absent? From the days of Tubal Cain, the oldest iron worker on record, down to that of the apprentice of yesterday, blacksmiths have been a favorite and honorable class of men. I never heard of any one (who ever heard of one!) who was not a jolly fellow, and good withal, though a little fond at times of blue Mondays. I have known many of the craft, and always liked them vastly, even the one whom I once knew. But, to go back to my uncle Nat, he was a fine old Cyclopean fellow, swarthy and huge. His head is now bald, and his strong arm has lost much of its vigor and muscle; but he has not altogether lived in vain; his life has been profitable to him and to us.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought,
And thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought."

Some two or three years ago I visited the old forge, and while there I could not but put in verse a description of it. The piece has no merit but an exact fidelity to the truth of things in their detail and atmosphere. It may, or it may not be poetry, but it is at least truth. As a slight reminiscence of my youth it is pleasant to me; I hope it may be to others; but anything that recalls their youth cannot be wholly uninteresting; so, if you please, we will go over the

BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

Beside the road in Harley town,
There stands an ancient blacksmith's shop :
Whose walls and roof are dark and low,
With chimneys peeping o'er the top ;
Some two or three on either side,
But only one with fire supplied,
Which puts its smoky volumes high
In dusky wreaths along the sky.

Harrows, and teams with splintered shafts,
And broken wheels, are standing round ;
And molten coals and cinders lie,
In scattered heaps along the ground :
And in the yard beside the door,
You see the square old tiring floor,
With grass and weeds and waving sedge
Bent down around its trampled edge.

Fronting the door the anvil stands,
With burnished surface broad and clear ;
The rusty pincers, dropped in haste,
And heavy sledge are leaning near ;
While hammers, tongs, and chisels cold,
And crooked nails, and horse-shoes old,
With all the tools renowned of yore
In blacksmith duties, line the floor.

Beneath the window stands a row
Of dusty benches, rough and rude ;
And bars and files are thrown thereon,
And vices on the edge are screwed ;
And see the last year's almanac,
With songs and ballads torn and black,
And battle prints by sea and land,
That line the walls on every hand.

The forge is in a little nook
Before the chimney slant and wide,
And, in a leather apron clad,

You see the helper by its side :
Nodding his head and paper crown,
He moves the handle up and down
Beneath his arm, with motion slow,
And makes the rattling bellows blow.

Hard by, the blacksmith folds his arms,
And swells their knotty sinews strong ;
Or turns his iron in the fire,
And rakes the coals, and hums a song :
But when his heat throws out its light,
He hurries to the anvil bright,
And sledges fall with deafening sound,
And sparks are flying thick around.

The village idlers lounge about,
And talk the county gossip o'er ;
And now and then a farmer's man
Drives up on horseback to the door ;
And reapers come from pastures near,
And Ned, the ploughman, with his steer :
And passing teamsters broken down,
Overloaded for the neighboring town.

From morning's break to evening's close,
In early spring and autumn time,
The dusky blacksmith plies his craft,
And makes his heavy anvil chime ;
And oft he works at dead of night
Like some deep thinker, strong and bright,
That shapes his strong, laborious lore,
In iron thoughts for evermore !

THE USE OF TEARS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELE.

WHEN the blinding tear-drops stand
In the eye unused to weep,
Oh ! 'tis then an angel band
O'er the heart blest vigils keep.
Through those tears a ray doth shine
Never, never seen before,
Light and glory all divine,
Gleaming through those tears the more.

There are scenes the eye sees not
When the world attracts it most,—
Claiming ear and eye and thought,
Inner life, and beauty lost !

And how cold and hard and low,
As the iceberg of the Pole,
Is the heart till melting dows
Love through tears into the soul.

When we sit in Eden-bowers,
Earthly joy but dims the sight;
Swiftly haste the world-lit hours,
Blinding with their meteor light.
Tears are messengers of Love
Angel-borne, in mercy given,
Bringing visions from above,
God and glory, light and Heaven !

L O U I S K O S S U T H .

WITH A PORTRAIT.

LUDWIG KOSSUTH was born in 1806 in a little village of the Zemplin district in northern Hungary. He was of a Selavonian family. His parents were so poor that he was obliged to provide for his own education. After completing his legal studies in Pesth, he lived in the greatest poverty until several deputies made him their agent. By these means he acquired that accurate knowledge of complicated affairs of the country for which he was afterwards distinguished. The necessity for completing his education brought also the means of doing so. His literary talents, which were discovered by his employers, were still further developed when he commenced the editorship of a parliamentary journal. Hitherto no such paper had existed in Hungary. The most important debates of both Assemblies were concealed within the walls of the Diet-house; the official journals contained only some meagre notices. The more popular Kossuth's paper became, the greater were the hindrances opposed by the Government to a work so dangerous to itself. His journal was lithographed in order to avoid the censure to which all printed works were subject. The police managed to interpret the law so as to include lithographs under the head of printed documents, and forbade the political reports. Kossuth now had recourse to the expedient of circulating his journal by means of written copies. His editorial office in Pesth was daily frequented by a number of law-students and other young men, each of whom took a copy of that day's journal. The copies thus produced travelled from house to house, from province to province; and though Kossuth had few subscribers, he had thousands of readers. The censure of the press could not touch him now, and the Government had recourse to its favorite step of imprisonment. One quiet night a police force broke into the house where Kossuth lived, made him rise from his bed, and took him off to prison. The people invest this persecution of their hero with a somewhat romantic dress. According to their statement, Kossuth was led round about with bandaged eyes, and was taken to prison also blindfold, so that he did not know where he was confined. His imprisonment commenced in 1837; it terminated in 1839

by a grand amnesty. Two other patriots were confined with him, Wesselényi and another of less note, whose name we have not been able to ascertain. Wesselényi grew blind in prison; the other became mad. Kossuth came forth with impaired health, but unsubdued in spirit, to labor unspareingly for the renovation of his country. The regulations concerning the press being now less adverse to liberty, Kossuth founded a political journal in Pesth, which soon became more generally read than any other in the country. "His abilities," says a Selavonian writer, "were now acknowledged by all. His mind, which had for some time been at rest, was only strengthened and invigorated by long repose. Like a bubbling stream, he watered the dry fields and deserts of old Hungarian society; like a storm, he swept over the towering growth of feudalism. Like a botanist who knows, observes and gathers every plant, was he in his restless activity. He found material on every side, and in his hands everything received life and truth." He was intimately acquainted with all the social and municipal rights of the various provinces, and in his paper he unsparingly exposed all trick and oppression practised by the landed proprietors and the officials of the country. Above all things he labored to maintain, strengthen and do honor to the Magyar nationality; to foster the democratic element and the independence of the country at large. With these views he endeavored to rouse the activity of the now noble representatives of the country, and also to effect a change in the city members, in order to pave the way for a truly representative Government. Though he was of a speculative turn of mind, he engaged in practical labors with zeal and distinction. He founded an industrial union, the first act of which, an industrial exhibition, completely removed the erroneous idea that the country had nothing worthy of notice. The efforts of the society were specially directed to encourage industry by polytechnic reports and schools, and to support its undertaking by solid assistance. One consequence of this encouragement to industry was another institution of Kossuth's, one however of questionable utility, namely, a protectionist union to support home manufactures against

those of foreign countries. His services in the founding of the Hungarian Trade-society and in many other active movements, were not less important than his efforts for the improvement and extension of many Hungarian manufactures. In the Diet it was long before Kossuth met with any success. The moderate party saw their hopes of a reconciliation with the Government at Vienna destroyed. He was accused of destructive tendencies; the sincerity of his intentions was questioned; calumny was busy against him on every side. In 1847, Kossuth offered himself to the Pest district as a candidate for the Diet. His opponent was the Conservative, Balla, who obtained 1,314 votes, while Kossuth had 2,948. In this Diet Kossuth rose to the position of first speaker of the Opposition. By his brilliant eloquence, by his moderation and dignity, he gained the approbation even of his political opponents. The innumerable slanders by which he had been assailed were silenced by his distinguished talent. This Diet was the last of the old régime. A new era was commenced in Hungary by the thundering eloquence in which Kossuth denounced all the sins and failings of the Metternich system.

The news of the downfall of Louis Philippe's throne caused great excitement in Hungary, and encouraged the Opposition to assume a more decided attitude. They condemned in the most severe manner the whole policy of the Vienna Cabinet, and hinted at the overthrow of the Austrian monarchy if another course were not immediately adopted. They now openly acknowledged their earnest wish, which they had hitherto not expressed, because they scarcely dared to hope for its fulfilment, and demanded a constitutional Government for the whole of Austria, and an independent Ministry for Hungary. Ludwig Kossuth was the man to seize the proper moment, and give utterance to the long-suppressed desires. It was on a financial question that he spoke. The impression made by his eloquence was most intense. Even the members of the Opposition were astonished at this bold speech, which they themselves considered too daring. Nor was its influence confined to Hungary alone; it extended to Austria, and prepared the way for the outbreak of the revolution. When the Emperor granted the demands of the people, and permitted the formation of an Hungarian Ministry under the presidency of Bathyani, Kossuth, the "Liberator of Hungary," took office as Minister of Finance, and as such was the directing spirit of the new Government. Ludwig Bathyani and Kossuth were old allies who had fought together before this time; both were striving for one end, viz., to guard the independence of

Hungary against the attacks and usurpations of the Austrian dynasty. They appear to be necessary to each other, and formed a close offensive and defensive alliance. Bathyani's family was one of the richest, oldest, and most important; its head, Ludwig, one of the most esteemed nobles in the country. Kossuth used Bathyani to give more weight to the national movement by a name of importance and renown, and to further its objects among the nobility. Bathyani, on his side, could not dispense with Kossuth's pen and tongue—Kossuth's talent, energy and perseverance—which had not their equal in all Hungary. The bond between them was made still closer from the beginning of the Diet. When Kossuth became a direct leader of the Opposition in the LOWER HOUSE, Bathyani occupied a similar position in the Upper Chamber. Nevertheless, the characters as well as the ultimate aims of these two men were widely dissimilar. Bathyani was a Liberal magnate, who bailed the new ideas as far as a man could do so who looks back with pride on the age, splendor, riches and renown of his family. He was opposed to any servile caste, to all the vices and privileges of the nobility which oppress the people; but he would never have consented to the abolition of titles. The *Gr.* (*Graf*, or Count) was never absent from his signature as Minister, nor from that of his brother; and when Ludwig Bathyani was placed before Haynau's court-martial, instead of vindicating himself by the fact that almost all his measures had received the assent of Ferdinand, he most characteristically declared that, as a Hungarian magnate, he could be tried only by his peers, and not by a military tribunal.

Kossuth, on the other hand, was a Liberal Magyar, who advocated freedom and progress in so far as they appeared to forward his Magyar views; when, however, this was not the case, the Magyar triumphed over all else. Hence it naturally ensued that whenever Liberalism came into collision with Magyarism, Bathyani was more Liberal than Kossuth. But sometimes the reverse was the case. The Liberal magnate valued historical right, royal dignity, &c., because if they fell, his nobility must fall with them; while the Liberal Magyar was opposed to all those things where they in any way interfered with his great national objects. Here the Magyar was more Liberal than the magnate.

Kossuth, as we have said, took office under Bathyani as Minister of Finance. What he effected in this position is almost incredible. Hungary had no gold, no arms, no means of defence: Kossuth created all. Calumny now attacked him

with redoubled energy. He was accused of wishing to make Hungary a republic—himself, first dictator, and then king. But he triumphed over all these slanders. His popularity increased under the attacks made upon him from every side. His enemies say that he bewitches every one who comes near him. In fact, he did gain over many magnates who had despised the movement as democratic, and won also to the popular party many imperial officers; among others the brave Messaros, who long refused to take office in Pesth, but consented to it as soon as ever he came into contact with Kossuth. During the summer of 1848 Kossuth's health was extremely bad, and he was often so weak as to be obliged to speak to the deputies in a sitting posture. This, however, did not interfere in the least with his activity. In spite of his physical weakness, he framed the financial measures which replenished the exhausted exchequer; he electrified the Diet with his eloquence; he sent appeal after appeal among the people, rousing them to the holy contest. We give a translation from one of these appeals as affording the most striking picture of the eloquence of the man who wrote it and the character of the people to whom it was addressed. It was written in the latter part of September, 1848, when the intrigues of the Court of Vienna had called forth the counter-revolution under Jellachich, which threatened to destroy the new-born Hungarian liberty:—

"As a prophet do I speak unto you, patriots! poor betrayed Magyars! Often have I prophesied in the last seven years, and I tremble when I see that all, all has so fearfully soon been fulfilled. Yea, each and all of my words have come to pass. I even foretold the dreadful illness of a man the memory of whom is connected with so many benefits, and whose mental death fills the human breast with deep pain.* What I foretold of the monarchy, of the Hungarian aristocracy, of Croatia, has all come to pass; and that which I prophesied concerning the dynasty will soon be fulfilled. I tremble at myself. It is as if the book of fate lay open before me; in vain do I close my eyes upon it, the light penetrates into my soul like a flash of lightning through darkness. I yield to its power, and again will I prophesy. Hear me, O patriots! The eternal God manifests himself, not in single wonders, but in universal laws. It is an eternal law of God, that he who forsakes himself is abandoned also by God. It is an eternal law that God will help him who helps himself. It is a law of God, that perfidy

in the end brings its own punishment. It is a law of God, that whosoever serves perfidy or unrighteousness prepares the way for the triumph of righteousness. Resting on these eternal laws of the universe, I swear that my prophecy will be fulfilled. And my prophecy is this: From Jellachich's incursion into Hungary will result Hungarian freedom. In the sacred name of our poor, perfidiously-betrayed Hungarian fatherland, I entreat you to believe in the prophecy, and it will be fulfilled. Of what does the power of this Jellachich consist? It is a small physical force of 60,000 or 70,000 men, which for a moment appears great. But what is behind him? What support has he? Where is the nation to uphold him with the inspiration of a righteous cause? Nowhere, nowhere! Such an army cannot lay waste our country, conquer us, or profit by the victory. Batu Chan overran our fatherland with a hundred thousand men. He destroyed, but he was obliged to yield. Such a Jellachich-expedition is like a swarm of locusts; it presses ever onwards, but it always decreases and falls at last to the ground. The farther Jellachich advances into the midst of the people, the more certain it is that not one of his force will ever again see the waters of the Save. We Hungarians need only resolve, and we are sufficient to stone his army to death. We will speak in due time of what shall happen next. The Magyar would not deserve that God's sun should shine upon him, if his first thought in the morning, and his last at night, were not the recollection of the base perfidy, the hateful and unexampled treachery which has sworn to root out the Magyars from the human race. The Hungarians have now two things to do. The first is, to rise up in a mass to drive back the enemy who has set foot on their native soil. The second is, to remember themselves. If the Magyars do not these two things, they are a dastardly, miserable race, whose name will be synonymous in history with shame and degradation; they will be a cowardly, wretched race, who have disgraced the sacred memory of their forefathers, of whom the eternal God himself will say, 'I repent that I created them.' Then will the Magyar people be so accursed of God that the air will refuse them its enlivening power, the fruitful corn-field will in their hands become a sandy desert, at their approach the refreshing stream will dry up. Homeless will the Magyar wander over the earth; in vain will he beg from the hand of charity the dry bread of alms. The strangers who will make him a beggar in his fatherland will give him no alms; they will strike him in the face—him, a beggar whom every rascal may buf-

* This refers to Szecheny, one of the most noble men of Hungary, who had become mad.

fet with impunity, like a dog without a master; he will become like the Indian pariah, who is hunted with hounds! And in vain will he turn for comfort to religion; it will afford him no consolation. God, the work of whose hands he has degraded by his cowardice, will not forgive him his sins either in this world or the next. The maiden to whom he shall lift his eyes will drive him from her threshold with a besom like a mangy cur; his wife will spit in his face with contempt; the first word of his child will be a curse upon his father. Oh, horror, horror! But so will it be. With the inexorable oath of a curse do I swear by the God of freedom, by the insulted memory of our ancestors, who bought this fatherland with their blood, I swear that so will it be if the Magyar race is base enough not to rise up against this servile jailor, Jellachich, and to crush the Servian robbers and that traitor who has dared to lift his hand against the Magyars, as the whirlwind sweeps away the unbound sheaves before it, or if the Hungarian people be cowardly enough to rest content with the annihilation of their enemies, or to forget for a moment the traitor and his treachery. No! no! the Magyar cannot do it; and cursed be he that does! Therefore say I unto you, that from Jellachich's incursion will come Hungary's freedom. First let us conquer, and then we will settle all. This is our task. To arms, then, all ye who are men! But let the women dig a great grave between Vessprim and Weissenburg, in which we will bury the Hungarian name, the Hungarian honor, the Hungarian nation—or our enemies; and over which shall rise a monument to the shame of Hungary, with this inscription, 'Thus does God punish cowardice!' or the ever-green tree of freedom, from whose foliage shall be heard the voice of God, as it spoke to Moses from the burning bush, saying, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy; thus do I reward valor with the freedom, renown, welfare, and happiness of the Magyars!' To arms, then, O Magyar! for thy life, for thy honor, for thy fatherland, for thy house, for thy hearth, which thou hast inherited from thy ancestors, for the ground which nourishes thee, which thou hast cultivated with thy bloody sweat, and which now the traitors, as a reward for the overthrow of your liberty, will deliver into the hands of the Servians, the Illyrians, that they may make you accursed in your own native land, as the poor Temerin Magyars are already become. Up! up! to arms, Magyars! He who obeys not the law, to which the King himself has sworn, is a traitor; and take the traitor prisoner and deliver him up to the law. Our fatherland is our all! Fatherland is

everything! To save our fatherland is our first duty! If we save our fatherland we shall save ourselves! Whoever has the least influence in a village or a province, let him seize a banner. Let us hear upon the Hungarian plains no other music than Rakozy's mournful earnest march; gather together ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred, a thousand men, as many as it is possible, and lead them to Vessprim; there shall the whole Magyar people assemble together, as the risen human race shall assemble on the day of judgment—and then against the enemy! Sing your sacred hymn, 'God save our fatherland, our Magyar fatherland; annihilate our enemies who persecute us! Up, up, to arms! With us are God and the right!'

When the struggle with Austria commenced, Kossuth's activity was redoubled. Notwithstanding his numerous duties as President of the Committee of National Defences, he found time to hasten from place to place, rousing the people to arms. His eloquence, his valor, his ability, were the very soul of this righteous insurrection, of this war defensible, if ever war were, against tyranny, cruelty, and wicked oppression. Our space will not admit of our giving particulars of the contest. The events are too recent, too deeply and painfully interesting to be already forgotten by Englishmen, who must feel the greatest sympathy in efforts to gain that freedom which they themselves possess and value above all price. We have all mourned over the fall of that noble band of patriots; we have all felt bitter indignation against Austrian barbarity.

We have given a specimen of Kossuth's eloquence and spirit in calling his fellow-countrymen to rise for their mother country. We now quote a touching account of his farewell to them when the struggle was over and their ardent hopes were destroyed:—

"Whoever saw the sun-burnt faces of the warriors who surrounded the bending form of Kossuth when he pronounced his farewell words in the barracks of Schumla; whoever beheld the hot tears coursing down the cheeks of his bearded Honveds when Kossuth bade them 'Istenáldjön!' 'God bless you!' will have been reminded by the incident of 'the Old Guard,' who retained their unswerving devotion to Napoleon to the very latest moment. That moving scene so often represented in pictures, 'Napoleon's farewell,' was on the 15th of February, 1850, rehearsed before my eyes in living colors. The Honveds hung in silence on his every word, that the echo of those well-beloved and inspiring tones might long linger in their souls. Nor did Kossuth forget to gaze long and intently with his streaming eyes upon

the countenance of each brave comrade there, to fix the features in his memory. Profoundly agitated as he was, with a trembling voice he spoke these words: ‘Brothers, the first hard necessity of my life was that to which I was subjected when constrained to abandon my native soil and my noble nation; the second meets me to-day, when I behold myself obliged to bid a long farewell to you, glorious remnants of the brave Hungarian army, and compelled by force to depart from Europe to a place where the grave yearns for me. Ye are still strong and efficient; ye are still permitted to bear arms for your fatherland and struggle for its freedom—a boon no longer granted to me, for I feel my strength declining every day. I yield to the unalterable decree of destiny, and behold myself doomed to the same sad lot of exile which was meted out to my predecessor, Rakoezy. Brothers! ye are yet young enough to see our fatherland in the glory of her restoration to freedom. Should ye be so blest as to witness this, swear to me that ye will not leave my bones to moulder in a foreign soil, in the land of this barbarian! This ye will promise me, and this, I am convinced, ye will fulfil.’ Now Count Ladislaus Vay, with uncovered head, stepped up to Kossuth, and said aloud in a strong and manly voice, ‘Great man! who standest there pure and spotless before the eyes of the world, thou whom the Hungarian nation honors to-day as it honored thee when it took thee for its Regent, thou wilt, thou shalt, *thou must live!*’ Not thy bones but thy living self will we bear back in triumph to our fatherland; this we swear by the Almighty God.’ And all bared their heads while they uplifted their hands to take the oath, and solemnly repeated, ‘Esku Zunk,’ ‘We swear it!’

“Kossuth kissed and embraced those who stood nearest to him. All pressed towards him to grasp his hand and bathe it with tears. The old Hussars strove once more to press the hem of his mantle to their lips. The whole group was heart-rending to look upon; and even the Turks—and this is saying much—were moved to tears at the sight. The train then repaired to Count Casimir Bathyani, to bid him also a heartfelt farewell. The Count left many beautiful reflections of his noble soul in the remembrance of the emigration.

“Kossuth mounted his horse and was borne away. That brilliant star of the firmament of Hungary, from which the nation had received its greatest light, gradually disappeared until it could no longer be seen in the whole circuit of the horizon. The waves of the Black Sea once more gave back a reflection of its splendor, and a long night

closed in upon that too brief day.” (“Sketches of the Magyars,” &c., by Von Korn.)

In the “Hue and Cry,” in which the Austrians proscribed his wife and three children (!) as well as himself, Kossuth’s portrait is given to the following effect: “His proud forehead is set in contrast with his smiling lips and pearly teeth. The brilliant glow of his dark-blue eyes is as well defined as the sickly paleness of his noble countenance. His charming voice is specially remarkable; no less his knowledge of all the principal European languages. In summer he never wears a cravat, but simply a curled collar.” His mental and physical qualities are summed up by the author of “Revelations of Russia” in these words: “I believe Kossuth to have as profound a knowledge of human nature as his favorite writer, Shakespeare, of whose bust his features in some degree remind you. To complete his physical portraiture, I would only add to this description the chin and mouth of Byron, the eye and complexion of Bonaparte, as painted by De la Roche, and beg the reader to suppose the effects of a few years’ imprisonment, of his long parliamentary campaign, and of the period of his ministry and presidency. His knowledge of human nature, together with his power of adapting himself to the capacity of those he addresses, is the source of his eloquence; and if the test of eloquence is to move and to persuade, he is assuredly the most eloquent of all men living. The masses admiringly term his style, in addressing them, Biblical; and perhaps do not inaptly characterize it. His enemies reproach him justly with being a poet; and assuredly his writings and his speeches are filled with poetry of the highest order; but they fell into a grievous error when they thereby intended to imply that he is nothing but a poet. The distinctive peculiarity in which he differs from all other popular leaders I can remember who have been gifted with that poetical genius which is so important a constituent of eloquence, is the rare combination with that talent of an equal aptitude for figures, facts, and administrative detail. There are two men in him: the Kossuth, eloquent with tongue and pen in half the languages of Europe, who can raise the whirlwind of passion in the masses, and lead the people as Moses did the Israelites; and the logically argumentative Kossuth of deliberative assemblies, the administrator and financier who writes a secretary’s clear round hand, and enters willingly into the most laborious detail. Add to this the most fervent patriotism and an integrity and disinterestedness which has never been assailed except by notorious hirelings of Austria.

You will say from all this that I who repudiate so energetically the idolatry of hero-worship have fallen into it. It is not so. I am perfectly awake to Kossuth's faults, which are various and many. He is too soft-hearted. He could never sign a death-warrant; he was hardly ever known to punish. I believe that if Kossuth had a servant who could not clean his boots, he would never think of superseding him, but clean the boots himself. On this principle he wastes his time and energies in details in which he should have no concern, and wears out, if not his untiring mind, a body which would be otherwise robust. These weaknesses, which might be amiable in an individual, are fatal in one who is literally a nation's representative. But I believe that he has judgment enough to see, and will have sufficient determination to correct these faults. In conclusion, I can only say that, after the calamitous issue of the struggle which he directed, the people call him FATHER KOSSUTH, wear shreds of his portrait on their bosoms, invest their hoarded savings in his notes, which I have seen purchased at twenty per cent., though their possession is felony, and that if he could present himself on the frontier with 400,000 muskets, a few presses, and some bales of paper, 400,000 soldiers would rise up, and he would find his paper-money received as eagerly as before. The peasantry affectionately remember Kossuth as their emancipator, and the proprietors gratefully recall that to the measures into which his eloquence persuaded them is due that hearty reconciliation between all classes which has made the Magyar nation the only one on the continent of Europe in which, amid its misfortunes, all heart-burnings between caste and class are set at rest." ("Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady." By Theresa Pulzky. Vol. ii., p. 354 seq.)

Specially deserving of notice is Kossuth's gentle, tender, and trusting heart. His unsuspiciousness is illustrated in the fact, that though he was well aware of Goergey's ambition, he did not till the last believe him capable of treachery. His goodness of nature made him respect the life of man as the highest gift of God, and he neither could, would, nor ever did sign a death-warrant, though placed at the head of a fearful revolutionary struggle. His religious earnestness and high moral principle shone forth advantageously when the proposal was made by Turkey to himself and fellow fugitives, that if they turned Mohammedans, the government would be able to guarantee their safety, as the Koran condemns, as an unpardonable crime, the delivery of a Mussulman to his enemies. Most of the emigrants replied to the

overture, "Rather the Russians than the Austrians, rather Mohammedanism than the Russians." Kossuth answered that he did not pretend to control the conduct of any of his compatriots; that every man's religious convictions were a matter which rested only between himself and God; that, consistently with that sincerity and truth to which he had always rigidly adhered, he could hold out no hope that if they refused the offer made them their extradition would be averted, and that if given up to Austria, he knew its Cabinet too well to allow them to cherish for a moment the illusion that any mercy would be shown. Nevertheless, for his own part, he would, when asked to abjure the faith of his forefathers through terror of the executioner, welcome rather the gibbet and the block; and he concluded by denouncing curses on the tongue which would dare to propose to him anything so infamous.

It is not easy to form an exact conception of a man who has been engaged in a great political struggle, in which parties of various sympathies and aims have been actively engaged. The preceding statements, however, contain facts and views out of which a correct judgement of Kossuth's character may be gathered. Highly gifted as a man, he has appeared in different lights accordingly as he has been regarded from different points of view and by disagreeing partisans. His admitted tenderness of heart has been reproached as a weakness; and doubtless in a statesman firmness of nerve, if not vigor, is sometimes necessary. Yet if his aversion to severity detracts from his efficiency as a Governor, it makes him more estimable in his private relations. His enemies have pronounced him an agitator rather than a statesman; but occasions there are when the qualities of an honest agitator are of great value. Even friends of Kossuth, however, hold, that had his mind possessed more statesmanlike qualities, he would have less confidently reckoned on receiving succor from Liberal governments; and so, with a less incorrect estimate of available resources, have served the cause of practicable good more effectually. The truth seems to be that, with a most impressible temperament, he is more fitted to arouse an oppressed people than to devise the measures or procure the resources requisite for the successful assertion of their liberty. Equally true is it that his sympathies and principles were too exclusively and too ardently democratic to conciliate and bring into effective union the hereditary, prescriptive and traditional forces of ancient and historical races who had little else in common but the same soil. Hence was he disliked and distrusted by the nobility, from whom

he obtained concessions chiefly in virtue of his command over the people. That command was supreme. Its potency may be illustrated by an anecdote. A file of Hungarian prisoners was led into Szegedin, attended by a strong Austrian guard. Being a market day, the town was crowded with sturdy peasants who had come from the whole country around. From some cause the van of the soldiers had fallen a little behind, and the first prisoner entered the market-place almost alone for the moment. As he came to the spot where Kossuth's last and very stirring speeches were made, he suddenly stopped, took off his hat, raised his fettered hands to heaven, and with a voice which rang like a trumpet over the immense crowd, shouted again and again, "Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!" In a moment, despite the Austrian cannon and the long line of soldiers whose bayonets almost touched them, the people put forth a shout, like the roar of the sea on the shore, again and again ringing out the words "Eljen Kossuth!" The whole Austrian forces were at once called out for fear of an outbreak.

For this empire over the people Kossuth is much indebted to his eloquence. Certainly, if eloquence is to be estimated by the effects it produces, the eloquence of Kossuth is surpassingly great. But with even the most highly-gifted na-

tures eloquence waits an occasion. The centre of a great national struggle is pre-eminently the point for the concentration of the electric influence, and for the due utterance of eloquence a native language, if not a native soul, is indispensable. Moments of vexation, ceremonious audiences, and municipal small talk quench rather than stimulate eloquence. We are not, then, to question Kossuth's oratorical power, if we find his travelling words somewhat high-flown. Besides, eloquence is a national growth. It varies with latitude and longitude. If to us Kossuth's eloquence appear too ardent, too imaginative, even a little flighty, we must remember that we are of Anglo-Saxon blood, and live far north and west. His own countrymen are the best judges of Kossuth's oratory; and they have felt its power and acted under its impulse. Whether his wisdom equal his eloquence will be made clear in his future career. That he is not a mere poet nor a mere agitator, but a noble-hearted patriot as well as a good and disinterested man, what he has already effected makes abundantly manifest. Undoubtedly his imagination is strong and vivid. We hope that in strength of intellect and breadth of view he has powers of corresponding potency. Best of all is his nobility of soul. It is moral greatness that makes truly great men.

THE WARRIOR AND THE POET.

BY CAROLINE CHESBRO.

One ruled in camp and state, and one
In glorious realms of heart and mind ;
And both a conquering race have run,
And in their victories bless'd mankind.

They've nobly won their burial-place,
Deep in a nation's reverent heart !
The lyre she touched with all the grace
Of peerless genius, linked with art,

The sword he held, are silent each :
Oh lay these emblems gently down
Close by our dead—within their reach—
And with them lay the laurel crown.

For they have won the noblest meed,
A nation's sad, bereavement-tears ;
And grandly will their histories read
To glistening eyes of future years.

For her how high the thoughts of pride,
How full the thankful hearts will swell,

For love and power stood side by side
To teach her their bewildering spell.
They've nobly won the noblest meed,
The honors which most proudly shone ;
His fire-nerved soul, of daring deed,
And hers who sang with "bards sublime."

They struggled through life's toilsome ways,
Undaunted, wheresoe'er they led ;
They counted wearying years but days,
O'er which one sun its love-light shed.

They struggled well—they died outworn—
High let their grand memorial rise ;
They braved the battle-shock and storm,
A crusade-cross upon them lies.

No more on him the government—
No more for her the sickening strife :
The chief has scaled Time's battlement—
She tunes her harp to angel-life !

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH-BED.

B Y E. W. B. CANNING.

It was a summer sunset. All the west
Was strewn with gorgeousness—a cloudy sea
That surged with golden glory. Day's last smiles
Were dying on the mountains, and the breeze
Forth in its twilight joyance came to kiss
The folding flowers, and with their stolen sweets
Lull Nature to her dreams. The busy hour
Of gathering to rest was come; the eye
Of toil watched wearily the ling'ring sun,
And ached to slumber. Carolling good night,
Sought the plumed songster his repose. The vale
Looked dreamy as the gathering mist grew deep
Upon its bosom; and began the rill
To lift a louder clamor from afar.

The lattice of an humble cottage stood
On the calm scene unclosed. A woodbine hung
Its rich, dark burden in luxuriance
Above the trellis, wooing dalliance
Of the soft zephyr, and its green festoons
Contrasted with a curtain beauteously,
That shook its folds of spotless white within.
No eye looked forth in gladness thence, to trace
The step of evening on the landscape far,
And watch the stilling pulses of a world:
The chamber of the dying opened there.
There was a hush of tongues within, and he
Who pressed the pillow that should be his bier
Looked with a Christian's hope beyond the tomb.
Death's hand was busy; for his frigid brow
Was dampened, and the fallen cheek had lost
Its mantling life-blood. Every nerve grew still,
And from each feature looked mortality
In ghastly triumph. Life's last energy
Smiled at the conqueror through the eye, that shot
Unearthly lustre to illumine the wreck
Of beauty and of manliness. Alas!
That death should quench that glory, as it beamed
Like beacon on the boundary of Time.
There was a calmness in the upturned gaze,
Quickenings at times to splendor, that bespoke
A spirit loosening its earth-clogged wing,
To sweep the fields that lie beyond the stars:
Ay—read it not e'en now in holiness
The mysteries of immortality,
And conned the gloried rhapsodies of heaven?

The stillness deepened, and the twilight gloom
More sombre waxed upon the shadowy walls.
Noiselessly trembled in the breath of eve
The clustering woodline, and the insect's drone
Which boomed without, or sudden down-dropt, hushed,
Startled the deep solemnity—when lo!

There burst a beam of sunset splendor bright
Athwart the casement, and its golden glow
Lit the calm features of the dying man.
Beauteous mockery! that fain would catch
A borrowed brightness from that radiant eye
That lit itself where light knows no decline,
And hark! was it an angel's voice that spoke,
Softer than murmurs of the far-off grove,
There floated strains of untold melody;
And thus an unseen minstrel seemed to sing:

Come, spirit immortal,
Thy pinion is free!
And hosts of the blessed
Are waiting for thee!
O come, for earth's shadows
And sorrows are o'er,
And the tear-drop of anguish
Shall trickle no more.

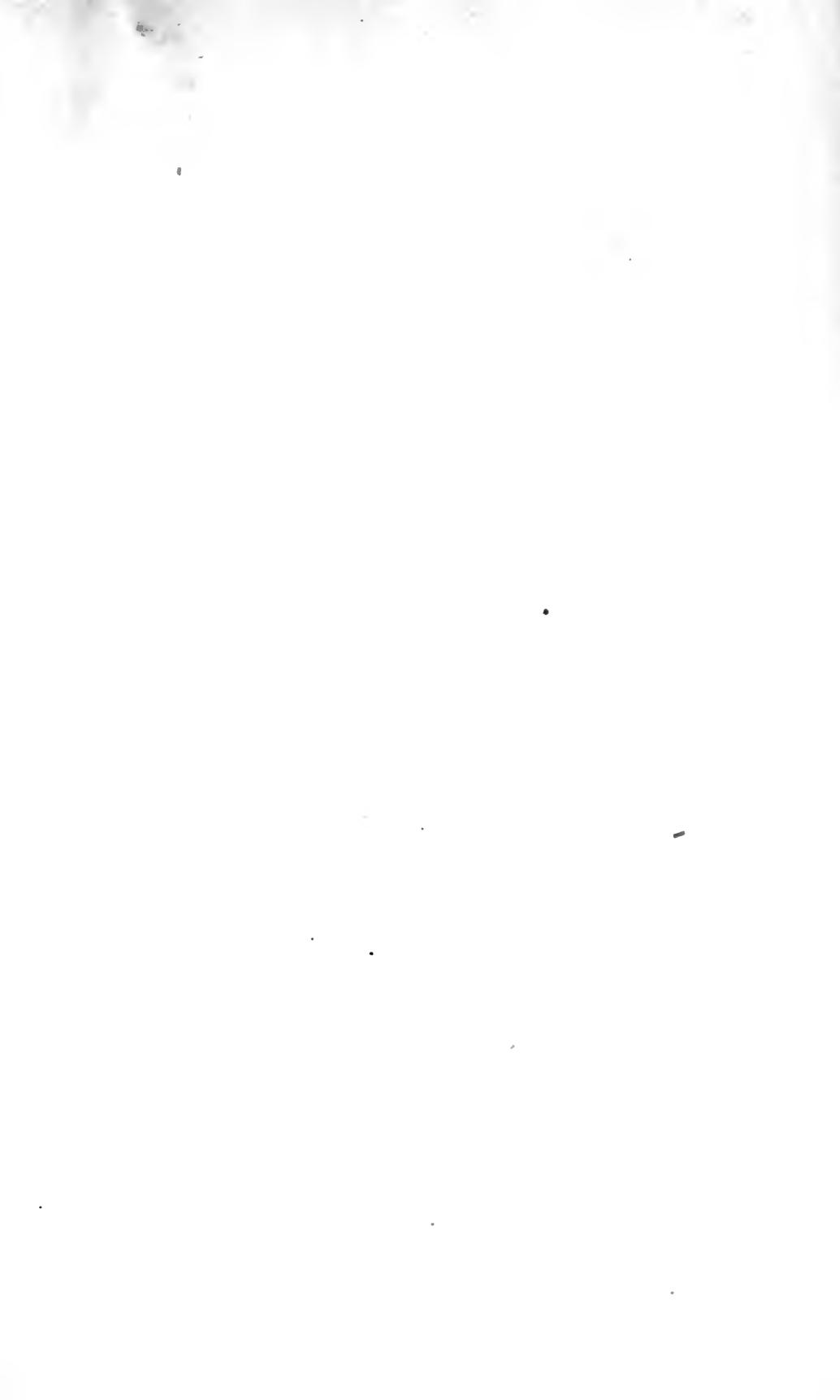
Spread, spirit immortal,
Thy glorious wing!
A seraph shall guide thee
Where seraphim sing.
Thy warfare is finished,
Thy sins are forgiven;
The ransomed shall welcome
Thine advent to heaven.

Away, for they call thee
To dwell with the blest,
Where joy never dies,
In the land of their rest,
Where the bright brow of love
Is undimmed by a frown,
And the conqueror beareth
The harp and the crown.

Haste, spirit, they're shouting
With raptures unknown;
Thou 'lt bend with the triumph
That circles the throne.
Lo! splendor immortal
Illumines our way!
Heaven opens! God smileth!
Haste, spirit, away!

The airy harp was hushed; yet lingering,
The latest numbers lengthened, softening still.
And like a dream of beauty died away.
The sunbeam faded, and the parting soul
Leaped to the joyous summons forth, while burned
The latest smile of ecstasy behind.





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